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OUT OF THE DEPTHS

OR

The Triumph of the Cross



BY

NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER

For forty-five years a Teacher—forty years of which were in the Public Schools of Washington, D. C.; more than thirty-six years at Orphans' Home, 8th and Euclid Sts. N. W.; Fifty-six years a communicant of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.; Twenty-seven years Treasurer of the Bladensburg Union.

HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND,

1927.

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BY NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER

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PREFACE

As I listened from childhood to the story of my parents, eldest sister, and brother—(of their suffering and sorrow, their fear and anxiety, their loneliness, failure and disappointment, their doubt, darkness and torment) that the Sin of Slavery had caused them, I have “desired with desire” to write it, that others, though discouraged from a different cause, might prove faithful by doing right, and thus overcome.

This work should have been done long ago, but it had to be postponed, and now, my strength fails me. So, I beg your every consideration for failures, as it is not at all what I intended it should be.

So intently have I desired to tell this story, that I have mortgaged some of our land to the extent of a thousand dollars that I might answer what I believe to be the Voice of God within me—“Before they call, I will answer, and while they are yet speaking, I will hear—saith the Lord.—(Isa. 65: 24). “Dark clouds bring waters, when the bright bring none.” So heavy losses shall not deter me from telling the Truth as I know it.

If my little work is not criticized, I shall know it is not worth while. My heart's desire is that it may Do Good! Our motive is that many (in our vicinity at least), shall know the truth, for the “Truth shall make us free.”

Should this little work influence just a few of our young people to show the gratitude due those who went before them, I shall rejoice at The Hand of God in History.—Josh. 4:24; Deut. 8:2.)

How I thank ALL who have helped me in the least way—especially my sister, Julia, who is nearly twelve years our senior. During these fifty-one years that Mother has been absent, I have never needed a mother's care, so faithfully has she performed her duty.

Even now at our age, when we do not know “what will be tomorrow,” she is willing, with me, to make the sacrifice.

Nellie Arnold Plummer,

Hyattsville, Md.,

March 31, 1927.

DEDICATION

TO MY FATHER

Whose fatherhood made real for me The Fatherhood of God.

TO MY MOTHER

Whose Truth, Fidelity, Self-control, Self-sacrifice, Endurance, Faith in God (which she showed by "Loving her Neighbor"), Gratitude, Mercy, Joy, and Peace, made me to know that against such there is no law.

TO MY SISTER, MIRANDA

Who possessed the Power to Convince Others, because she Walked and Talked with God.

TO MY BROTHER, HENRY

Whose Energy and Pluck led him to be Pioneer, Friend, and Brother to many who were discouraged.

This book is most affectionately DEDICATED for what they, these four, did for us. These four who have passed Out of the Depths into Eternal Life!

APPRECIATION.

To Mrs. Dora Cole-Norman and Mrs. Carriebel Cole-Plummer:

I wish to pour out my heart-felt gratitude for your encouragement while I was struggling—just about to faint—as the task of completing my book seemed too great. Being the teachers that you are, you must have seen my weakness and encouraged me not to give up—but finish.

While I know this work does not come up to your ideal, still it is the Truth, nevertheless. I shall not soon forget the interest you showed in my feeble effort.

May God richly bless you and yours.

Your grateful friend,

Nellie A. Plummer.

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“And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer—and while they are yet speaking, I will hear.”—Isa. 65:24.

“Why art thou cast down, O my soul? And why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise Him for the help of His countenance.”—Ps. 42:5.

“Save me, O God, for the waters are come in even unto my soul; I am come into deep waters; so that the floods run over me.”—Ps. 69:1, 2.

“I am brought into so great trouble and misery, that I go mourning all the day long.”—Ps. 38:6.

“The sorrows of my heart are enlarged; Oh! bring Thou me out of my distress.”—Ps. 25:17.

“Thou hast proved and visited my heart in the night season.”—Ps. 17:3.

“My heart is smitten and withered like grass. I am even as a sparrow alone upon the house top.”—Ps. 102:17.

“My wife and children hast Thou put away from me, and hid mine acquaintance out of my sight.”—Ps. 88:18.

“For Thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.”—Ps. 116:8.

“But I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me. Thou art my help and my DELIVERER; make no tarrying, O my Lord.”—Ps. 40:17.

PART I.

BY WAY OF THE CROSS

or

THE STORY OF A COLORED AMERICAN

CHAPTER I

ADAM FRANCIS PLUMMER

"Few hours of peace I enjoy, and they are succeeded by pain. If a moment of praising my God, I enjoy, I have hours again to complain.

"While sorrows encompass me round, and endless distress I see, astonished I cry, 'can a mortal be found that is surrounded by trouble like me?'"

"Oh, when shall my sorrows subside, or when shall my sufferings cease?"

The above quotations are copied from Adam F. Plummer's diary, where they appear several times, not because he had no faith in himself, but because of actual trouble. No one enjoyed a joke or a hearty laugh more than he. And yet, no one could be more serious than he.

THE HOUSEHOLD OF PLUMMERS

Cupid Plummer, who was owned by Jack (John) Hodge, fought in the Revolutionary War seven years. It was customary for masters to send their slaves to battle in their stead.

Cupid Plummer's son, Barney, was owned by George H. Calvert of Goodwood, Prince George's County, Maryland.

Both Cupid and Barney Plummer were noted for their great physical strength. They lived to be more than eighty-five years old, without being sick scarcely until the end came.

Said Cupid Plummer had another son named Adam. He held all the papers concerning his father's record in the Revolutionary War. He died in South Washington, February 3, 1866 after repeated efforts to get the papers into the hands of his name-sake, Adam Francis Plummer, the third son of Barney Plummer. A large bounty would have come to us, had we been able to produce those papers at the War Department, Washington, D. C.

Nellie Beckett, an Indian—Negro mulatto, a slave of the Calverts, married William Norris, an Englishman, who had to serve Calvert seven years for debt. On finding that his wife was bearing children for Calvert as well as his own, noting his helplessness to correct matters, he died of a broken heart. Norris, with Philip Brashears and two apprentices made all the shoes worn on the Riverdale plantation. Norris had two sisters who accompanied him to America. The sisters went to Montgomery County, Maryland, while their brother's time was bought by George Calvert, Riverdale, Prince George's County, Maryland. The Calvert children of Nellie Beckett-Norris were so white that they were sent to Pennsylvania to live. From there Caroline, who had become Mrs. Crompton, took her children and six sisters to Monrovia, Liberia, Africa, with other mulattoes who wished to be free.

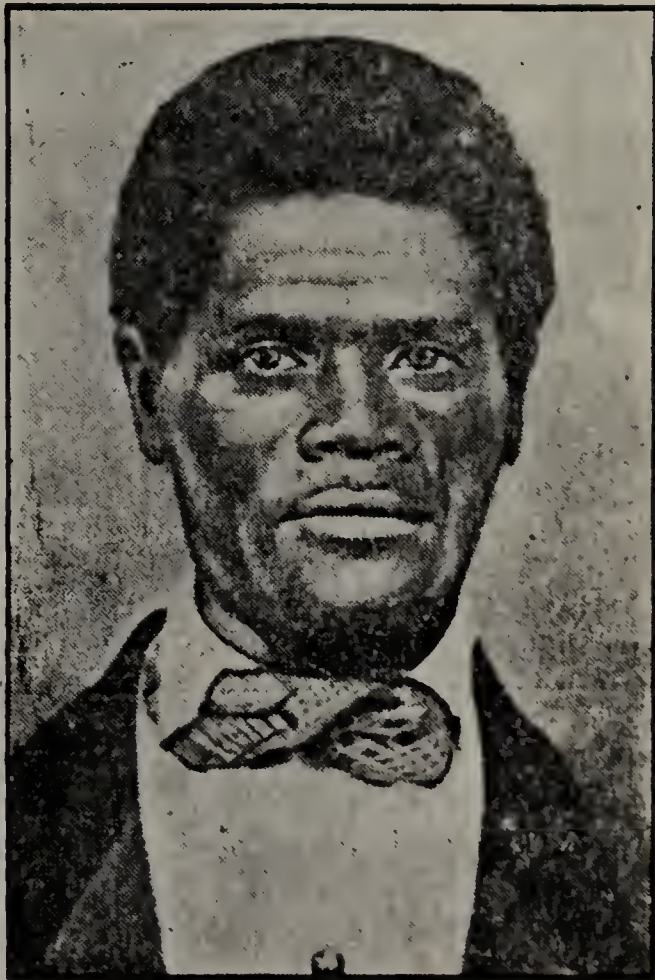
Sarah E. Norris, the daughter of Wm. Norris and Nellie Beckett-Norris, married Barney Plummer about 1800. They had three sons and five daughters—Henry, Elias, Adam, Rachel, Caroline, Rose, Ellen, and Elizabeth. Elizabeth, born February 8, 1821, died December 11, 1925—being 104 years ten months and three days old.

This story is intended as a center about the life of Adam Francis Plummer, Barney's third son. He was born May 14, 1819, at Goodwood, Prince George's County, Maryland, of Barney and Sallie Plummer. Goodwood was a large plantation similar to Mt. Airy, both owned by George H. Calvert—Lord Baltimore. When Adam was 10 years old Lord Baltimore left Goodwood and settled on another large plantation further north, which he named "Riverdale." Their old mansion still stands. Riverdale, Maryland is known to everyone today. Senator Hiram Johnson of California is now living in the old mansion. George Calvert had a son, Charles Benedict, who was about the same age as Adam. Charles Calvert married an English woman named Charlotte Norris. (It seemed that she was far beneath his station in life. She'd say: "Everybody who comes here asks for Master, Master, Master! Nobody asks for Mistress—and she is very intelligent, I'm sure." This shows she was beginning to die at the top, although she survived her husband twelve years and seven months.)

They reared five children at Riverdale—George, Charles, William, Eugene, and Ella.

It was this son, George, who wrote us at Father's passing.

Many of the characteristics of Charles B. Calvert were exemplified in the life of Adam. They loved each other devotedly, such as was then common to master and slave. To Charles, there was no duty too sacred for Adam to perform—



FATHER—ADAM FRANCIS PLUMMER

going on errands and returning promptly; careful to bring the correct message; speaking the truth; being honest to a fault; industrious to a most remarkable degree; actually loved to work; retiring and rising very early ("Early to bed and early to rise"), most faithful, no matter how hard the task.

Unlike his master, Adam never used tobacco in any form. He never indulged in strong drink of any kind. He had great respect for womanhood. He honored and obeyed the laws of both Church and State. He never had but one family

in all his life. He never had an illegitimate child. In these and other notable virtues he never wavered during his long life, being nearly eighty-seven at the time of his death. Like his grandfather and father, he was strong and vigorous, never sick, so to speak, his health having failed him the last year of his life from senile debility. He died on his own ten-acre farm, "Mount Rose," adjoining Riverdale, Wednesday, December 13, 1905, surrounded by all of his children except Elias.



MOTHER—
EMILY SAUNDERS PLUMMER

As father was so careful to pay his debts, we tried to follow his policy—"Owe no man."

His funeral was largely attended on the 15th. We did not bury his body until just as the sun was setting on the 16th, waiting for Elias who did not come. It was so arranged that the grave digger and undertaker were the last two bills to be paid, which was done when the grave was filled. No bill of any kind, tax bill, store bill, nor debt of any kind was paid for him after 5:30 P. M., December 16, 1905, having survived mother nearly thirty years!

College Park, Md.

December 14, 1905.

Miss Nellie A. Plummer,
Hyattsville, Md.

Your sad note conveying to me the death of your father was received last evening.

He has passed away in a ripe old age, after seeking to do his duty in this life, after an exceptional manner.

Whilst his death will be a vacant space in your midst, his memory should be cherished with high regard by you all, as of blessed memory.

If not prevented, it will be my sad duty to attend the funeral services out of respect to his memory. With full sympathy in your loss of a beloved father.

I am,

Very respectfully and truly,

Geo. H. Calvert.

MISS CALVERT'S DEATH

Fatally Burned at Her Mt. Airy, Md., Home, July 5, 1920

Baltimore, Md., July 16.—Miss Eleanor Calvert died at Mt. Airy, Md., today, aged eighty-one. Her death resulted from the burns which she received on July by being burned by a lamp which she fell on during an attack of vertigo. After extinguishing the flames she lay in a helpless condition for twelve hours and this exposure also helped to hasten her death. Miss Calvert was the daughter of Edward H. Calvert, who was a son of Benedict and a grandson of the last Lord Baltimore. Miss Calvert survived her brother, Dr. Cecilius Baltimore Calvert, with whom she had always lived, by about fifteen months, he having died at the age of ninety-five years.

The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon at 4 o'clock at the family burial ground.

Dr. Cecilius Calvert died on the 13th at his home, Mount Airy. Dr. Calvert, who was the great-grandson of the sixth Lord Baltimore, had attained the ripe age of 94 years. He

never married, but lived quietly at Mount Airy with his sister, Miss Eleanor Calvert, also well advanced in years. His long life had been spent in this county, and his generous, kindly nature, and upright living had endeared him to all his relatives and friends.

He had several brothers, but they all moved to other States years ago, and it is doubtful whether any of them are still living.

Dr. Calvert was the son of Edward Calvert, who was a son of Benedict, a grandson of the late Lord Baltimore. George Calvert, of Riverdale, a brother of Edward, who was the grandfather of Bernard Carter, of Baltimore. Mr. Calvert, besides being a member of the historical family which governed Maryland when it was a province, was connected with many Virginia families. Every student of the history of this country knows that Washington's wife, Mrs. Martha Custis, had a son, John Parke Custis, by her former marriage. He married Eleanor, better known as Nellie Calvert, a famous beauty of the day, who was a sister of Edward and George Calvert. One of her sons was George Washington Parke Custis, of Arlington, the father of Mrs. Robert E. Lee.

Dr. Calvert's home, Mount Airy, is an historic mansion, which is probably 150 years old, and is famous for the magnificent collection of old portraits of the Calverts which it contains. Rare old silver and elegant antique furniture are also among the treasures of the famous house. Another cousin of the dead man is Mr. Charles B. Calvert, of College Park.

The funeral of Dr. Calvert took place on Friday at his late residence Mount Airy near Rosaryville, this county. Services were read by Rev. Frank P. Willes, Rector of St. Thomas Church, Croom.

The pallbearers were: B. F. Duvall, R. H. Sasscer, Geo. T. Duvall, Charles C. West, Henry W. Clagett, and Edward Holloway.

THE VALUE OF AN OPPORTUNITY

As is well known, it was against the law for anyone to teach a slave to read and write. There was a colored preacher known as John Bowser, who in some way unknown to me, had learned to read and write. He taught Adam. So, instead of spending his time among idle gossipers, or with those who drank, Adam taught himself all he possibly could. This he kept up to the end. His rainy days were spent in mending chairs, etc., or in doing other lesser jobs. But for his having improved that ONE opportunity to learn how to read and write, we would know very little of our family history, not even the births and deaths.

Another opportunity that father improved was to plant and raise things for sale. From a youth Mr. Calvert allowed him to use three or four acres of ground for himself. He was skilled in planting fruit trees. A certain horse or mule was given for his ploughing or hauling.

Thus he always had money with which he paid his debts promptly, and later helped mother to keep us alive, no matter how distant.

We, his children, never cease to be thankful for the sterling character of our father, Adam F. Plummer (would that I could say we inherited it!) The ten-acre farm we inherited is nothing compared with the good example he set us. Next to his good example, we prize his "Diary" as a legacy, indeed! It is a grayish back book, 13 inches by 8 inches, well bound, leather tipped, so covered as to look like thousands of books packed in rows. It contains about two hundred pages of bluish paper with dates from May 30, 1811 to December 13, 1905. Father wrote everything of interest that took place on Riverdale or elsewhere.

A slave once asked father to read his letter which he did. The slave asked his master, Mr. Chas. B. Calvert to read it also. Being so badly written and the spelling so poor, Mr. Calvert couldn't make it out. Whereupon the slave promptly told his master what it meant. He sternly inquired: "How did you know?" Of course he was compelled to say: "Adam read it to me." But for the close friendship of the two from early childhood and Adam's WORTH, he would have been sold to the hardest taskmaster to be found in the South. For any slave to know how to read and write was an enormous crime!

From that time, until his death, father grew more CONSERVATIVE—was thought to be SELFISH, because he kept all of his affairs to himself, as far as possible—even from the wife of his bosom.

Somewhere, somehow, he had learned that he who controls himself is greater than he who takes a city. Adam Plummer had unusual patience if waiting for nature to unfold, or the carrying out of any plan in his mind, no matter how troublesome, but he was no precept teacher, for he would tell you once, but no more, if it could be avoided.

Here was one man of whom it might be said: "He loved to work!" He often told us that he could do anything but milk a cow. He did that once, and was succeeding nicely, when the cow lashed her tail into the pail and in his face so vigorously that the milk was all spilled, and father, so furious, declared he'd never milk again. This he avoided whenever possible. But for his respect for law and order, his high temper and great determination would have gotten him into many serious difficulties. He loved farming in every sense of the word. He could build a house, a barn, stable—anything.

He could not only mend but make shoes. Life on that vast Riverdale estate with such a fond master taught him to do everything, and to do it well. He loved nature—trees, plants, birds, animals, and his fellow-man—the change of seasons, sun, moon, and stars.

CHAPTER II

"THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS"

On this Riverdale plantation was a COLONY of Negro servants, the Lees, Scotts, Beekets, Snowdens, Gilberts, Allens, Carricks, Guttridges, Norrises, Kents, Browns, Johnsons, Bra-shears, and many others were parents, sisters, brothers, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, and cousins or acquaintances!

Adjoining Mt. Airy, 8 miles below Bladensburg, Md., from which the Calverts had come to Riverdale, was a large farm known as "Three Sisters." This was owned by a spinster named Sarah Ogle Hilleary, and her brother, William (Bill). At the death of William, Miss Sallie was sole heir. Several nephews and nieces survived her when she died at an advanced age, being heirs to her large real estate, as well as her many servants. Father speaks of Clement, Washington, Tilman, Leonard, and Mary Truman Hilleary. His diary reads: "Sarah Ogle Hilleary died August 31, 1851, Sunday night. Her will orders Adam Plummer's oldest daughter, Sarah Miranda, to go to Mary Truman Hilleary (Washington Hilleary's daughter), in Randolph County, Virginia." She died a minor.

Dr. Henson Penn was appointed guardian for Mary, who was a minor. This is why Dr. Penn could hire Miranda to Mrs. Thompson, Meridian Hill, D. C., June 14, 1852, where she would be with her mother, nearly three years. When mother went to Ellicotts City, Miranda was hired to the minister in Georgetown. Elias was kept by Tilman Hilleary for his wife, Mrs. Louisa, who was kind to the little five-year-old.

MISS SALLIE'S ROMANCE

The story went that there were many suitors for Sarah Ogle Hilleary's hand and heart. All of which she refused except one. He died before the marriage could take place. Believing she was keeping sacred his memory, she never married. It is said one suitor lost his mind because of her refusal. He would ride his horse up to her gate, and sing: "Miss Sallie Ogle is my wife, O, that she is! O, that she is! Miss Sallie Ogle is my wife. So, fare-you-well my lady love!" Then he would ride off.

Among Miss Sallie's slaves were great grandmothers, grandmothers, mothers, children, grand children, and great grand children, for she seldom sold any of her people. Her women were taught and required to be as chaste, as were her nieces. All received great care, and much attention from "Miss Sallie" personally, requiring them to sleep in the great house until their marriage. O, how different with the slaves of surrounding plantations! Among her house servants were two sisters, Lucy and Nellie Orme, who had two brothers, Robert and Benjamin. Their mother, Junia Inghram, was an English woman who had to serve seven years for debt. The Hilleary's bought her time. She proved to be a fine doctor-woman for the entire plantation, and neighboring ones—those of Mr. Alfred Wells (father of our Dr. Chas. A. Wells), Joseph Roberts, and others. Great Grandmother, Junia, married Robert Orme. Her hair was so long and thick she could sit upon it. When she grew too stout to ride horse-back, she was carried in a team when needed to assist the stork.

Benjamin Orme was sold to Col. Wright Rives' father. His daughter, Mrs. Maggie Orme Chapman Scott now lives at 110 2nd St. S. W., Washington, D. C.

Robert Orme, better known as Bob, was an all round man—the fiddler as it were.

Lucy Orme married William Scott. Their six children were Tilman, Josephine, Harriet, Margaret, Albert, and Sallie. Tilman was sold, although heard from, he never returned. His parents sorrowed to the day of their death, because of that separation. Josephine and Harriet died quite young. Mrs. Margaret Scott who died in 1911 was survived by two children, Mr. Edward Scott, who had lived for years with banker C. C. Glover, and the late Mrs. Rosa Scott-Morris. Rosa's husband, three sons and two daughters survive her.

Mr. Albert Scott, who died January 28, 1890, is survived by a wife and son.

Mrs. Sallie Scott-Richardson had one little daughter that she lost while a baby, and five sons, Benjamin, William, Ambrose, Paul, and Albert.

Pardon the digression, but we think that Sallie and Albert Scott, when young, were as handsome mulattoes as were ever born in Maryland.

Nellie Orme-Saunders-Arnold had twenty-five children, all of whom were Arnolds except the first two, Emily and Benjamin Saunders. William Hilleary sold Richard Saunders up to Annapolis after their two children came. Then Nellie married Frank Arnold. Hence that large family of Arnolds who have been accounted for elsewhere.

Messrs. William, Harry, and Lorenzo Scott were three brothers belonging to the Calvert estate. Lucy and Millie went to Riverdale to visit their husbands, William and Harry Scott.

Lucy was taken sick while visiting. Her sister, Nellie, and her (Nellie's) eldest daughter, Emily, went to Riverdale (a great journey of eight miles for them), to visit their sick sister and aunt respectively. It was while on this visit that Adam Francis Plummer and Emily Saunders met for the first time. Just a word more about Emily when at home, at "Three Sisters" with "Miss Sallie." It was a rare thing, indeed, for slave girls to reach their majority before being married or becoming mothers. Be it said to the credit of Sarah O. Hilleary that she taught those girls the value of a good name, and personally watched over them so carefully that it was known far and near. She allowed them to be married in her dining room instead of in the cabin and, with ceremony. She always had to see and pass upon the man who was to marry one of her maids. She did all she could to impress them with the importance of being clean, honest, truthful, industrious, and religious. The hardest task that Emily had to do was to take a pail and go to a spring more than a mile from the great house for drinking water every day at noon. As she went she was to sing a hymn. That would tell the field hands to come to dinner. One of her favorite hymns was "Preciousness of Jesus."—

"How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!"

So loving, kind, faithful, and obedient was Emily that her mother really overtaxed her with the care of her younger brothers and sisters, whenever she was not waiting upon "Miss Sallie." So happy and content was Emily that she did not marry until she was 26 years old. Before tracing the life of Adam and Emily further, I wish to mention certain relatives of each,—Henry Plummer, Adam's eldest brother went to Washington, D. C., after the Civil War, and lived and

died there; Elias, the next brother, went also, but settled at Arlington, Va. His two sons, William and John Wesley, and their families live there still. Rachel, Adam's eldest sister, lived in Washington until her death, Feb. 2, 1906, with her daughter, Mrs. Charlotte Shields. Rachel was noted for having nursed and reared the children of Bernard Carter, after the death of his wife who was the daughter of George Calvert.

Besides Mrs. Charlotte Shields, Aunt Rachel's other children, are Mrs. Rebecca Nelson, Mr. Norris Carter, and Mr. John Carter.

Mrs. Shields lives with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Davis. For many years Mrs. Shields has been identified with Asbury, as was her mother before her.

Caroline, the second sister, was the mother of the Grice family known to so many. It is said that Uncle George Grice and Aunt Caroline loved each other perfectly. Their children were George Wilson, Edward, Hannah, Josephine, and Ella Grice. Mr. Wilson Grice was the father of Mr. Geo. W. Grice, so recently deceased, Mrs. Rachel A. Grice-Henry (of Croome School) and Mrs. Ursula Grice-Johnson. Each of these have interesting families. Mrs. Hannah Jones was the mother of Mr. Clarence Jones.

Rose, the mother of Mrs. Annie Piper, was sold, Alas!

Elizabeth (Lady Elizabeth as I love to call her) now more than a hundred years old, lives in Washington with her daughter, Mrs. Christy Wells.

Mrs. Carrie Green, her daughter, of Warren, Ohio, had a son whom she lost. He was said to be extra intelligent. Aunt Elizabeth has two other children,—Mrs. Laura Martin and Mr. Henry Plummer.

THE PASSING OF LADY ELIZABETH
PLUMMER-CARPENTER.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 15, 1925.

Elizabeth Plummer-Carpenter was born February 8th, 1821, being 104 years, ten months, and 3 days old, at the time of her death, which occurred Friday, December 11, 1925, at 4 o'clock p. m., at her residence, 1919½ Eighth St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

She was the youngest of a family of three brothers and five sisters, of William Barney and Sarah Norris-Plummer. She was born at Goodwood, Prince George's County, Maryland, of slave parents who were owned by John Hodge, the said John Hodge's father hired her grandfather, Cupid Plummer to fight in the Revolutionary War. These Plummers were noted for great physical strength. They were slaves subject to hard tasks until the Emancipation Proclamation was issued January 1st, 1863.

In 1850, she married James Carpenter. Ten children were born to them, four of whom survive her,—Mrs. Laura Martin, Mrs. Caroline Green, Mrs. Christy Wells, and Mr. Henry Plummer. She is also survived by three grandchildren and one great-grandchild, and many great nephews and nieces. She was the loving aunt of the late William and Wesley Plummer, of Arlington, Va., Mrs. Rebecca Nelson, Mrs. Annie Piper, Mr. Geo. Grice, Mrs. R. A. Grice, Henry, Mr. Clarence Jones, Mrs. Julia Plummer-Ruffin, Dr. R. F. Plummer, and others.

She had been a devout Christian ever since she was sixteen years old. She and her sister Caroline were read in at the love feast held in Asbury Church in 1867, having joined in 1866. When the People's Congregational Church was formed, she joined with them, and remained until her death. She never ceased to thank God for her deliverance from slavery both physical, and spiritual.

Her funeral services were held at the People's Congregational Church, M St., between Sixth and Seventh Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Too much praise could not be given to her Pastor, Rev. Brown, and his Choir for the solemn dignity with which they carried out the services—Text, Job 5:26—"Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, etc."

Rev. Brown said he had taken communion to her every month for four years, having communed her Thursday, the day before she died.

His eulogy of her was sincere, because he had visited his aged member and knew her delight was not in meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

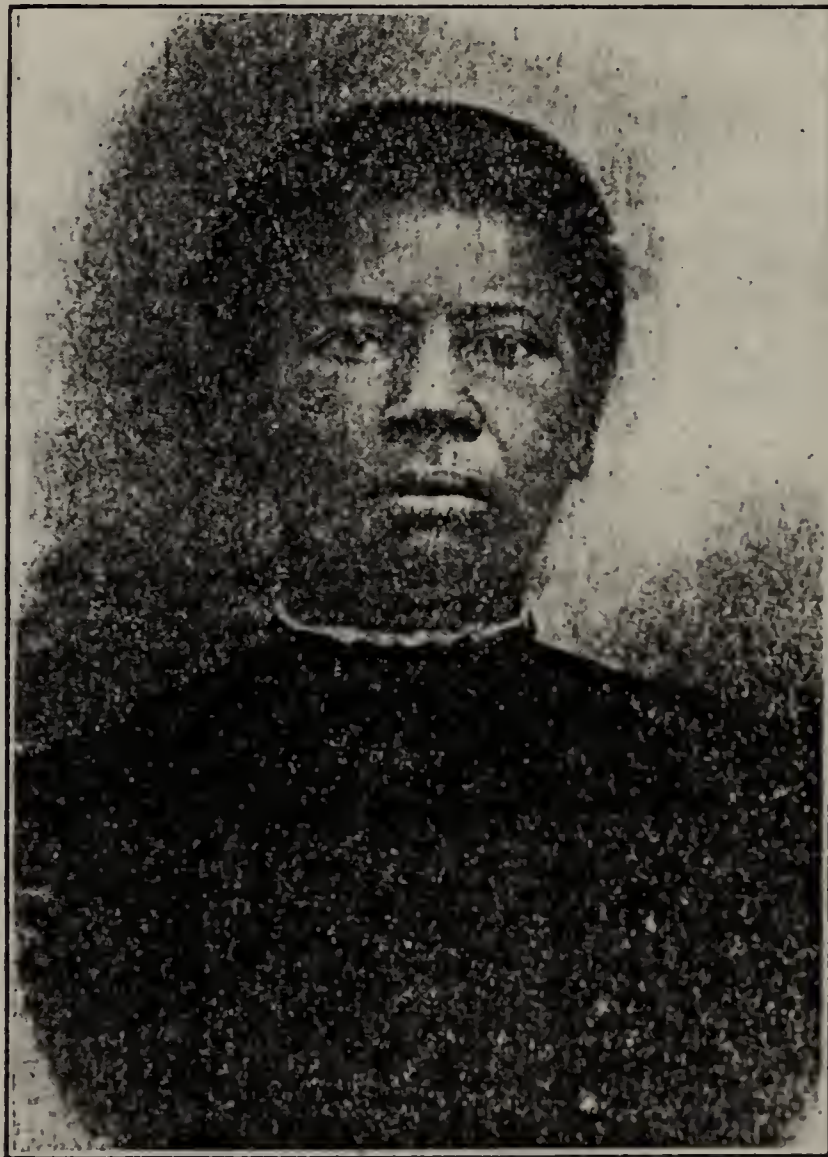
The Obituary was read by her niece, Nellie A. Plummer. Before reading, she said, "Today we do not sorrow as those who have no hope, but rather rejoice, because Lady Elizabeth has triumphed even over death. We say, 'Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is Holy Ground.'" She was no slanderer, but a seeker after the truth. All who know of her Godly conversation will testify that it was her chief delight to declare, "I'm not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." She came up through hard trials and great tribulations, yet has washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

From father's diary, I learn that on Oct. 2nd, 1866, she loaned her brother, Adam F. Plummer, \$5.00—to help bring his eldest child, Sarah Miranda, back home from New Orleans, where she had been sold. It is also recorded when he paid her back, seventeen days after the money was loaned, her niece was home, for she founded St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., Oct. 19, 1866, in a prayer meeting in father's house.

Twenty years ago today, and at this hour, she was at our house in Hyattsville, at father's funeral. To keep up the old time custom of helping, she brought me one dollar. In 1911, I used that very dollar to help purchase lots in Harmony Cemetery, where we expect to let her rest until resurrection morning.

We, the family, could not close this remembrance without paying special tribute to her loving daughter, Mrs. Christy Wells. For as gold is tried by fire, so her heart has been tried by pain, but she never faltered nor wavered. Mr. Geo. Grice and his wife have been son and daughter to her. Mrs. Charlotte Shields and many other relatives never forgot her.

Elizabeth Plummer was most industrious. She worked hard and long, and if she did not leave thousands, it is because she did her duty day by day as she saw it, whether to her children, relatives or friends. Her kindly cheerful, loving disposition and her great joy in the Holy Ghost made her dear to us all.



SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-HOWARD-CLARK

Founder St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.

October 19, 1866

Mother, sister, aunt, and friend, Farewell, till that day when just men are made perfect. "Even down to old age, all my people shall prove My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love; And when Hoary Hairs shall their temples adorn, They still shall like lambs in my bosom be borne." "O, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free, A heart that aways feels they blood So freely spilt for me."

THE FAMILY

George Wilson Grice was the grandson of Caroline Plummer-Grice, and the grand-nephew of "Lady" Elizabeth Plummer-Carpenter, to whom he was very kind in her ripe old age.

GEORGE W. GRICE, PROMINENT BUSINESS MAN,

BURIED WITH FRATERNAL HONORS

George Wilson Grice, well known undertaker and business man of the city; and a native citizen of Washington, passed away on Saturday, June 26, and was buried on Tuesday afternoon from Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church. The funeral was one of the largest ever held from that edifice. The church was packed to the doors and even more people remained outside throughout the funeral ceremonies than were inside.

The body was escorted from the residence of the deceased at 1423 Sixth Street, by the Acacia Grand Lodge of Masons, Henderson Comandery of Knights Templars, representatives of the Supreme Council of the Scottish Rite Masons and delegations from the Elks, order of Moses and about fifteen other fraternities, societies and business organizations.

Rev. R. W. Brooks, pastor of the church in which the deceased has been a member for over forty years, and of which he was treasurer and a trustee at the time of his death, conducted the funeral services. He was assisted by the Rev. Daniel E. Wiseman and Dr. Sterling N. Brown.

Many Flowers

The floral tokens were beautiful and several carriages were required to transport the many large bouquets and emblematic designs. These were all evidences of the esteem with which the deceased was held, a fact tersely described by Dr. Brown who said that George Grice was "a big brother to the community and his people."

George Wilson Grice was born in Washington on June 20, 1870, making him fifty-six years of age at the time of his death which occurred after a brief illness of but nine days. He was married in 1892 to Mary L. Swann of Maryland who survives him after a happy married life of thirty-three years during which eleven children were born to bless the union.

Four of these survive. They are George, Blanche, Ulysses and Rose, all of whom reside here. A four-year-old granddaughter, Ruth the child of George, misses grandpa. Two sisters, Mrs. Bessie Johnson and Mrs. Alberta Henry, and a foster sister, also survive him.

At midnight, Monday night, the Jonathan Davis Consistory members, working in the customary Knights of Kodash degree, performed the solemn ceremonies that mark the passing of a member of the Supreme Council of thirty-third and last degree Masons. Ill. Deputy of the Valley William Edwards, M. P. Commander-in-Chief Henry Brown, and Lt. Commander Ben. F. Arrington, with their respective staffs, conducted these ceremonies at the home of the deceased.

Fraternal Man

Mr. Grice was one of the most widely connected fraternal men in the city, being a member of the most of the known organizations. He was a Mason of every degree, belonging to Widow's Son Lodge, No. 7, F. A. A. M., and was Past Junior Grand Warden of the Acacia Grand Lodge. He was a member of Keystone Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, of Henderson Commandery Knights Templars, of Zoroaster Chapter of the Knights of Kodash, Jonathan Davis Consistory of 32 degree Masons, and the Supreme Council of A. A. S. R. Masons of the Southern Jurisdiction.

He was Grand Master of the A. I. Order of Moses and treasurer of the Council of Past Grand Officers of the Order. He was Grand Deputy of District Grand Lodge No. 5 of I. O. of G. Samaritans and D. of Samaria; a member of Western Star Tabernacle, No. 855 of O. G. F.; a member of Columbia Lodge, No. 85, I. B. P. O. Elks of the World; Capital City Lodge, No. 12, Knights of Pythias; Beverly Lodge, No. 1, Sons and Daughters of Liberty; Bloom of Youth Lodge of G. U. O. of Odd Fellows.

He belonged to the Order of St. Luke, the Drivers Benevolent Society, Columbia Aid Society, the Protective League, Men's Cliff Rock Association, the John Brown Beneficial Association, the Order of Rescue Workers, the Funeral Directors Cemetery Association, the Potomac Funeral Directors' Association, and the Knights of Jerusalem.

These organizations and several others were all represented at the funeral.

Business Man

Mr. Grice was a typical man of his period who embraced his every opportunity to advance his station in life or to serve his people and community with equal avidity. From an humble cabman he advanced by stages to liveryman, and undertaker, to the places of public confidence indicated by the fact that when he died he was vice-president of the Industrial Savings Bank and president of the Whitelaw Hotel Corporation, two of the most ambitious business enterprises in the city and nationally known monuments to our race advancement.

He was also Grand Master of the Order of Moses, one of the most substantial of the benevolent societies of the race, at the time of his death. His desire to keep abreast of the times is proven by his membership to two trade organizations that enabled him to keep constantly informed as to the newest business developments in his line.

He is reputed to have been one of the most substantial business men in the city. His check was never questioned, nor was his word. Counsellor Thomas Walker was his legal adviser.

In a statement to the Tribune Walter S. Carter, the cashier of the Industrial Savings Bank, said:

"Mr. Grice was elected to the board of directors of the bank on December 11, 1922, and became vice-president on June 11, 1923. Both positions were held by him until his recent death. He occupied a position of influence upon the board of directors and his unusual business acumen has done much in bringing the bank to its present enviable position of being one of the most stable and serviceable colored banks in the country."

W. D. Nixon, vice-president of the Whitelaw Hotel stated:

"In the death of Mr. George W. Grice, late president of the Whitelaw Hotel Apartment House Co., Inc., we have lost a strong, capable, conscientious business man who always had the interest of the stockholders at heart.

"It is a satisfaction to know that he lived to realize his great ambition of placing the affairs of the corporation on a safe and firm foundation."

GRICE WILL IS A BRIEF DOCUMENT

The National Savings Trust Company is named as trustee of the estate of the late George W. Grice in his will filed for probate last week. Mr. Grice died June 26, last.

The National Savings Trust Company is authorized and empowered to continue his undertaking business at Twelfth and R Streets, Northwest, and his wife, Mrs. Mary L. Grice, in charge, so long as it deems it wise to do so.

The net income is given to Mrs. Grice. Upon her death, according to the conditions of the will, the trust shall cease and the entire estate shall go to his issue.

The National Savings Trust Company is directed to permit Eugene R. Russell to occupy premises at No. 1809 Eighth Street, Northwest, as long as he desires, without the payment of taxes or any expenses. After his death, his wife shall have the same privilege, the will directs.

Any part or all of the estate may be sold by the trust company. Any sale of the real estate while Mrs. Grice is living, however, must have her consent in writing.

The will is dated June 22, 1926, four days before Mr. Grice died. It was witnessed by Thomas Walker, Edmund Hill, Jr., and Robert B. Tyler.

Mr. Grice was said to be worth seventy-five to one hundred thousand dollars.

THE WEDDING

While visiting her Aunt Lucy at Riverdale, in 1839, Emily said to her aunt, while passing one of the servants, "I wonder what is that brown-skin, colored gentleman looking at me so hard for?" Little did she then dream that he was to be her husband. In due time Adam was permitted to visit Emily at "Three Sisters," having passed Miss Sallie's inspection. However, later, when she found Adam had taught Wm. Arnold how to read and write, she said that had she known that Adam was a "lettered" man she would never have let him come on her place. At any rate fate so arranged that on Sunday, May 30, 1841, Adam and Emily, with Miss Fannie Carrick as bridesmaid, journeyed to Washington, D. C., to the pastor of the New York Avenue and Fourteenth Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. Richardson, to be married. They were informed that a license must first be bought. So Adam went to Wm. B. Brent, and obtained the same. Returned to

the minister, and they were married. He took her home to "Three Sisters." He returned to Riverdale. For the next ten years they lived thus, being permitted to visit her every Saturday evening, when he could stay until time for work early Monday morning. He walked all that distance, carrying heavy loads—almost too heavy for a horse. And yet they thought they were happy!

Says Aunt Elizabeth: "I was a young woman, and cooked the dinner when Brother Ad brought his bride to call on mother," (Mrs. Sarah Norris-Plummer).

Adam so transformed his wife's cabin by putting in glass windows, knobs and latches to doors, building stairway instead of ladder to loft, real four-legged chairs instead of three legged stools—that one of the white family said to Miss Sallie that the next she knew, Adam would have a piano in the cabin for Emily.

On Saturday, Feb. 26, 1842. (Feb. 26, 1926, just 84 years ago!) their first born came. They named her Sarah Miranda,—Sarah for father's mother. The babe was christened by Rev. Vinton. She greatly resembled her father, and was perfectly devoted to him. She richly inherited her father's constitution, (being strong, well, hearty, and healthy all her life long), as well as his strength of character.

Their second child was born July 31, 1884—Henry Vinton, who was christened by Rev. Merrick.

The third was Elias Quincy, born Oct. 20, 1846. The fourth, born March 18, 1849, was Julia Ann. They, too, were christened by Rev. Merrick.

Two years later the inevitable occurred. The great Sarah Ogle Hilleary, who so befriended her colony of slaves, breathed her last on Sunday, August 31, 1851. What a day for the nephews and nieces or the Hilleary family! What an awful day for the slaves!!

CHAPTER III

THE SALE!

"He who would be free must himself strike the blow." Our parents were no cowards. In 1845, when they had but two children, they planned to escape to a free state or to Canada. It was said that their marriage license would be the



CHAPLAIN H. V. PLUMMER

same as "free papers," could they once reach free soil. All was in readiness. They searched in vain for their marriage license. Father had put them away. He did not misplace things of importance. Much to father's disappointment and chagrin, a near relative of mother's had taken their license to "Miss Sallie," and told of their plans to escape. Then

mother was put in the field to work as a punishment. That mother's relative would thus betray them, was unpardonable to father. There was much talk of selling mother on two occasions, before that awful day, the 25th of November, 1851. Father had warned mother again and again, not to tell any one! But mother loved this relative so much, she thought she could trust her to pass the word, after they were out of reach. They never saw their license again. This is why "Miss Sallie" said, "Had she known that Adam was a "lettered" man, she would never have let him come on her place."

During the last year of father's life (1905), while I was with him during the Easter holidays, he spoke of his bitter disappointment at not escaping to a free state in 1845.

But the betrayal of mother's relative was just another form of the curse of slavery,—a desire to "tattle" to the "white folks." Mother never dreamed what was her purpose, when one day she asked mother to let her see their marriage license. What we sow we reap. These same Hillearys sold her son in 1858. Although she lived to be very old, her mind was never clear after that. Just to have heard of him would have been such a comfort, but she died without ever hearing a word from her son. During Cleveland's inauguration, word was brought by some visitors to the two sisters and brother, that their brother still lived.

It was this same relative who pointed out Sarah Miranda Plummer to Washington Hilleary in Georgetown, D. C., Sept. 1860, that prevented Miranda from visiting mother just after we were born. Her owner did not know her, she had grown so much.

It was hard for father to forgive that relative who had twice broken their hearts.

FROM FATHER'S DIARY—1849

"On March 24, 1849. Emily Plummer and four children were for sale, but she being sick at the time, was excused, her youngest child being six days old. Three women, Hennie Brooks, Jane Gutridge, and Emily Plummer and their children were for sale. Emily was excused, and her sister, Hennie, was sold in her stead, to Edmund Duvall. Duvall sold her and her children the next year (1850) to Mr. Spriggs, 'North Hamilton,' who owned her husband, Henry Brooks.

"Emily Plummer and four children were sold at public auction. They were bought by Mrs. M. A. T. Thompson, of Washington, D. C., Sixteenth Street, North to the Place, Meridian Hill. There she tarried for a short time, about four years, then banished from my eyes, Dec. 22, 1855. I then wrote several letters to see if I could hear from her, but I hear from her not."

"Life of Adam and Emily Plummer from the year of 1856. Mount Hebron, Ellicott City, Howard County, Md."

Letter received March 2, 1856. It reads thus: "I write to you Adam, that Emily earnestly desires to hear from you. She has felt very unhappy, etc."

I get another letter, Mount Hebron, July 2, 1856: "Dear Plummer: I am sorry that I have not been able to write, etc."

Again I get another letter, "Woodlawn, March 20, 1857. Now at Mrs. Thompson's own home.—Mt. Hebron being Judge Dorsey's (her father's) homestead."

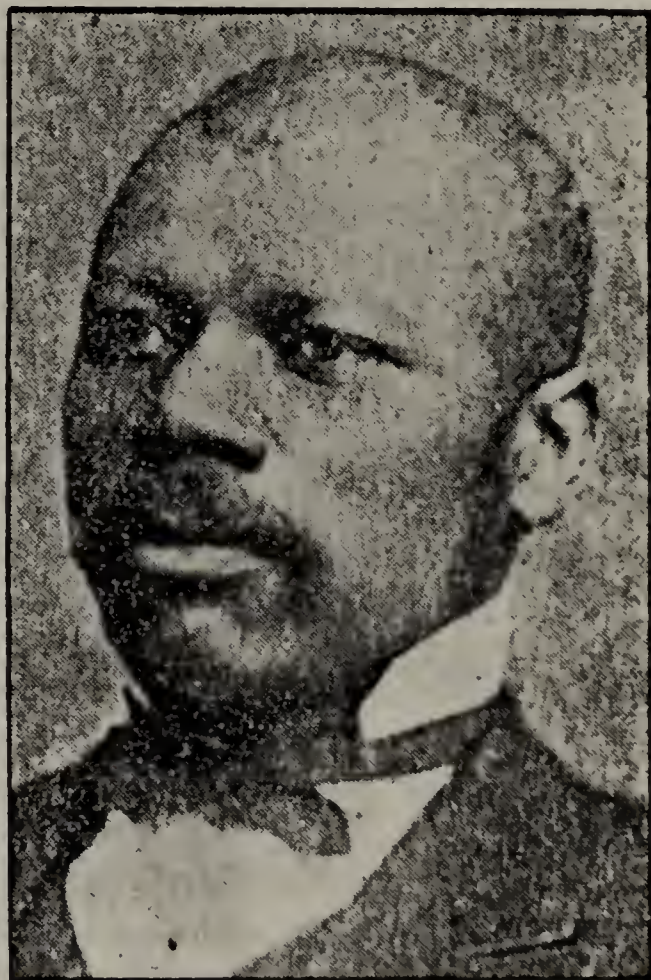
"On my marriage in Washington, D. C., I was married to Emily Saunders, the eldest child of Richard Saunders, Esq., and Nelly Saunders, his wife, of "Three Sisters," Prince George's County, Md., seven miles from Bladensburg. Rev. Richardson said he could not marry me without a license from William B. Brent. It cost me one dollar. Sunday, May 30, 1841, we were married by Rev. Richardson, pastor of New York Avenue and Fourteenth Street, N. W., Presbyterian Church. Miss Fannie Carriek-Scott witnessed, as bridesmaid.

1841—Marriage. 1851—Sale. 1861—War that brought Freedom!

Again the unworthy man was broken up, and parted in the end of the year 1855, December 22nd.

"I have been looking for a long time—after five months' looking (Nov., Dec., Jan., Feb., March), I have received a letter, dated March 2nd, 1856—Desires to see me, and to hear from me. I think I shall never be comfortable again! But O My God!"

"To Mother, Mrs. Sally Plummer, wife of Barney Plummer, August 31, 1852. Gifts for Goodwood, Prince George's County, Maryland:



REV. ELIAS QUINCY PLUMMER

"Fifty pounds of flour, eight pounds of sugar, four pounds of coffee, tea canister, with tea in it, coffee canister with coffee in it. And a shawl, a present to her sister, Christy Lee."

Of all the heirs, Tilman Hilleary was the most aggressive. Such weeping and sorrowing had scarcely ever been known among the slaves for their mistress, especially the house girls. Scarcely had the burial taken place, when it was whispered here and there who would be sold—who would be kept—who would go to this or that niece—who to this or that nephew. It was decided that Emily and her four children be sold at public auction! In October, just two months

after the death of the great woman who had kept that plantation together so long and well. But Emily wasn't well and the sale was postponed until Thursday, Nov. 25, 1851. Meanwhile there was born to Adam and Emily their fifth child, Nicholas Saunders Plummer, born on Oct. 13, 1851. He was christened by Bishop Wayman in Union Bethel, Washington, D. C. At last that awful day!—the day of the sale came. As was customary Adam was allowed to seek a purchaser for his wife and children. After much trouble and anxiety he found a Col. Livingston Gilbert Thompson of Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., who said he would buy them. As I said that never-to-be-forgotten day arrived! Imagine if you can, that woman who had been reared so carefully, who had seldom ever left that farm since her birth there, standing on the auction block with her baby boy, Saunders, six weeks old, all to two days slumbering so peacefully on her breast, the four other children standing close to her, while her heart and that of her husband who stood at a short distance, was breaking. No wonder he exclaimed in his diary, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on us!" But all of this particular trouble wasn't over. A slave trader named M———, walked up, and, snatching the bonnet from little Julia's head, said, "This one will make a fine maid for my wife." As the mother had often heard how hard and cruel the M——— were to their slaves, she couldn't stand to even think of being separated from 1-year-old-baby, and, although fore-warned by her husband to keep quiet, she burst out in tears, exclaiming, "For God's sake, don't let Mr. M——— have my child!" This so insulted M——— that he exclaimed, "Why A'nty, what do you know about me? What do you know about me?" And he actually got to fighting with another trader. Meanwhile a friend of Miss Sallie's snatched the bonnet from M——— and, placing it on Julia's head again, stood her back beside her mother, saying, "You wouldn't separate the mother from that baby?" Breathing out vile oaths, M——— answered, "Yes, by God! I am the one to make the 'nigger's' heart ache. I care no more than I do taking a lamb from its ewe, by God!"

To pacify matters, and to punish Emily for speaking, and to keep her from thinking she had won, Tilman Hilleary said he'd keep Miranda (9 years old) and Elias (5 years) in the Hilleary family and hire them out. O what a dagger to be thrust into the already bleeding hearts of that father and mother, after they had striven so hard to have all five of the children to go with their mother. After they had quieted M——— his hatred grew so toward that slave mother that he declared he had as much money as Col. Thompson, and that he'd take Henry Vinton (7 years) for spite. This to the mother was worse still, for she could see him dreadfully beaten and driven, etc. They took their little flock, and went sorrowing to their cabin to make ready for leaving there forever on Thursday, Dec. 2nd, 1851—just one week from the sale. After packing their belongings Adam had to leave his wife in all that sorrow and uncertainty, so as to reach Riverdale in time for work—having been excused but for one day—the day of the sale! So determined was that mother that M——— should not have her boy, she planned an awful thing! While her husband was busy packing, he missed his wife whom he supposed had gone to the cabins saying “good-bye” to relatives and friends from childhood. In an hour's time she came in, and sank down exhausted. Then it was that her husband told her some joyful news! He said, “Your master, Tilman, came here to tell you Henry is to go with you. He will not let M——— have him. That mother's joy knew no bounds! She then and there confessed to her husband what she had done. She had taken Henry two miles away, and hid him in Joe Robert's corn-field—in a certain shock which she well knew. She fully intended to wait until all was quiet at “Three Sisters,” then go for the boy and drown him and herself, rather than let M——— have him. Thus she intended to end the anguish of spirit that had been hers, since the mistress of “Three Sisters” breathed her last. When her husband told her the “good news,” she exclaimed, “Plummer, go call Henry, and bring him to me.” So carefully did she direct him that he went to the very shock of corn, (there being a difference between the middle shock and others) and called, “Henry, Henry!” but no sound. He pulled the shock nearly down, calling again and again, but no answer. He returned (two miles, mind you,) and told her some one must have been watching and stole Henry away, for he

wasn't there. She fairly flew, running as much as possible. On approaching that particular shock she called out, "Henry!" He answered, "Ma'am!" Forgetting her anguish for the moment, she stamped the ground and inquired, "Why didn't you answer your father, sir?" The boy replied, "Mother, you told me not to answer anybody but you!"

Day was about to break when they reached the cabin, and the husband, wife and five children were ALL together again for the last time in fifteen years.

All of Adam's early morning work and chores were done up on time, at Riverdale. Mr. Calvert inquired of Adam as to the sale. He told him that Col. Thompson of Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., had bought Emily and her four children. Miranda was not for sale. They will leave "Three Sisters" next Thursday, Dec. 2nd. On that day Mr. Calvert told him to go for the mail, after which he could take a team, return to "Three Sisters," and carry his wife, children, and other belongings to their new home. Adding, "Be here bright and early in the morning." "Thank you, master, thank you, sir," was Adam's grateful reply, for he wondered how his wife with a six-week's-old baby in her arms could see to the moving, and the hundred and one things to be done on leaving the place where one was born, and lived about 36 years. Leaving the cabin where all her children were born, and where the best husband in the world had visited her at the end of every week and all holidays during the ten years of their married life—leaving her mother, brothers and sisters! No wonder they cried out, "O when shall my sorrows subside! Or when shall my sufferings cease?" So on Thursday, Nov. 25, 1851, Emily and four children were sold. By the way—that was THANKSGIVING DAY (a day for thanksgiving and praise?) And yet this husband and wife never lost faith in God. They were heard singing, "How can I sink with such a prop As our eternal God, Who bore the earth's huge pillars up, And spread the Heavens abroad? How can I die while Jesus lives Who rose and left the dead? Pardon and grace my soul receives From our exalted Head." They moved from "Three Sisters," Thursday, Dec. 2, 1851, to go to live with her new mistress, Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson, Meridian Hill, at the end of Fifteenth and Sixteenth Streets, N. W., Washington, D. C. Although but 15 miles away, it was the same to Emily as it would be if you or I were now

called upon to leave ALL and dwell on some unknown island in the far Pacific Ocean. When Adam made that entry in his diary ("Dec. 2, 1851, Thursday"), he also wrote, "O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me?" Note—1841—1851—1861!

The Lord, even our own God was then preparing Abraham Lincoln as the Great Deliverer! What if Adam and Emily could have known it? Not only they, but the thousands of other all about them. Not allowed to read and write. No newspaper—no word spoken in their presence that whispered FREEDOM! Now to Meridian Hill every two weeks or oftener, did Adam wend his weary way, loaded down with necessary things for his family.

CATALOGUE OF THINGS MARKED—A. P.

1. A pair of blue stone china dishes.
2. A pair of blue vegetable dishes.
3. A pair of blue edged dishes.
4. One gray gravy bowl, saucer made to bowl, with a ladel.
5. One blue Liverpool soup tureen.
6. A pair of blue dishes, square 7x7 inches, with tops.
7. One flowered dish, with blue top, with names of states all around it.
8. This beautiful pair of pitchers, flowered green and red, hold a pint or more.
9. One milk white pitcher, hold half gallon.
10. Milk white teapot. Milk white sugar bowl.
11. Milk white cream mug. Milk white cups and saucers, one-half dozen each.
12. One pitcher, bright blue flowers on it, hold one-half gal.
13. One blue flowered teapot. One blue flowered sugar bowl.
14. One blue flowered cream mug. Blue flowered cups and saucers, one-half dozen each.
15. Two flowered gilded pitchers.
16. Two light blue pickle dishes.
17. Six white cups and saucers with handles.
18. One dozen soup plates. One large blue platter.
19. One dozen light blue, large dinner plates.
20. One dozen teaspoons.
21. Eighteen every-day plates.
22. Six knives and forks.

23. Six wine glasses. Twelve tumblers.
24. One dozen goblets.
25. Two common blue soup tureens.
26. Four salt cellars. Twelve crockware Liverpool plates.
27. One clock. One watch. One coffee mill.
28. One lard jar. One washstand. One wash basin. One pitcher. Two nutmeg graters.
29. Wooden ware—six chairs, three tubs, three buckets.
30. Two trundle bedsteads. Two bedsteads.
31. Four flat irons. One tea kettle. Two pots and pot-hooks.
32. One stove. One waffle iron.
33. One looking glass. Four pictures in frames.
34. Four glass lamps. Two tables.
35. Two 2-gallon lard pots.
36. Two feather beds. Two straw beds.
37. Three chests or trunks, and other things."

This is copied to show that father purposed in his heart to support himself and his family. "For the half has never been told."

Dear father listed these things that he might help mother to keep account of them. They had been married ten years when this inventory had to be taken, having left "Three Sisters" to go to Meridian Hill. What pains it cost father to do this! We have many of these dishes to this day. Sale, Nov. 25, 1851.

The sixth child of this family was born Aug. 8, 1853. Because she was so much neglected mother lost her on June 28, 1854. Mother named this child for her three sisters whom she left behind at "Three Sisters"—Marjory Ellen Rose Plummer. Instead of rejoicing and being exceedingly glad that God had sent the merciful angel of death and taken her baby out of its suffering—removed it to a realm where no slavery could come, mother grieved over the death of that child as though it was ALL she had. We were taught to call her "Marjory Ellen Rozella."

As far as is known mother never returned to "Three Sisters" but twice—1855 and 1859.

She tried to be happy because her mother and other relatives could visit her. Father walked from Riverdale to Meridian Hill to visit and care for his family. He was MOST faithful—every two weeks and sometimes every week.

Another ray of light came to brighten the way for mother in her new home. Her Miranda was to live with her. "Having heard that your servant, Miranda, was out of a place at this time, Mrs. Thompson having said that she would like very much to have said servant, and would clothe her comfortably, and give her \$1 a month—Mrs. Thompson being absent, I send the above message by her father, knowing Mrs. T. is very anxious to have her.

"May 6, 1852—Meridian Hill.

"K. S. THOMPSON."

"Miss Kate" and "Miss Sarah" were Col. Thompson's daughters by a former marriage.

On the 17th day of the October following Marjory Ellen's death the seventh child was born—Margaret Jane, 1854.

Just four years after mother arrived at Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., the Thompson moved to Mount Hebron, Judge Dorsey's farm, near Ellicotts Mills, Howard county, about 20 miles southwest of Baltimore. Mrs. Thompson's father died in November, 1855. Hence their decision to move.

Father wrote, "Again the unhappy man was broken up, parted from his wife in the end of the year 1855, Dec. 22nd. I have a long time been looking. After FIVE months I receive a letter. She desires to see me at Mt. Hebron. I think I shall never be happy again. But O My God!"

By the fall of 1856, Judge Dorsey's will had provided a fine residence on a beautiful hill near his own, with servant's quarters. They named it "Woodlawn," Mary Ann Thompson's future home. There mother, Henry, Julia, Saunders and Magg were taken. O how lonely! O what misery—away from all she knew, with total strangers. Her husband can only visit her at Christmas and Easter times.

Just a word about the beautiful (?) quarters at Mount Hebron to which she had to go after leaving Washington. Mother and the children were housed in an old log cabin that had not been used for years. The mud-daub plastering had nearly all fallen out. The dirt floor was something that mother had never had before. The baby Maggie was a little more than a year old. Saunders, being next older was her

nurse. The day after their arrival from Washington, mother, who had been to the great house to prepare dinner, returned to her cabin to see how the children were doing. She sat, to take up the baby when Saunders exclaimed, "Mother, look what is on 'Sing's' (Little Thing) arm!" To her horror, she saw it was a scorpion! Seeing mother so frightened, and, not knowing how deadly was its sting, Saunders, not five years old, knocked that poisonous creature, which was par-



JULIA PLUMMER RUFFIN

tially torpid, off the baby's arm and killed it, before mother could realize what had happened. Do you think it was very comfortable to sleep in that lizard harbor after that? But she did, for nearly a year, moving to "Woodlawn" in the fall of 1856, with Mrs. Thompson, where a new frame house had been built for her, (mother) and the children.

When father came to Mt. Hebron during Easter, 1856, he transformed that old dilapidated cabin into a safe, and more comfortable place.

Judge Dorsey was a wealthy man. He descended from the early settlers. He dearly loved his Mary Ann, as he did the rest of his children. But when she married against his wishes it was dreadful. Married an Abolitionist, too, whereas all the Dorsey's strongly favored slavery. Gilbert Livingston Thompson was a poor man as compared with the Dorseys. Although he was credited with having a master mind, as an inventor, he never succeeded at any of his many attempts to reach fame and riches. This made him very irritable. He was most cruel to his wife's servants, especially the little children—striking them with anything he happened to have in his hand or could reach. Kicking even the little girls, from four years old, with his heavy boots—cursing with every breath he drew, when out of his wife's hearing. This man was a direct descendant of the great statesman, Robt. R. Livingston, one of the leading minds at the Continental Congress, helping to shape the Declaration of Independence. Gilbert Livingston Thompson (nick-named "Old Tez," by Mary Ann Thompson's slaves) thought Emily Plummer, their cook, to be a most saucy and independent slave, because she defended her little children from his fierce and brutal attacks, by telling them to run, "Run, run," she would say, "Don't let him kill you." In 1858, while undergoing great sorrow, owing to the death of kindred and friends, the bell was rung for little Julia, nine years old, to go into the dining room to see what "master" wanted. When she entered he had concealed himself behind the door, and as the child entered, he struck her over the head with a trunk strap, the buckle of which cut her head so badly, they had to send for the doctor to stop the flow of blood, take stitches, and reduce the terrible knot caused by the buckle. This poor mother could not stand. She complained bitterly of such treatment. When asked why he hid and struck such a severe blow, he said he had rung the bell TWICE and no one answered. Mother said she'd rather be dead, etc. Whereupon Thompson said she was beside herself; too important and impudent. That he'd send for the constable, Billy McCleary, weighing nearly 300 pounds, to whip her bare back, and thus put her in her place. (The constable came with a cowhide and several yards of rope to give her a good whipping. Ordered her from the kitchen to her quarters to make bare her back.) Mother was picking a goose that was to be prepared for next day's din-

ner. Thompson came up and struck her over the shoulders with his cane. She struck him back with all her might with the goose. He then declared that he would shoot her. She tore open her waist and dared him to shoot, saying but for the children, she'd gladly die. She went into her room.

She said, "I'll serve you, but you shall not whip me," and shut the door. She was ordered out. She replied, "If any one has any business with me let him come in here." They went in. Like a tigress cornered in her lair, mother snatched up a chair, and swore that the first one who put his hands on her, she'd kill him. And she meant it, for she was ready to die. She rushed at them with the chair. Thompson escaped. The constable being so stout would have been gored through as she forced him against the door with the legs of the chair. Owing to the mercy of the Lord, the door was unlatched in the scuffle, and he rolled out. By that time Mrs. Thompson ordered them both to let her alone, and that she would sell her to the most cruel master in the southland.

The matter was discussed in the Dorsey family—Misses Eliza and Priscilla saying Emily was too valuable a servant to be sold, etc. So they sent for father to talk to mother, for her insubordination and what would happen should it occur again. Thus the volcano was quieted. Suffice it to say, **NO ONE EVER ATTEMPTED TO WHIP HER AGAIN!** They whipped the other servants whenever they felt like it, but "Miss Emily" as they called her when displeased, went unwhipped. It is known that one boy, Horace died when about sixteen years old from cruel treatment and over work. Mother had to fight hard to save her children from a like fate. This is only one of the many instances that filled mother and father's hearts with greatest care, always being "anxious about what shall be tomorrow!" Surely, if there is any "rest for the weary," they must now be enjoying that rest.

But the worst is not yet over. Before father could visit mother at Mt. Hebron, he had to get from Calvert a "pass" to go over the B. & O. R. R. to Relay. Then change cars to Ellicotts Mills. Dear reader: You have never seen a pass. Here is a copy of the one given to father seventy (70) years ago:

"Riverdale, Md., March 22, 1856.

My servant, Adam, has permission to go to see his wife who lives with Mr. Thompson at the residence of the late Judge Dorsey, near Ellicotts Mills, in Howard County, Md., and this is to request that he be not molested in going or returning during the Easter Holidays.

Chas. B. Calvert.

Mr. Scott, agent of B. & O. R. R., will please request the conductor to let Adam pass over the rail road going and returning and oblige,

Chas. B. Calvert.

The conductor, Washington train, will oblige Mr. Calvert by putting Adam, the bearer, on the train to Ellicott Mills.

Jno. W. Scott, Agent for Bladensburg Depot.

March 22, 1856.

Now his children, and ten millions of others, are free to go wherever their money and good behavior will take them. "What hath God wrought?"

While Adam Plummer, my father, was visiting his wife at "Three Sisters," among others that he taught to read and write was mother's youngest brother, William Robert Arnold. After Miss Sallie Hilleary's death, and the sale, 1851, the Hilleary's hired out some of their servants, all that were not to be sold in Washington, D. C.

In this way Nellie Orme Arnold and her son and daughter lived in the city of Washington. Emily Plummer, their eldest daughter and sister could hear from them through William Dorsey, a free man who visited his wife who was a servant also at Woodlawn. Rosa and Marjory remained at "Three Sisters."

"Mount Hebron."

Ellicott Mills, Howard Co., Md.,

March 2, 1856.

I write to you, Adam, at Emily's earnest desire. She has felt very unhappy at not receiving any intelligence of yourself nor her two children. The winter has been so severe that she could not expect you to come to see her, but she

thinks as you can write, you might have written if merely to tell her that her boy and girl are well, and that you had not forgotten her. I think you may have written and the letter miscarried.

She bids me tell you the children have improved in health since she came here, though Henry has just recovered from the mumps. Saunders is fat and saucy as ever. He asks often on Saturday night if Pappy is not coming to bring a cake. Julia is well and wants to know what has become of "poor Pappy." The baby stands alone but cannot walk, for a long time she would look round when told "Pappy's coming!" She is very fat.

Emily wishes to know if you cannot get your master's permission to come to see her at Easter. Write and let her know if you can come.

Emily is quite well and likes this place very well if she could only see and hear more of you. She thinks you might have gone to see Mr. Thompson, at Meridian Hill, to inquire for her, or called to ask Miss Sarah, the Colonel's daughter, about her.

She wants you to let her mother know that you have heard from her, and tell her to ask her brother, Robert, to write to her how her sister, Marcelline, is. She sends her love to you and begs you to write immediately. Direct to the care of Mrs. M. A. T. Thompson, Mount Hebron, near Ellicotts Mills, Maryland.

(Written by) — M. A. T. Thompson.

Mother's new mistress after that sale, 1851.

"Mount Hebron,"

Ellicott Mills, Md.,

April 20, 1856.

My Dear Plummer:

I want you to let me know why you wrote me so troubled a letter. I was very sorry to hear that you should say you and I are parted for life, and am very much troubled at it. I don't think I can stand it long. What do you mean? Does your master say he will not let you come any more? Or what is the reason you say we are parted for life? I should like to understand your difficulties very much.

I would not wish you to bring any trouble on yourself on my account. If you cannot get his consent to come to see me, I don't want you to do anything that would displease him for me, but I shall be sorely troubled. I cannot think we are parted forever. You have a good master and a good house, and I want you to do all you can to please him, but I hope he will let you come and see me and your children sometimes. It is heart-breaking to think we are parted. Write to me soon and tell me what your difficulty is. I can't think it is your wish to give me up for another wife.

I want you to write me about my two children, if they are well and comfortable, and how mother is. Saunders said today: "My Pappy is coming today to bring me a hat and a pair of boots to go to church with Mr. Bobby." I want to have the baby baptized and I want to know if you can come, when you will be able to do so, and I will wait until you come.

The baby has her chills come back on her now and then still. The other children are all well, and Henry sends his love to his father.

I have been quite well, and have no trouble but the one great trouble, the want to see you sometimes.

God bless and keep you!

Your affectionate wife,

Emily Plummer.

Written by M. A. T. Thompson.

Riversdale, Prince Geo. Co., Md.,

September 21, 1856.

My dear Wife:

I embrace this opportunity of writing you a few lines in regards to my coming over the road on the 8th of September, having but a little difficulty this time. I arrived at the station, Bladensburg, at 5 o'clock P. M. My master was the first man I saw there. He did not say anything, but made his bow and smiled.

Please say to Mr. and Mrs. Thompson that I am very much obliged to them for your sake for seeing me take the car.

Miranda is not very well. Your Aunt Lucy Scott came from "Three Sisters" on Friday. She staid three days on account of her son, Tilghman, being sick. He was kicked by a horse, very seriously injured, but the Dr. says he will get over it.

Your Aunt Lucy says Elias is well, but ragged and dirty, says she mended his clothes, says Marjory is doing the best she can for him. Good Lord, deliver us!

I am myself very much down-hearted to see the children scattered abroad, and you and me far apart, to see the little children shed tears for the loss of their father.

I saw you shed tears at the cars for the last sight of your husband. I looked out of the car window and saw you as long as I could, very loath to part from you, but this is the way we must go!

I have seen William Dorsey, he had but little to say, he has not got his free papers yet.

Your mother is not well. All her children are well. I have seen your cousin, Jane Lee, she has moved to Bladensburg.

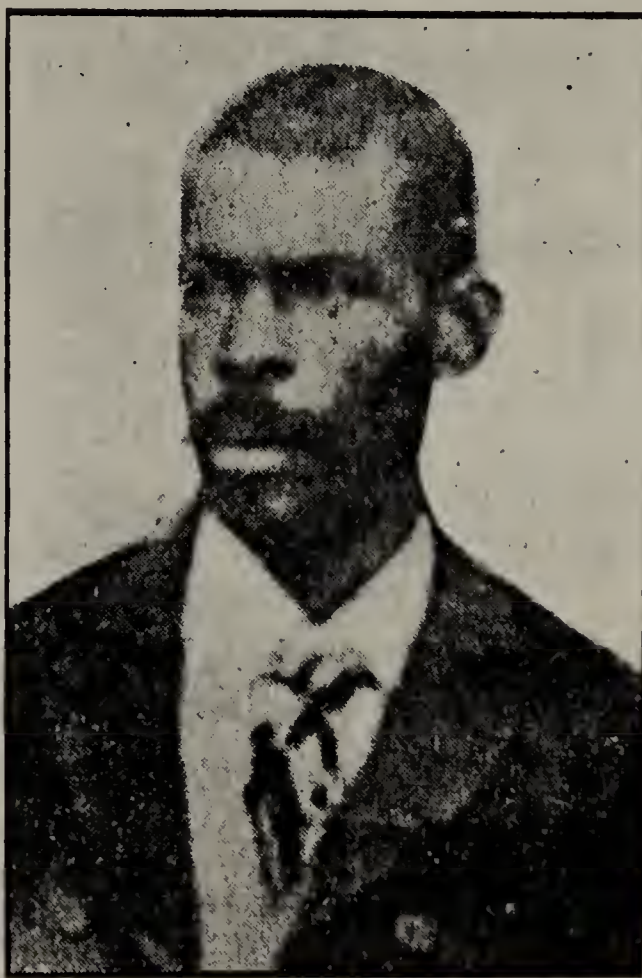
I am not very well today, Emily, I have the toothache and headache very badly. I have nothing more to say. I am,

Your unhappy husband,

Adam Plummer.

In 1856, having been five years torn away from the birth-place of herself and mother, the place she loved all her life, mother grew very sad and home-sick. The Misses Eliza and Priscilla Dorsey felt so sorry for her that when father came up they sent them to Ellicotts City to have their daguerrotypes taken. They thought it would cheer mother to have his picture to look at when he was gone. In one of her letters they wrote for her to him she said: "I can't believe we are parted for life." Thanks to Misses Eliza and Priscilla. Had it not been for them, we probably would have had no picture of mother when we lost her, all the photos we have of her are made from that daguerrotype.

Late in 1856 word was passed around that the slaves might all be set free. Then there was a mad rush to sell all hands and bank the money. Among the many others that the Hillearys sold was Nellie Orme Arnold, her three daughters, Marcelline, Sallie, and Ellen, and two years later, her granddaughter, Miranda. All this was done unknown to their



NICHOLAS SAUNDERS PLUMMER
Sold when 6 weeks old in his mother's arms

relatives. But what hastened the Hilleary sale was a letter from Wm. Robert Arnold to his mother, telling her how happy he was, and hoping they'd ALL soon be with him. He had run away, and with the aid of the Underground Railroad, had reached Canada. Fearing others would follow, they sold all, even the old mother. Was father wrong in teaching Robert to read and write?

He reached Canada in the fall of 1855. He next made his way to Zanesville, Ohio. There he met Mrs. Hailstock and family. In 1860, he married her daughter, Mary E. Their first four children were born there.

William Robert Arnold became a beloved and honored preacher of the A. M. E. Church. His honored wife, formerly Miss Mary E. Hailstock, and six children survive him. Dear Aunt Mary was eighty-three (83) years old on November 7, 1926. She is quite well, active, and happy.

In our large, large family and acquaintances, no one is loved and respected by all more than "Aunt Mary," as she is affectionately called. She has been an angel of love and mercy wherever there was sickness or death. The true love that existed between her husband and herself was never excelled.

All their children are highly respected. Messrs. Edward, Charles, and Oliver are a joy to her. Her eldest child, Harry E. Arnold, died in 1925. She lives in their beautiful home, 419 Q St. N. W., Washington, D. C., with her two daughters, Mrs. Nettie Thompson and Miss Laura G. Arnold, who see that their mother has every comfort.

Miss Laura is a noted teacher, being a principal of one of the public schools, Washington, D. C.

But Uncle's own story of how he escaped from slavery will be more interesting than mine.

William R. Arnold was born in Prince George County, Md., August 14, 1836. He was from a very early date inclined to be religious. His father and mother were very pious. At the early age of ten years he was called by God to the ministry, though he understood it not. It was in this wise, he heard a voice calling him three times in succession, answering each time he arose and went down stairs, but did not remember having gone down. His oldest sister being down stairs, he asked her what she wanted. She told him, with a look of surprise, that she had not called him. Turning around to go back to bed, the room was suddenly lighted up, appearing bright and beautiful beyond expression. His parents arranged with his sister's husband, Adam Plummer, who could read and write to teach him, but this had to be done secretly, and so he learned to read and write by getting one lesson a week out of the old John Comly spelling book.

In 1850 the plantation was broken up, the owner having died, he was given to one of the heirs, who hired him out to John Kirkwood, who kept a hotel at the corner of Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C. During the month of August, 1855, his owner came to the hotel one evening to collect his wages, and was greatly surprised to find out that his slave boy had been put in charge of the hotel bar and could write down in a book charges of those who had credit there. The first thing he wanted to know was who had taught him to read and write. When closing time came, he told him that he was in the wrong place, and that he was not going to allow him to remain there, that the abolitionists would be putting foolish notions in his head. No amount of persuasion could change this decision, and so he was compelled to give up what was then considered a splendid position. One day, soon after, while walking about the streets looking for another place, he met a man by the name of William Freeman, who said to him, "Arnold, why don't you be a freeman instead of a slaveman?" The answer came quickly, "I would if I could." Freeman then informed him that if he could raise \$10.00 he could arrange to send him to Canada by way of the Underground Railroad. The money was speedily furnished, and he was told to go to the corner of N and Thirteenth Streets N. W., on the 27th of the month, this being August, 1855, and to stand there, was not to open his mouth to any one, but just stand there.

At the appointed time he was there, and after waiting about five minutes, another man came and within five minutes more five men were standing there as dumb mutes. Ten minutes later a large dark man came up, whom he recognized as James Beckett. He said to Arnold, "What are you all doing here?" He said, "Doing nothing." Looking them all in the face he passed on. About ten minutes later this man Beckett returned and called them all together and told them he understood why they were there and that he was their pilot to take them in the underground railroad to Canada. He told them to follow him at a distance, just close enough to as not to lose sight of him. When he had gotten outside of the light of the city he stopped, and they all gathered around him, he gave them instructions what to do, and said now follow me, and over gullies, and through bushes and woods he led them all night. When day broke he hid them under

bushes and leaves. After resting awhile young Arnold's feet began to swell, so much so that his boots had to be cut off his feet. Beckett went somewhere and in a little while returned with another pair of shoes. He informed them that their next stop would be Chambersburg, Pa., which ended his route. When they reached this point he turned them over to a Quaker by the name of John Wright, who kept them for three days up in his hay loft, covered over with cornstalks waiting to see if anyone was pursuing them. As no one seemed to be on their tracks, three of the men were sent on to Harrisburg. Arnold and a man by the name of Henry were kept back to be sent on three days later. They were, however, kept back more than thirty days. Mr. Wright being short of help saw that they had plenty of work to do, milking cows and husking corn. Becoming restless on account of the long delay in sending them on, one night between ten and eleven o'clock they started out for Harrisburg without having obtained the consent of the good Quaker. When they reached Harrisburg they were directed to a colored man by the name of Webster, who received underground railroad passengers. They told him the whole circumstance. He said that as he had received no notice of their coming they would have to wait until he could communicate with the Society to get money to send them on, but if they had money he would send them right on. They had the money, and left that afternoon on the four o'clock express, reaching Niagara Falls at ten o'clock next day, and in a few hours took the train for St. Cathren's Canada.

Two years later, in the fall of 1857, he left Canada and went to Zanesville, Ohio. In the year 1859, during a protracted meeting, conducted by Rev. Solomon H. Thompson, by the Grace of God he was soundly converted. In 1860 he married Miss Mary E. Hailstock, of Zanesville, Ohio. A very fine and estimable woman, an ideal preacher's wife. They have seen six of their children grow to manhood and womanhood, four boys and two girls, occupying honorable positions in the trades and the professions. Being impressed with a call to the ministry in due time, he was elected a local preacher under Rev. Jas. A. Shorter's administration. He soon found out that his very limited education did not meet the requirements of his ambition, so he purchased books and he took himself to earnest study. At this time he was employed on

a construction train, his wages being \$100 per month. When he informed the railroad company of his intention to quit that he might join the ministry, they offered him \$150 if he would continue in the service of the company. He consulted his pastor about the matter, the Rev. John A. Warren, whose advice was, if the Lord had called him to preach he had better obey and preach his word. The offer of the railroad company was refused, and in 1867 he joined the Ohio Annual Con-



MARGARET PLUMMER BROWN

ference, and his first charge was Lancaster Circuit. He had a new church built there. He also organized a new society at Washington, Ohio, in a log cabin where we now have a fine brick building. After serving in the Ohio Conference two years he transferred to the Baltimore Conference, and was appointed to the Clear Spring Circuit by Bishop A. W. Wayman, and from there to Mt. Pisgah, Washington, D. C. In the year 1875 he was appointed to Havre-de-Grace, Md., where he completed the present church, and added over a hundred members from there to Waters' Chapel, Baltimore, where he paid off a long standing debt, and added to the

membership over a hundred members. From there he went to Cambridge, Md., and built a new church, the old one having been destroyed by fire. Here many souls were converted and added to the church.

From Cambridge he went to St. John's, Baltimore, where a wonderful revival broke out in the Sunday School and a number joined the church, old and young. Bishop D. A. Payne then appointed him to St. Paul's, Washington, D. C. This charge was greatly built up spiritually and financially. Here while serving this charge he availed himself of the opportunity of taking a three years' course from the Theological Department of Howard University and received the degree of B. D.

At his last charge, Havre-de-Grace, Md., there were over 50 conversions, and he reported the largest amount of dollar money ever taken from this charge. He was a member of the General Conference, which met at Indianapolis in 1888, and had the pleasure of voting to elevate to the Bishopric W. J. Gaines, B. W. Arnett, B. T. Tanner, and Abram Grant. During his itinerant work he served two years in the Ohio Conference, three in the Philadelphia and 37 in the Baltimore Conference, during which time he has served three terms as Presiding Elder, and has never been marked for any misdemeanor in the General Conference.

Having reached the age of 73 years he felt that he was no longer able to keep up with the "horsemen," and so he asked for a superannuated relationship.

CHAPTER VI

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, AND MARCH, 1857

It would be hard to describe the sorrow and anguish of heart that befell Emily Plummer, when the awful news reached her. Two sisters, Rosa and Marjory, were left at "Three Sisters," all the rest gone—even her mother! O how she prayed for deliverance! January, February, and March, 1857, were known as the time of the dreadful snow storms. The snow was very very deep and drifted many feet in places. After keeping the slaves in Alexandria, in Levi Hurdle's pen, they were all sold South. On reaching Richmond, they decided to send Nellie Arnold back as she was too old and too white to sell well. When Rosa and Marjory heard that their mother had been sent back to Washington, they decided to walk up to see her. Tilman Hilleary persuaded them not to make the trip. Saying if they'd wait, he'd send them up in an ox-cart. They were warned that a heavy snow storm was threatening, and that they'd better not go. But that in-born desire to see their mother whom they never expected to see again, overcame their reason. They went, saw their mother, and hoped to return before it was known they were gone, but alas! So rapidly did it snow and drift that the women gave out after reaching the adjoining farm to theirs. A man servant of Joe Roberts who was with them, put them under a certain tree, while he hurried on to get the ox-cart or a horse. When he returned, Marjory, the single one, was there just alive. Rozella had wandered off. On reaching the cabin, Tilman Hilleary told them not to take her near the fire, but to give her a few drops of a stimulant. It was too late. She soon breathed her last. Rosa was lost for sixteen days. As the drifts began to thaw, the tip of her shawl was seen, having wandered quite a distance from the place where she was told to stay. This they thought she did in her last desperate effort to reach her four little children.

In a letter to mother, dated Riverdale, February 13, 1857, from father, I note: "Your sister, Rosa's body was found on the second of February, sixteen days under the snow. She was discovered by two of Mr. Joe Roberts' men, in the fodder

field, two hundred yards from the finger-board in the ditch, standing upright, one foot on the bank. There she stood before the human view as a lump of ice. The boy, Lewis, is still alive, but his skin looks as if scalded."

This is why mother cried. I wonder what Mary Ann Tolley Dorsey-Thompson would have done under similar circumstances? Both sisters died January 18, 1857.

The baby, Louisa Sprague, lived with Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Douglass, as housekeeper, until his second marriage.

Mr. Frank Sprague, the eldest, now lives at Lanham, Md., about three miles from "Three Sisters." There isn't a more respected man anywhere. He and his good wife (Miss Louisa Allen, the daughter of Mrs. Mary Allen and sister of Mr. George Allen of New York), celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage in 1916. May 20, 1926, means that for sixty years they have really and truly loved each other.

If they can keep well, may they live and love sixty more years! Their Golden Wedding was a grand affair, amid their nine sons and a daughter, Mrs. Edith Kenney (they lost one little girl), and many friends, grandchildren and great grandchildren. Mr. Frank Sprague is now eighty years old, and as good as gold!

Alfred and Thomas went to Rochester to live, and grew to be good citizens. Alfred was a student at Wayland. Thomas never visited his old home again to my knowledge. These brothers went to Rochester to work, because their half brothers, Nathan and Lewis Sprague, had preceded them. There Nathan met and married Miss Rosa Douglass, the daughter of Hon. Frederick Douglass. The following clipping about Robert Hawkins Sprague will explain who was the husband of Rosa Arnold Sprague:

"Star," October 17, 1906

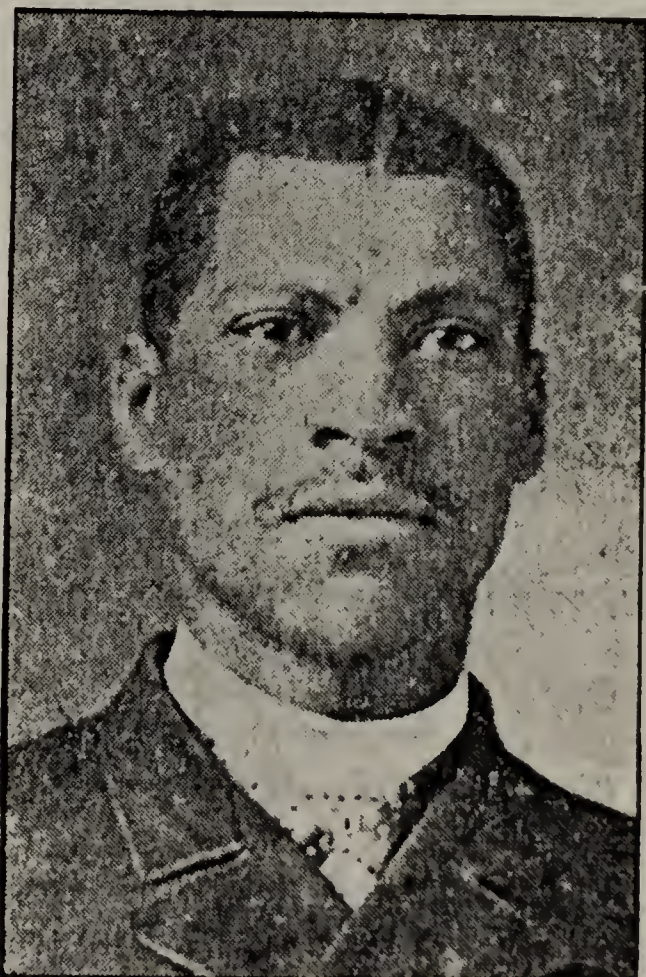
DIES AT AGE OF 114

Robert Hawkins Sprague. Old-time Celebrity

Robert Hawkins Sprague, known to all in his native village of Northampton, in Prince George County, Md., and to many in the country for miles around as "Uncle Robert," sleeps his last sleep there, after a life extending over 114 years. "Uncle Robert," believed to be the oldest man in

Maryland, if not in this section of the Union, died early yesterday morning. Born of slave parents, according to authentic records, in 1791, the old man spent the greater part of his life in the neighborhood where he died, and though he was sold several times during slavery days, he was finally brought back to the neighborhood of Northampton. He was married three times, and was the father of twenty-five children.

The old man is said to have had a very retentive memory even up to the time of his death, and it is said he could recall



DR. ROBERT FRANCIS PLUMMER

all the Presidents from the time of Andrew Jackson to the present day, and had been introduced to many of them. He could distinctly remember the early days of the country, and had a vivid recollection of the war of 1812, of the capture of Washington and of the burning of the Capitol and public buildings.

During his lifetime he had met many of the prominent men of the day, and his mind was stored with reminiscences of John C. Calhoun, Henry Clay, Jefferson Davis, General

Lee, General Stevens, General Beauregard, Stonewall Jackson, General Grant, General Meade, General Sheridan, President Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens, and a host of others, all of whom he had met and whose visiting cards he cherished to the day of his death.

Through the cooperation of "Uncle Robert" many slaves from Virginia and Maryland were assisted to freedom, and many of the leading colored men of the country were aided by him to reach free soil in the days before the Civil War. His loving descendants number eleven sons, eight daughters, forty grandchildren, and twenty-eight great-grandchildren. Among those living of his sons are Nathan, Lewis, Frank, Charles, Albert, and Thomas Sprague, all leading men of their race, the first named being a son-in-law of the late Frederick Douglass. Frank Sprague is an employee of the Agricultural Department, and Charles Sprague of the Post Office Department. Several of the daughters of the deceased also reside in this city.

The funeral services will take place tomorrow afternoon from the M. E. Church at Lanham and will be attended by a large throng from this city.

Mrs. Marcelline Arnold-Winston was blessed to return to Washington in 1883, having been sold twenty-five years before, and found her mother passed away sixteen years before. Her eldest sister, Emily, 7 years. Her sisters, Mrs. Margaret A. E. Tyler and Mrs. Henrietta Brooks, she saw, and also her brother, Rev. William Robert Arnold. The children of her sisters and brother were all grown, as were her own children that she had left in Independence, Texas. I shall never forget a visit we made to Asbury Church. It was Easter Sunday morning. O how happy she was!

She never tired of telling us of that dreadful day when they were sold South. She never saw her youngest sister, Ellen, again after parting. She said Ellen called to her: "O sister, don't leave me." Aunt Marcelline turned and saw her weeping as if her heart would break. It required her apron to wipe the tears away. She was sold up the Red River. Needless to say she never returned, nor was she ever heard from.

Aunt Marcelline left for her home in the far South two months later. We will not meet again until resurrection morning, when "just men shall be made perfect."

She is survived by a son and daughter, Mr. Julius D. Winston, a teacher, at or near Independence, and Mrs. Mary Winston. When cousin Julius wrote me (1926), he said: "I love the very clods on the graves of my parents, because they taught me to do right!"

Her daughter, Mrs. Emily Winston-Williams, named for my mother, died in 1914.

Emily's sister, Henrietta Arnold-Brooks, lived at 1736 L St. N. W., Washington, D. C., for many years. There she died; also her husband, Henry Brooks, who worked at the White House for years. Their children, James, Julius, Alexander, Bettie, and Georgie, are known to many. Mr. Alexander H. Brooks, the father of Mr. J. Stanley Brooks, the sweet singer, has worked for the Government a long, long time. Miss Georgie Brooks has long been a teacher in the public schools, where she is known to be efficient and courageous.

Emily's sister, Margaret Arnold-Tyler, was the mother of Mrs. Jennie Tyler-Burris, and Mrs. Sarah Tyler-Smith. Aunt Margaret was noted for her generosity. She did many things for others! Mrs. Sarah Tyler-Smith is widely known as a singer in the Asbury Choir, and a public school teacher, Washington, D. C.

Emily's brothers, Benjamin Saunders, died from overwork about the age of sixteen, while Dennis Arnold was sold to Tennessee in 1816. I am told that Mr. Edward Arnold, who was teaching in Tenn., visited his Uncle Dennis.

Lavergne, Tennessee

May 7, 1871.

Dear Sister Emily:

I received a letter from you about two weeks since, but have not had an opportunity to answer until now. I was very glad, indeed, to hear from you. That was the first time I had heard from you. I have been sending letters off and on for five years, but could never get a reply. My warmest love to you and all of our sisters and brothers. Although I have not seen any of you in twenty-five (25) years. Still my love for you all is not changed, and I want to see you all once more.

If none of you will come to see me, I intend to go to see you all the first opportunity. I don't know when that op-

portunity will present itself, for I have five motherless children and have planted a heavy crop to try to make a living for them, consequently, I can't leave until the crop is made and gathered. My wife has been dead four years in June. My five children are named after our relations: Ben, William, Henry, Thomas, Arnold, Geo. Washington, and Nancy Rosetta. I received a letter from Mr. Charles Pardes, telling that Brother Robert was a minister of the Gospel. Tell him I am very glad to hear it, and that I and all the neighbors would be pleased to see him. I not only would be happy to see Brother Robert, but it would please me very much to see any of you that could make it convenient to come. I would like to hear what has become of cousins Hennie and Jane and Aunt Cassil and all of my people. I wish you would see if you can find out anything about Monroe Souther's people. He used to live in our neighborhood, and he is living near me now, and wants to hear from them. If any of you can come to see me come to Lavergne on the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad. Inquire there for Dr. Jas. Charlton. I live near him. I wrote to sister Henrietta last Sunday was a week.

Dear sister, you needn't feel any uneasiness about this being your brother, for I am undoubtedly him, and it seems that I can see you now as plain as I ever did. My two oldest boys are good plow boys, and of course are a great help to me. Write soon and direct your letter to Huntersville, Rutherford Co., Tennessee, in care of Mr. H. H. White. Love to all. Your affectionate brother, Dennis Kimbro.

P. S.—You know I was sold to Mr. Kimbro. I go by that name here instead of Dennis Arnold.

Alas! for poor Mrs. Millie Scott, the wife of Harry Scott of Riverdale. They had one little daughter, Bessie. One day Harry Scott, who was very fair, took his master's best saddle horse and rode North. He was never heard of again. Unlike William Robert Arnold, he never wrote nor came back. But Millie loved him. To the day of her death she waited for him to return.

In time, their little Bessie Scott married Mr. Henry Clay, so recently deceased, and their little Bessie Clay, now grown to be a great woman (great because she cared for her father through a ripe old age in a beautiful and uncomplaining way), made me very happy on June 6, 1921!

CLAY. Departed this life Wednesday, February 8, 7:15 a. m., at Freedman's Hospital, HENRY CLAY, beloved father of Bessie E. Clay of 1906 3rd St. N. W. Remains can be seen at Frazier's undertaking establishment, 723 T St. N. W. Funeral Sunday, February 12, at 1 p. m., from St. Mary's P. E. Church, 23rd between G and H St. N. W.

CLAY. Companions of Keystone Royal Arch, Chapter No. 11, F. A. A. M., are hereby notified to assemble at St. Mary's P. E. Church, 23rd St. between G and H Streets, Sunday, February 12, at 1 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of attending the funeral of Companion HENRY CLAY. Regulation dress. By order of

ANDREW J. WILLIAMS, Jr., Ex. H. P. J. E. WITTINGTON, Secretary.

CLAY. Henderson Commandery, No. 2, Knights Templar, will assemble in the parish hall of St. Mary's Church, 23rd St. between G and H Sts. N. W., Sunday, February 12, at 12:30 p. m., to attend the funeral of Sir HENRY CLAY. All fraters must be present unless excused. JOHN E. SMITH, E. M. J. KEY, Recorder.

CLAY. Sacred to the memory of my father, HENRY CLAY, who departed this life four years ago today, February 8, 1922.

Dear father, I'm lonely, so lonely without you.

Though I smile as I mingle each day with the throng;
I chatter and laugh and pretend to be happy.

With a void in my heart as my lips form a song.
Recalling the days we were happy together.

'Tis then that my heart seems to burst with its woe;
While the clouds o'er me hang, I know 'tis fair weather.

In the place where you've gone and I, too, hope to go.

BESSIE.

CLAY. Sacred to the memory of my beloved father, HENRY CLAY, who departed this life five years ago today, February 8, 1922.

When on life's scenes my eyes close forever.

And my soul starts its final flight,
Through mysterious spaces of silence,
To the land of perpetual light.

With the vision of faith I can see him,

Where he stands on the other side;
Reaching out loving hands to assist me,
As I cross o'er the "great divide."

BESSIE.

To the day of her death, mother would speak so tenderly of those two sisters, and weep and mourn their loss. O cruel slavery! If the righteous shall barely escape, where shall the ungodly with their slavery appear?

When father's letter came bringing the sad news of their death to mother, she had to ask Mrs. Thompson, her mistress, to read it for her. Never dreaming of anything so dreadful, and not knowing that her mother had been sold, to say nothing of being returned, mother cried and wept at the news. She feared most of all that her Miranda and Elias had met a similar fate—"sold down South!"

Mrs. Thompson stopped reading and said: "Emily, if this is the way you are going to cry and behave, I'll read no more of your letters!" Mother sprung to her feet and replied: "If that is all the sympathy you have for me in my awful distress, I will never ask you to read another letter for me during 'ash and oak.'" (Meaning while ash and oak trees grow). Of course that was considered intolerable impudence for a slave to speak thus to her mistress.

Father had again and again warned mother not to speak all she thought. And again the talk of selling her was revived in earnest.

The fact that she was such an excellent cook, a most reliable and trusted servant alone, kept her from being sold one way, and her children in another. But the Lord always provides. "His purposes ripen fast, unfolding every hour, the bud may have a bitter taste, but sweet will be the flower."

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Late in the fall of 1859, father cut his ankle while hewing logs with a broad-ax. For the first time since 1851, mother was allowed to visit father at Riverdale. She remained two weeks, having left her children in the care of fellow-servants.

Of course, she went to visit Elias at "Three Sisters," and Miranda at Georgetown. This she did once before while at Meridian Hill. Elias tells how his heart would break when mother left. Of course, it has occurred to you why they wouldn't let the boy see his mother—he might run away.



NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER

As Henry had to sleep on a pallet in the great house, to be convenient should any of the white people need him during the night, the greatest luxury he could want was to get a little sleep in mother's bed before being called to his pallet. "Mother, just let me get one more nap ('draw'), and I'll go," said Henry. "It is ten o'clock, and master is calling you," mother replied.

From twelve to eighteen years of age, Henry had to be son and husband, too, for his mother (1856-1862).

GRANDMOTHER'S FEATHER BED

The dear Land of Childhood is country enchanted,
 As all of us know who have left it behind;
 'Tis we who are thankful that Memory is granted,
 Dear Memory, so gracious, so wise, and so kind!
 And of all the bright visions that blithely come flocking
 When Memory holds court in my heart and my head
 There's not one that quicker brings smiles — don't cry,
 "Shocking!" —

Than that of my Grandmother's Goose-feather Bed!
 A visit to Grandmother's! ah, but 'twas cheering,
 Reward of Great Merit, and hailed with loud joy.
 I still see her eyes 'neath her shading hand peering,
 As up the Home Hill trudged her jubilant boy.
 'Twould be late in the year, with the harvest work over,
 With frost in the air and keen skies overhead—
 You've heard of a lucky chap being "in clover"?
 'Twas nothing to Grandmother's Goose-feather Bed.
 The supper! Ah, me! There was never such honey,
 No, never, not anywhere else in the world!
 It cannot be got now for love or for money.
 And oh, the gold butter-pats, all dewy-pearled!
 The home-cured ham, and the golden-brown biscuit!
 Why, nobody now on such biscuits is fed.
 'Leven seems quite a lot, but light-hearted I'd risk it
 When bound for my Grandmother's Goose-feather Bed.
 How nobly its bulk 'neath the blankets it rounded,
 All covered with Grandmother's log-cabin quilt!
 How gently it yielded as blithely I bounded,
 And "lit" in the billowing middle, full tilt!
 How rapturously, as those billows closed round me,
 I wriggled and wiggled, my prayers duly said,
 And oh, how I slept when old Morpheus found me
 Deep down in my Grandmother's Goose-feather Bed!

136 Green St., Georgetown, D. C.,
 March, 1858.

Dear Father:

I could have written to you sooner, but I did not know your address. I begin to think that you will never get to Georgetown any more, but I hope you will be able to get over

soon. I thought I would have been able to get down to see you before this.

I have been in the city twice. Grandmother says she would like to see you very much much. I have seen Miss Sarah, and she says she wants to see you. She thinks you will never get up that way (Meridian Hill). If you can't come over, write and let me know how you are.

If you write to mother before I see you, give my best respects to all. From

Your affectionate daughter,

Miranda Plummer.

"Woodlawn"

Ellicotts Mills, Howard Co., Md.,

December 6, 1859.

My dear Husband:

I received your letter and was glad to hear from you. You must be sure to come up Christmas. Try to see mother before you come. All the children send their love.

I got home safely, and found all well.

Your wife,

Emily Plummer.

Father was so glad to get this letter that he wrote on the other side: "My dear Madam: I am glad to hear from you, and received your letter with open hands and a joyful heart."

No. 136 Green Street,

Georgetown, D. C.

November 30, 1859.

My dear Mother:

I received your letter and was very glad to hear that you arrived home safely. I would have answered your letter before, but I was waiting till I could hear from father, have been looking for him every Sunday since you were here, but he has not been here yet.

I was in Washington on Sunday last, and called to see Aunt Sally Johnson, as I passed by. They are all well and send their love to you. I would have called to see cousin Hilliard, but he was not home. He has not got from the

country yet. Grandmother and Aunt Margaret are very well, and send their love. I have been to see her once. Aunt Margaret's baby is exactly like Julia (I am ironing today and don't feel like writing). I am sorry I did not answer before this.

I thought father would have been over before, and then I waited but he did not come, so I thought I'd let you hear from me. I sent you a letter, and got yours the next day. I found Miss Sarah, she says she would like to have seen you.

You must not think hard of me this time, and I will try not to keep you waiting so long again. We had a sprinkle of rain this evening and a beautiful rainbow.

I suppose you have heard of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. John Brown is to be hung Friday, and I sincerely hope there will be no more fuss like this.

I have had a great many dreams about you all lately, and I begin to think there is something to matter with you.

But I must excuse you because you all are so scarce with paper, pen and ink. Give my best respects to Mrs. Thompson and all her children. It is getting toward bed time, so I must bring my letter to a close. Give my love to all inquiring friends, from

Your affectionate daughter,

Sarah Miranda Plummer.

P. S. Write soon.

Here is a copy of a "Quarterly Ticket"—1859:

Emily Plummer, member, African Methodist Episcopal Church. "Be thou faithful until death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. II, 10.

"In that eternal day,

No clouds or tempests rise.

There, gushing tears are wiped away

Forever, from our eyes."

John J. Herbert, Minister.

"Punctually attend class and public worship."

"Read the Scriptures—regularly contribute."

"The Supper of the Lord."

"Family and private prayer."

(Mr. Gillis, the father of the late Sarah Emma Gillis-Hall, was mother's class leader. Her beloved son, Ulyses Winfield Hall, has just died (2-19-1922). How mother, as do we all, loved that family).

This comfort from her minister did not come any too soon, for she would soon need to have her "gushing tears wiped away." Since little Margaret came in 1854, mother had lost several children at birth from over work, strain, care and



OLD CALVERT MANSION, RIVERDALE, MD.

anxiety. From the time John Brown was hung, December 2, 1859, there was terrible unrest. The masters didn't know whether to sell their slaves or keep them. Then when the Immortal Abraham Lincoln was elected in November, 1860, there was a mad rush to sell all slaves as far South as possible!

CHAPTER VI

THE TWINS

On May 11, 1860, father wrote mother a letter saying he had not heard from her since Christmas. That he had written her in February in the care of Mrs. Sarah J. Nicholson, but had received no answer. Mrs. Nicholson was the new seamstress, and a better white friend mother never had. From then on she did all the reading and writing for mother. All our family loved her dearly until her death. This is father's record: "Death of Sarah Nicholson (mother's friend" of Ellicott City, Md.), at Washington, D. C., on February 2, 1887." In the letter of May 11, he also stated he had received a letter from Miss Miranda, 136 Green Street, Georgetown, D. C. She was well. Said he expected to come to see them May 26th. "Tell Saunders and Margaret I am coming to see them."

On September 7, 1860, Mrs. Nicholson wrote the following letter to father for mother:

Woodlawn,
Ellicott City, Howard Co., Md.,
September 7, 1860.

My dear Husband:

I have not received a letter from you since you went home. Whether you wrote or not, I do not know. Please write and let me hear from you. As for myself I am very poorly. The children are all well. Let me know how my boy, Elias, is. Miranda says she and mother are coming up this month. Please write as soon as you receive this. The children all send their love to you and want to see you, from

Your wife,

Emily Plummer.

On September 18th, eleven days later, Mrs. Nicholson wrote the following letter to father:

My dear Husband:

I received your kind letter, and was very much obliged to you for what you sent me.

The Friday night, September 7, 1860, after I wrote you I was confined with two babies, one is a boy and one is a girl. Everybody that has seen them says they are the finest children they ever saw.

When mother came and saw them she was delighted. Of course I am disappointed because Miranda didn't come with mother. I am as well as can be expected. The children are well and join me in love to you. From

Your wife,

Emily Plummer.

136 Green Street,
Georgetown, D. C.
September 19, 1860.

My dear Father:

I will write to you this morning in haste to say I started to see mother last Saturday, and could not pass in the cars because the pass had to be signed by someone that the agent knew. Grandmother got hers signed and went off, but I had to come back home again. I expect to go up on Saturday next, if nothing happens.

I would like to see you very much before I go, but I don't know how that will be, unless you think I could get on the cars at Bladensburg with the pass. If you think I can do that, I will come down.

I hope you will answer this as soon as you get it, if you don't, I will not know what to do. If you think I can't go, send me mother's frock by the milk man, and I will get it at Aunt's.

Nothing more at present. Good-bye from

Your affectionate daughter,

Sarah Miranda Plummer.

But fate had decreed that Miranda was not to see her mother again for six years and one month from the date of her letter. How glad we are that mother lived through all that grief, and did see her child again.

Miranda was so disappointed at not being able to visit mother that she cried all the way to Georgetown. Of course she walked over, and as she turned New Jersey Avenue into

Massachusetts Avenue, just where our beloved Brother Howard's residence is, a white lady said to her, O little girl, what is the matter? Miranda replied: "I am not crying about you, I am crying for my mother!"

To go back to September 8th, the morning after the twins came: Henry had to sleep on a pallet on the hall floor in the great house, so as to be convenient should he be needed in the night. It was he who had gone on horse back to the village for Lila Brown, the nurse, who assisted the stork. Just before breakfast mother heard him crying and sobbing as if his heart would break. She raised the window, and called out as best she could: "Run, Henry, run! Don't let him kill you." This she said, thinking Col. Thompson was beating Henry. She sent word to Henry to come to her. When he came, she said: "Henry, my son, what is the matter?" He couldn't speak for awhile for sobbing. When he did speak, he said: "Mother, you can't take care of the children you have, and now you've gone and got two more!" ending in loud lamentations. Thus this boy of 16 was farther sighted than his parents. However, she took courage and said: "Never mind, son, something tells me that these two children will never have to suffer as we have. This boy is going to be a doctor, and the girl is going to be a school teacher." "Thoughts are things." That seemed to calm him and he went on back to work at the great house. Mother named the boy Robert (for her brother), Francis (father's middle name). The girl they called Nellie Arnold, for her grandmother. Miranda was to have come up to visit her mother with her grandmother. Why she did not, was not then known. She had been sent for, to leave Rev. Clark's house to call at a certain place, as Washington Hilleary had a message for her. She never went back. But was taken instead to Levi Hurdle's slave pen in Alexandria, Va., kept there two months, and sold to Hanson Kelley of New Orleans.

When the twins were 6 weeks old, the awful news that Miranda had been betrayed, and taken to Alexandria came to mother, she vowed in her anguish after 10 years watchful care and prayer for the two children the Hilleary's kept, that she would not cook another meal. That she was going out to offer one prayer for her children and then die! So she deserted the babies of whom she was so proud, grieving for her firstborn.

When Henry came down to see her that night before going to his pallet, he could find mother no where. The babies were crying so bitterly, "Finnat, finnat," cried the girl. "Where-at, where-at," cried the boy, that Henry called out, "Mother, mother, why don't you come! The babies are crying!" He knew where the spot was up in the wood where she often went to pray. He went there. There she was. He plead with her to come back. "No," she said, "I mean to die, I can't stand the anguish." The boy then went up close to her, and, laying his hand on her shoulder, he said: "Mother, the babies are crying. Go back to them, and if "Sister" (meaning Miranda), is on the top of ground, I'll find her and bring her back to you." God caused her to relent, and she went back to the babies in faith that God would bring her back. For six years from that very time, she mourned and groaned and prayed that she might hear from her child again and see her face to face. But Miranda's first letter back home will explain better than I can what had taken place; also Rev. Clarks letters:

Sarah O. Hilleary died Sunday night, August 31, 1851. When her will was read, it ordered Adam and Emily Plummer's eldest child, Sarah Miranda, to go to Mary Truman Hilleary, the daughter of her brother, Washington. They lived in Randolph Co., Va. Mary Truman died during her minority.

Dr. Henson Penn, named in the will as guardian, remained so until March 20, 1859, when he died. Hence Washington Hilleary came in possession of Miranda, whom he sold in the fall of 1860.

Father, mother, and Rev. Clark did all they could to secure a Maryland, or near-by purchaser, but failed.

Dear Reader: Please excuse this reference. Just sixty (60) short years ago tonight (Saturday, December 25, 1920, 8 p. m.), ten millions of slaves were groaning under their hard taskmasters. Sixty years ago tonight, Adam and Emily Plummer were with their little family (Henry, Julia, Saunders, Margaret, and the twins, a little more than 3 months old), trying to say: "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good!" but could not, because Miranda their beloved firstborn had been decoyed and sold! They knew not where! As I write this story, realizing as I do what anguish and hardships we, Robert and Nellie, have been spared, I am made to ex-

claim: "O, what shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord."

Before enjoying our Christmas dinner today, as has been our custom, we laid wreaths of evergreen on the graves of those who sacrificed so much that we might enter into the joy



GRANDMA—
NELLIE ORME-SAUNDERS-ARNOLD

that is ours today, and not ours only, but twelve million others.

Sunday, December 26, 1920.—The following program was witnessed by the daughter (Nellie), grand-daughter (Margaret's daughter and my namesake), Mrs. Nellie Plummer Moss and daughters, Louise and Harriette, and two great-grand-daughters of Adam and Emily Plummer. Do you wonder that my grateful heart soared above and far beyond their grandest Hosannas and loudest swells of the Hallelujah Chorus, with Braxton at the organ? I thought how different was the scene just 60 years ago! It was at Union Bethel (now Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, M Street, near 15th), that my father and my mother had worshipped since 1851.

There that Saunders and Margaret were christened by Bishop Wayman. I heard notes that no one else heard—"Victory Notes"—wafted by the spirits of my parents, who have, indeed, overcome by the blood of the Lord! Mr. Stanley Brooks is the grand nephew of Emily Plummer.

A CHRISTMAS SONG SERVICE

AT METROPOLITAN A. M. E. CHURCH

M Street, between 15th and 16th Streets N. W.

SUNDAY EVE., DECEMBER 26th at 8

Organ Voluntary	Wm. G. Braxton
Processional Hymn, Joy to the World	Congregation
Invocation	Pastor
Chorus	Choir
Calm on the Listening Ear of Night	Manney
Miss Maud Smothers	
Thus Saith the Lord	Messiah
Mr. Frank Harrison	
My Redeemer and My Lord	Dudley Buck
Mrs. Bessie Kemp	
Cantiquede Noel	Adam
Mr. Stanley Brooks	
Organ Solo	Wm. G. Braxton
Hear Ye Israel	Eligah
Miss R. Arliner Young	
Comfort Ye My People	Messiah
Mr. Bush Hunter	
Solo, Selected	Miss Alberta Williams
Piano Solo, Deep River	Burleigh
Mrs. Areminta Anthony	
Solo, Selected	Dr. C. Sumner Wormley
Hallelujah Chorus	Choir
Recessional	
Benediction	
Dr. C. M. Tanner,	Mrs. C. West-Shadd,
Pastor.	Chairman.

SILVER OFFERING

Before presenting Miranda's first letter from New Orleans, we will give Rev. Clark's letters, with whom she lived in Georgetown, D. C., that you may know what was done to save her from being sold South.

If this Methodist minister cared so much, what must have been the efforts, the care, the anguish, and the despair of her father and mother? In this bitter bit of history, I can see the Hand of God!

No. 136 Green Street,
 "Pilgrims' Rest,"
 Georgetown, D. C.
 October 26, 1860.

Emily Plummer:

Your note is at hand. Miranda is at Upper Marlboro. I have also, this moment, a note from Mr. Baily A. Shumate, the administrator in her case, stating that a note from me, stating her character, he will be able to get her a good home in Prince George's County, Maryland.

I have just written and given her the best of character, and she is worthy of it, she is a good girl, and had I been in want of another, I should never have let her go.

I think the Court was to have been in session this week. I will let you know what is done in her case, as soon as I shall hear.

Yours,

(Rev.) Samuel Clark.

In haste.

Georgetown, D. C.
 Sunday, October 28, 1860.

Emily Plummer:

I wrote you a letter on Friday, stating that Miranda was in Upper Marlboro, and that Mr. Baily A. Shumate, in whose hands, requested me to drop him a line, under my signature, as to her character, and he thought he could get her a good home in Prince George's County, or in the District of Columbia. I did so. Miranda's grandmother has just left my house. She tells me that he, Miranda's father, heard nothing

of it until Mr. Carlton sent him word Friday night or last night.

I wrote you an answer last Friday to yours.

I think if your mistress, Mrs. Thompson, or her brother, can do anything to find her a place near you, they better attend to it at once. Miranda is honest, industrious, kind, and good-natured to children, and one in which they delight. Mr. Carlton's little children, when they heard she was gone, had a hearty cry.

She can be left in charge of the house, in the absence of the family. I have tried her.

If Mr. Shumate has not, he will no doubt, sell her next week. No time is to be lost, if your friends can do anything for her. She cannot be beaten as a good housekeeper or servant.

In haste, yours,

(Rev.) Samuel Clark.

Let me hear from you.

136 Green Street,
Georgetown, D. C.
November 10, 1860.

Mrs. Mary Ann Thompson:

I have, this morning, learned from one that knows, and just from Marlboro. that Miranda is sold, to a Mr. Sheckells in Washington, who is a trader, or who purchases for traders, that he gave a thousand dollars for her, and that she is in Alexandria, at this time, I suppose in the jail, and will be sent South, at what time I know not. I am also informed that Mr. Sheckells, in order to save her from the South, will let her go to any friend, that will give him a small advance.

I think her mother ought to know where she is, if she does not. I have taken the liberty to ask you to communicate this to her in any way you may think best.

Myself and family feel this very painfully. I would go and see her, but my feelings, and hers, will not permit me. I know I should weep as a child to see her.

I am yours, most respectfully, etc.,

(Rev.) Samuel Clark.

N. B. I did all I could for her.

Miranda's first letter from New Orleans:

New Orleans, La.

May 24, 1861.

Dear Mother:

I have been a long time from Georgetown. I suppose you have had so many letters to read you would not care about hearing from me.

I write with much grief to say that I was in Alexandria two months, and could not hear from any of you.

Jackson Ogle went to Washington every three weeks to see his wife. He saw my grandmother, and of course she knew where I was. I hope you won't think hard of my scolding for this is not half I have felt.

I do not blame you, because you could not come to see me, but I think it very hard that father did not come, as he was nearer than you were.

Though I may hear from you yet, I never expect to see you again. Please write to grandmother, give her my love, and tell her I am sorry I did not come to see her when I went to show my aunt where she lived.

Tell her I hope she will still have redemption through God.

I have been very low spirited since I left you all, but I will try to do the best I can. I hope you won't forget that I am still alive. I send love to you and all my inquiring friends. Remember me to my brother (Henry), and tell him I hope he hasn't forgotten to write to me as he promised to do.

I am writing with much grief. My heart is full of sorrow, and I can do no better. I hope you will not grieve after me, but in the good Providence of God, I hope we will meet to part no more.

Though you will be so sorry to hear I am so far away, yet you will be glad to hear that I saw my Aunt Sarah (mother's sister who had been sold. Never heard from till now). She was so surprised and glad to see me. She did not know me until I made myself known. She has been stopping at St. Charles Hotel. I don't know whether she has left there or not. She told me to give her love to sister Emily and all the children when I wrote.

I hope you will have a pleasant time over my letter. Give my best respects to Mrs. Thompson and her children.

I suppose you will answer my letter as soon as you can, because I want to hear from you as bad as you do from me.

I remain as ever,

Your affectionate daughter,

Sarah Miranda Plummer.

P. S. Direct your letter to M. Plummer, New Orleans, care of Hanson Kelley.

Here was love and grief beyond degree for human hearts. What joy for mother to hear from her child! What grief was the thought of never seeing her again!



HOME OF ADAM FRANCIS PLUMMER

(Riverdale, Md.,—1841-1870)

Where St. Paul's Baptist Church was Born, October 19, 1866.

Sketched by Dr. H. V. Plummer, son of Rev. Elias Q. Plummer.

Riverdale, Prince Geo. Co., Md.,
August 11, 1861.

For Emily Plummer at
Woodlawn, Ellicotts City,
Howard County, Md.

My dear Wife:

I take this opportunity of writing you a few lines today, to inform you that I am not so well today myself, but I hope by the blessings of God, these few lines may find you and all the children well. All are well at Riverdale. Your mother is well and sends her love to all.

I expect or wish to come up to see you on the 24th of August, a. m. You please look for me in the morning.

Your son, Elias Plummer, is well. I have nothing more to say, Goodbye till then.

Your affectionate Husband,
Adam Plummer.

This letter was not received by mother until Tuesday morning, August 20, 1861, just the letter she was praying for.
N. A. P.

Woodlawn, Ellicotts City,
Howard County, Md.
Monday, August 19, 1861.

My ever dear Husband:

I have been hoping each day to hear from you, as you may imagine it gives me intense pleasure to hear of your welfare and happiness.

Your inquiring as to the proper address for Miranda's letters should have been sent, but you cannot send any letters South. I have had one written to her, and for two months watched in vain for an opportunity to send the letter. Her address is to the care of Hanson Kelly, New Orleans, La.

We are all well. The babies grow and improve rapidly. They can almost walk. And Papa, Saunders is not with me, he is hired to Miss Eliza Dorsey, as house servant, is doing very well, and is much better satisfied. He and all the children are so anxious to see you, they send all their love.

But what shall I say of myself, my dear husband? I think each day I cannot longer wait for a visit from you. My heart aches at the thought of this long and painful separation. I do pray to God for patience to bear my trials. He only knows how hard I struggle with myself for my little

children's sake. I dream of you and think you are once more with me, but wake to find myself alone and so wretchedly unhappy.

Could you come up early some Sunday morning to breakfast? I have flattered myself you thought of doing some such thing. O what joy it would bring to the almost broken heart of your poor wife and family! Do try this plan, my dear husband, and let us hear from you soon, that you will come, but under any circumstances write very frequently, it is our next great pleasure to seeing your kind face, and hearing your voice of affection.

William and Clarice send their best love, each and all want to see you.

God bless and speedily reunite us, ever prays,

Your truly affectionate wife,

Emily Plummer.

P. S. Tuesday morning, I have just received your letter, and cannot resist adding a line to say, I am so thankful for your letter, and the good news it brings me. O, do not disappoint us. O, my dear husband! I am so thankful! My heart rejoices! We will expect and watch until Saturday morning! May God hear our prayers!

Believe me till death,

Your devoted wife,

Emily Plummer.

To Adam Plummer.

Just think how relieved mother and father would have been could they have read the newspapers, or attended anti-slavery meetings! What if they could have known that the South had fired on Fort Sumter, the April before this letter was written, and that slave men would be free soon, and given arms with which to call their masters to order?

What, I repeat, could they have known that God had prepared Abraham Lincoln to strike the dragon, slavery, a death blow! Father did hear from the Calverts what a dreadful mistake the South had made in firing on the Government at Fort Sumter, S. C. But it was impossible for them to realize the "Good Times," that were so near! But they kept on repeating and singing: "O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come, Our shelter from a stormy blast, And our eternal home!"

or

God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform,

He plants his footsteps in the sea. And rides upon the storm.
Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take; The clouds ye so much
dread Are big with mercy, and shall break In blessings on your
head."

or

"How can I sink with such a prop As our eternal God,
Who bore the earth's huge pillars up, And spread the heavens
abroad? How can I die while Jesus lives, Who rose and left
the dead? Pardon and grace my soul receives From His ex-
alted head!"

From the time that letter of May 24, 1861, was received,
there was intercession, night and day, with every breath, for
the return of their firstborn, especially was this true of mother.
Henry's voice kept ringing in her ears: "If sister is above the
ground, I'll find her and bring her back to you!" But what
could he, a slave boy of 17 years do? "Don't stop praying!
the Lord is nigh: Don't stop praying! He'll hear your cry,
God has promised and He is true, don't stop praying! He'll an-
swer you."

But what is the matter at the great house? Silence seems
to reign there. The servants no more hear the ring of the
piano, nor their mistress' voice singing, "Oh, dear, what can
the matter be? Johnny's so long at the Fair. He promised
to bring me a bunch of blue ribbon to tie up my bonny brown
hair." There had been born to Col. and Mrs. Thompson
four sons and two daughters—Dorsey, Ned, Livingston, Bob,
Rebecca and Lillie. These children of ease and plenty never
knew a care. Every wish was gratified. Their grandfather,
the late Judge Dorsey, had richly remembered his daughter,
Mary Ann. But why this dread silence! The servants did
not know for weeks, even months!

At last the silence is broken! These favored sons were
drafted, and must go to defend an already lost cause—slavery
and States' rights!

But the servants kept singing: "Don't stop praying when
bowed with grief; Don't stop praying! you'll get relief;
Troubles never escape God's sight; Don't stop praying! He'll
make it right."

Letter after letter comes to Mrs. Thompson from her
boys. Still all seemed sad and wrong. Seldom far between
came letters to mother from her husband, her mother, or her
two absent children.

THE SHOE ON THE OTHER FOOT

Late in 1862, a letter came stating Livingston Thompson had been killed and Ned was severely wounded, Dorsey and Bob were prisoners. The mistress could hold up no longer, but sought her cook, Emily, and falling on her neck, she wept as only mothers weep for their firstborn, and said: "Now, Emily, I can sympathize with you, when they sold your mother and Miranda. I couldn't sympathize with you before!" And Emily wept, too, for Livingston's mother. But having that faith in God which was strengthened by adversity, she kept singing: "Don't stop praying but have more trust; Don't stop praying, for pray we must; Faith will banish a mount of care; Don't stop praying! God answers prayer!"

Mrs. Rebecca Goodwin Thompson Rogers was the eldest daughter of Col. and Mary Ann Dorsey-Thompson.

OBITUARIES

Mrs. John G. Rogers

Tuesday, February 15, 1921. — Mrs. Rebecca Goodwin Rogers, wife of former Judge John G. Rogers, and a well-known resident of Howard County, died on Tuesday last at her home "Woodlawn." She had been in bad health for several years.

Mrs. Rogers was born at Meridian Hill, Washington, and was the daughter of the late Col. G. Livingston and Mary Ann Tolly Thompson of this county, and granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Thomas B. Dorsey of the Maryland Court of Appeals and of Smith Thompson, an Associate Justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States, who was also secretary of the United States Navy under President Monroe.

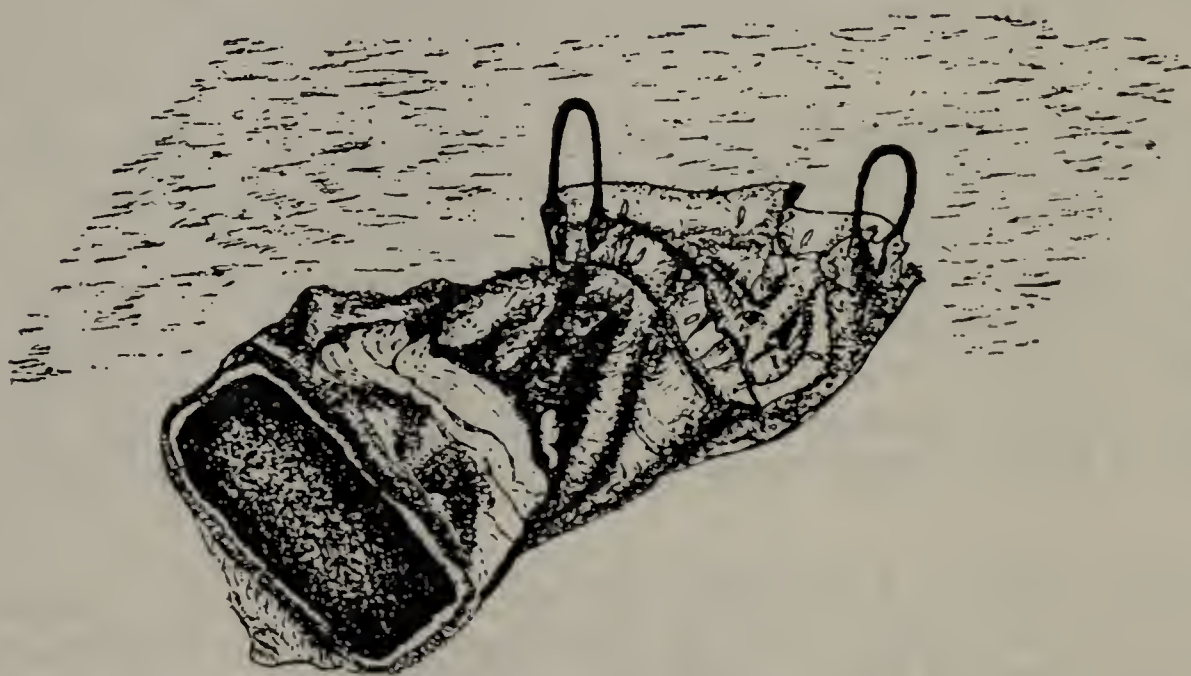
Besides her husband she is survived by three daughters and two sons, Mrs. Jacob Baer, Mrs. Edward M. Hammond, Miss Leila Rogers, John G., Jr., and Reuben D. Rogers, and one brother, R. Dorsey Thompson all of Howard County. Her funeral took place from St. John's P. E. Church, on Thursday afternoon, services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Edward T. Helfenstein.

The pallbearers were Messrs. Daniel M. Murray, Hugh T. Harrison, Arthur L. Thompson, Dorsey Rogers, E. Nelson Dugan, and Ligon Thompson. Burial was in St. John's Cemetery.

MRS. ROGERS DIES

Wife of Former Judge in Maryland; Born in D. C.

Mrs. Rebecca Goodwin Rogers, wife of former Judge John G. Rogers of the fifth Maryland judicial district, died Tuesday afternoon at her home near Ellicott City, Md. She had been ill for several months.



The bag that brought food and clothing to sustain Mother and the older children, while they worked for the white man who fed and clothed them so scantily. From Riverdale to Meridian Hill, D. C.,—1851-1855. Then to Ellicott City, Howard Co., Md.,—1855-1863. Dear Father did it, often walking miles.

Mrs. Rogers was born in this city on Meridian Hill, the daughter of the late Col. G. Livingston and Mary Ann Tolley Thompson. She was the granddaughter of the late Chief Justice Thomas B. Dorsey of the Maryland Court of Appeals, and of Smith Thompson, who was Secretary of the Navy during President Monroe's administration.

She is survived by her husband, two sons, Reuben and John G. Rogers, Jr., and three daughters, Mrs. Edward M. Hammond, Mrs. Jacob S. Baer, and Miss Lelia L. Rogers, all of Howard County, Md. A brother, R. Dorsey Thompson also survives.

From this time on event after event occurred in rapid succession.

The success of the Republicans in 1860 gave the South the excuse for starting the Civil War, which lasted four years, and resulted in the preservation of the Union and the abolition of the demon, slavery!

Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will toward men.

Slavery in the District of Columbia was abolished on April 16, 1862, by the payment of \$993,406.35. Thus many slaves from Maryland and Virginia flocked to the District.

On January 1, 1863, followed that immortal document, known as the Emancipation Proclamation, issued by the Immortal Lincoln. See Part Second.

"All glory and praise to Jesus give for His redeeming grace!" sang every Negro heart. Poor mother was so far away. How was she to get to Riverdale to father with her six children and all her belongings? Father had brought her many things since she became a part of the Thompson family. Brother Henry helped mother to pack, and carried their things to the home of a free man and his wife, named Richard and Airy Neal, who kept them faithfully until father could go for them.

Henry left Woodlawn before January 1, 1863, reached father at Riverdale, but could not stay for Maryland had not seceded. He went to Washington where Aunt Margaret Tyler kept him until he joined the U. S. Navy.

Mother made several attempts to reach Baltimore where she hoped to be sheltered with friends until father could come for her and the children. These attempts failed until October 8, 1863, when she finally got away at night. She thus left Woodlawn forever. (When her friends visited Washington, they called on her at Hyattsville.)

When the sun rose the next morning, Emily Plummer and five children were in Baltimore, but not in the home of her friends as she had hoped. Twice she had been halted by the Union soldiers—"Who comes there?" She replied: "Friend of the guard." The soldier replied: "Friend of the guard, advance." This mother said, having been instructed to do so.

Messrs. Elias and Jesse Neal were to have escorted us to Baltimore. Something hindered. The next week mother started without a guide. Meeting a man and woman (with a baby), she trusted them to show her the nearest way. But alas!

Mr. Jesse Neal, who died March 11, 1891, was the husband of Mrs. Amanda Dorsey-Neal of 1633 P Street N. W., Washington, D. C. Their children were Messrs. John and Ringgold Neal, and Mrs. Mattie Neal-Costin. With them Miss Susan Howard Dorsey, Mrs. Neal's sister. It would be hard for you to find another such a happy family. For more than fifty-one years they have loved and respected each other, to my knowledge.

When the summons came (as come it must to us all), to Miss Susan, on Tuesday, September 9, 1924, at 4:30 a. m., our first thought was for her older sister, Mrs. Neal.

On the day of the funeral, as she was taking the last look at their home, just two words, "O, Queen!" showed the trust, confidence, and love that existed between them, for "Miss Sue" had not only been a queen in her home, but to all of her acquaintances. I never witnessed any scene any more solemnly grand than that presented by the "Eastern Star Immediate Aid," and all else pertaining to her obsequies. On Sunday, February 14, 1926, at Parkersburg, W. Va., her brother, Wm. H. Dorsey, followed her, and yet, Mrs. Neal, being blessed with a loving, faithful daughter, is heard to exclaim: "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

Father, innocent of what had happened to us, learned of our predicament through Mrs. Ann Dove Young, a strong Southern sympathizer, but was extremely kind to father, by buying anything he had for sale. She saw the advertisement, and asked father if it didn't mean his family. Mr. Calvert gave him permission to go to Baltimore to see. Hence the Warden's pass.

Baltimore, November 16, 1863.

Warden of the Jail: Admit bearer, colored, to see his family at any time.

Ed. Z. Miomsy.

Being misled and robbed of \$5.00 and a bundle of clothing by the colored man who pretended he knew the way, she was led far out of the way. She and the children were put in jail as runaways. In jail! O horrors! But mother was happy, except for the thought of being returned to her cruel master for worse treatment. All she wanted was to get word to father to come. All her children were with her except Miranda, Henry, and Elias. But they were safe from Col. Thompson, who came just before we were to be released. When mother was called before him, he said: "This is a pretty way for you to behave, as kind as Mrs. Thompson has been to you! I have a great mind to have you tied up and give you nine-and-thirty!" Just then Judge Pacey, a jail official, said to Col. Thompson: "There is no law by which you can whip a slave here, sir." This he said to reassure mother that she was safe from Thompson's attack. It happened that he had no money to pay for us, the Dorsey's refusing to loan him. Thus we escaped "the stones that were in his hands, and the murder that was in his heart" toward the defenseless. He could not vent his spite against a helpless woman and five children.

No young woman of today can imagine the bravery that it took on mother's part to venture to Baltimore alone, as it were, through troops of soldiers, during war time, with a girl of 14 years and a boy of 12, a girl 9 years, and two babies to be carried. But love knows no fear. We still think she was a heroine, indeed! Freedom was in sight! Although Henry (19 years), was all the help she had, she urged him to seek his freedom.

The jailer's wife soon found that Emily was an excellent cook. In this way she served them two months, paying for the board and keep of herself and children.

The following paper, given to father when he came for us is rather interesting, being dated nearly a year after the Emancipation Proclamation was issued:

"In Baltimore City Orphans' Court,
December 9, 1863.

Whereas, certain colored persons calling themselves, respectively Emma Blumbe (Emily Plummer), Julia Blumbe, Sunderson (Saunders), Blumbe, Maggie Blumbe, Francis

Blumbe, and Ella Blumbe, were committed to the Baltimore City Jail as runaways, and duly advertised, and the owner or owners, if any, not having in compliance with Article 66, Sec. 7 of the Maryland Code, applied for such alleged runaways within sixty days from the ninth of October, 1863, the time of such advertisement, and the said parties having this day been brought before the Orphans' Court for Baltimore City, I, I. Spear Smith, Chief Judge of said Court, order and decree, by virtue of Article 66, Section 8, of the Maryland Code, that said parties be forthwith discharged from custody.

I. Spear Smith.

State of Maryland.

Baltimore City, Set.

I hereby certify that the Honorable I. Spear Smith, by whom the above order was signed, was at the time of signing the same, Chief Judge of the Orphans' Court for Baltimore City, duly appointed, commissioned, and qualified.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix the Seal of the said Court this ninth day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three.

Test: Isaac P. Cook, Registrar of Wills for Baltimore City."

"Going HOME with 'Plummer' and my children," thought mother, that happy day! And the B. & O. train didn't move fast enough, that was to take them to Bladensburg station, just fifteen minutes walk to their home on the Riverdale plantation!

Imagine, if you can, the great joy, mingled with gratitude to Almighty God, that filled the breasts of that entire family, when they awoke next morning, December 10, 1863! Not to hear old "Tez" (Col. Thompson), calling, cursing, and raging long before day-light! On an opposite hill to Woodlawn, Ellicott City, Howard County, Maryland, lived Judge Pitt. They were a northern family seeking health on the hills of Maryland. It is said they suffered more than the slaves in a sense, to see the cruelties practiced on little chil-

dren. Col. Thompson would have little girls 8 to 12 years old using the cross-cut saw, clearing his lawn and making fire wood. It is said Judge Pitt encouraged the slaves to be patient, as a great change would soon come. Had he lifted his voice openly, he would have been made to leave at once. Now, all that is past forever! Mother was free to prepare breakfast for her faithful husband and five children! After twelve years' absence from "Three Sisters," her birthplace, twelve years of torture, knowing not what tomorrow would bring forth, our brave, faithful, steadfast, loving, and pious mother was supremely happy—all save the thoughts of the three absent ones—Miranda, Henry, and Elias, the three eldest. She expected Henry and Elias home real soon—but Miranda, Miranda, Miranda, way off in New Orleans! "United, though separated," she said.

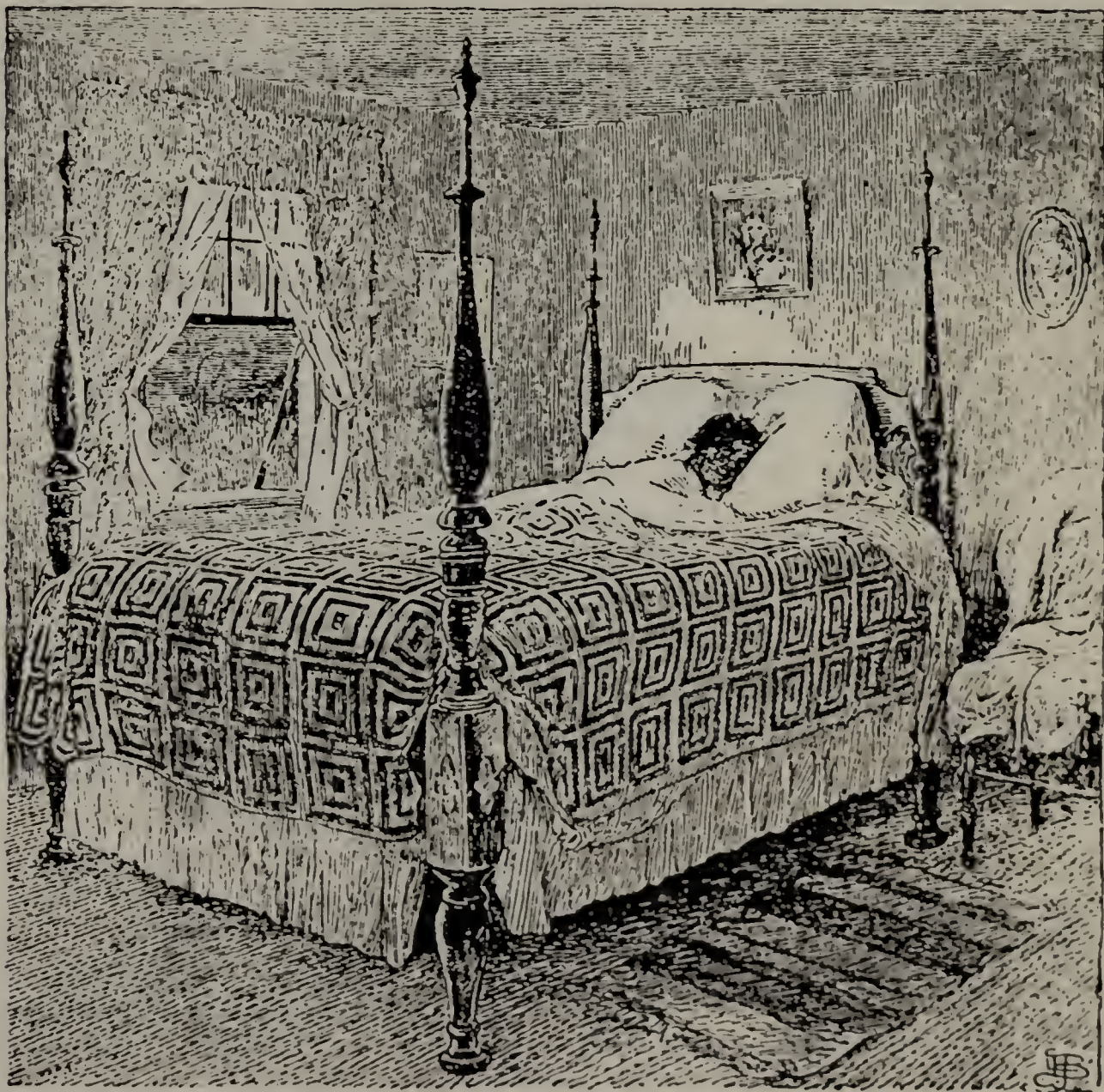
"Blest be the dear uniting love,
That will not let us part;
Our bodies may far off remove,
We still are one in heart!"

I imagine I can see her sweeping the floors, the porch, and the yard, singing as never before! O what a change! Home at Riverdale where she first saw the man who was to be to her all-in-all.

A brick mansion (still occupied) had recently been built quite near and opposite the Bladensburg station on the B. & O. R. R. It was the only one near except the Calvert mansion. This was owned by Mr. Clark Culvert Hyatt, who had been twice married. His first wife's children were Messrs. C. C., Jr., John, and Mrs. Kate Kirby. His second wife was Miss Fannie Perkins. Her children were Messrs. Frank, Walter, Charles, and Miss Hattie. Their baby, Albert, I often see. The Hyatts needed a cook. They sent for mother who served them three years, from December 16, 1863, just one week from the time she arrived home. See father's diary: "Emily Plummer in service at Mr. Clark Hyatts for \$8.00 per month, December 16, 1863. Mr. Culvert Hyatt (son of C. C. Hyatt), hired Julia Plummer, 11 years old, December 18, 1863, for \$6 per month.

Mr. Clark Hyatt hired Saunders Plummer, 12 years, February 1, 1864, for \$3 per month."

Thus every member of the family had worked at regular tasks ever since they were 6 years old, but this was the first wages or compensation received for their labor! Mr. Hyatt built also a brick village store on the opposite side of the B. & O. R. R. Both buildings still stand. I always think of the Calverts and Hyatts as those who helped mother and father to keep us alive until we were old enough to work for ourselves.



MOTHER'S FEATHER BED.
Little Henry getting one more nap.

CHAPTER VII

THE NINETY AND NINE!

But what was that ever troublesome something that was gnawing at their hearts? Were they not free? Hadn't their God with His own strong arm killed slavery? Were they not now united, man and wife and children under one roof? Ah! it was for Miranda they prayed. The Ninety and Nine—"There were ninety and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of gold, Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die."

Mr. Calvert had made father foreman at the enormous sum of \$10 per month, with two bushels of corn meal and four dozen smoked herring, and two sides of bacon as an allowance. Father raised corn, potatoes, hogs, and chickens for himself. Father's house was so situated on about four acres that we believed that Mr. Calvert intended to give him the house and land as a start in life. He told father that he had a plan in mind that would help him get a start, a reward for father's faithfulness. Think of it, a strong able-bodied man, most trust-worthy, being paid his FIRST wages of \$10 when he is 44 years old!

CALVERT'S DEATH

But the time was fast approaching when the two boyhood chums must separate. On May 21, 1861, Mr. Calvert went over the farm on horseback as was his custom. He was stricken with apoplexy and died soon after being carried into the house. That was the darkest day Riverdale ever knew. The colored people mourned his loss even more than his sons and wife. They considered him a protector as well as former master. No one dared touch one of his people from the least to the greatest.

Now many of the servants must find new homes and employment. Calvert's older sons, George H. and Chas. B., Jr., rallied and ran the farm much as it had been for many years.

In order to keep father they raised his wages to the enormous sum of \$15 per month, giving the other hands \$10. Among these servants were George Kent (and his good wife, Martha, "Cousin Martha," we called her), Matt. Robinson, Chas. Allen, Julius Lee, George Gilbert, with their wives; Julia Ann Brown, Geo. Price, Ann Dotson, the Becketts, John Brown, Carrolls, Lorenzo, and Fannie Scott, Tarlton Brown, Philip Brashears, Jane Gutrich, Daniel and Harriet Beckett, the Carricks, Wm. and Lucy Scott, Uriah, Margaret, and Sylvia Wallace, Josiah Adams, William Norris, Josiah Johnson, Sandy Speaks, and many others.

That which was uppermost in the mind of father and mother was to send to New Orleans for Miranda. Father worked late and early, after daily task was done, raised chickens, hogs, small fruits, vegetables, etc., which he sold. Mother did all that willing hands could do after her daily task at Mrs. Hyatts was done. On May 2, 1862, Elias ran away from "Three Sisters" and went to Washington.

If a slave could only reach the District Line, he was "levy-free." Could not be taken unless deceived, by being led into Maryland or Virginia. So Mrs. Margaret A. E. Tyler, his aunt, hid him as it were. Once she was induced to ride to her destination. She soon discovered she was being taken out of the District. She escaped by smashing the windows and screaming for help!

TYLER. In sad but loving remembrance of my dear mother, MARGARET A. E. TYLER, who entered into eternal rest thirty-five years ago today, July 26, 1892. Days of sadness still come o'er me.

Secret tears do often flow.
But memory of you keeps you near me,
Though heaven claimed you thirty-five years ago.

HER DAUGHTER, SARA TYLER-SMITH.

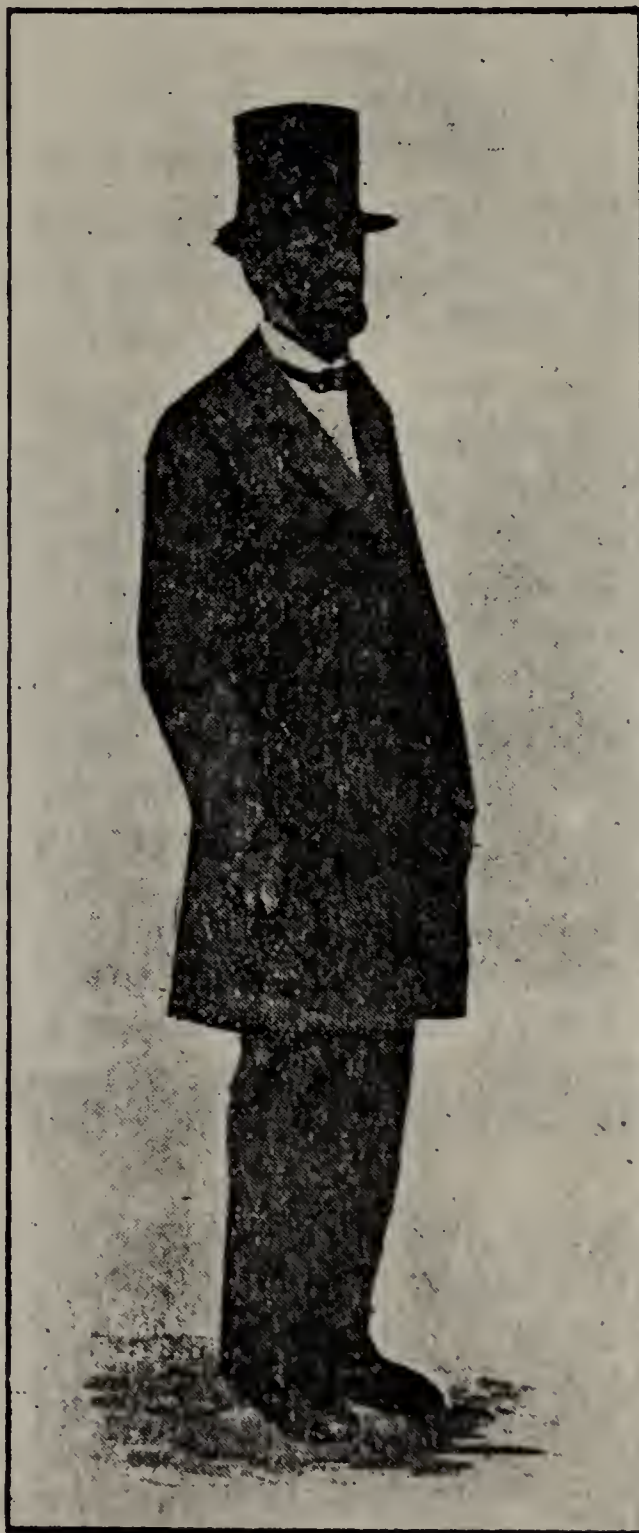
The above shows that kindness and good deeds never die. Because Mrs. Tyler helped others, she is not forgotten by a fond and loving daughter.

Her Henry had enlisted in the Navy. If she could only get Miranda! Her constant prayer was that she might see her child again. She kept singing: "Help us to help each other, Lord—each others cross to bear—and each a friendly aid afford—and feel a brother's care."

She wondered if her friends would loan her the money to send for Miranda to come home. But why doesn't she receive letters from New Orleans? Is Miranda dead? It was then learned that the smallpox was raging in New Orleans. Can it be that the terrible plague would rob us of the joy so long prayed for?

MRS. HOWARD

In November, of 1863, Miranda was married to Thomas Benjamin Howard for protection, being entirely alone. He was twice (and more) as old as she. She described him as being very worldly and wicked so far as religion was concerned, but he was very good to her. On September 8, 1864, a little son was born to them. This was the first grand child of which father and mother knew nothing—didn't know that Miranda was married. In 1865, the scourge of smallpox overtook them. Thomas Howard, the husband, died on June 1st. Miranda had it very slightly. Their little boy, Thomas, was laid out for dead, but survived. This is why no letters were received, nor sent out, being war time, also. Any ordinary person would have complained that it was bad enough to be alone, single woman way down in New Orleans, but to be a young widow with a little child to care for, seemed forsaken of the Lord. But not so with Miranda. She used to go out and watch the stars and wonder if mother



ADAM F. PLUMMER:

This picture represents Father dressed for Church, or some special occasion.

was looking at the same star. One large bright one in particular she thought was the same one she saw shining over mother's cabin at "Three Sisters." She attended the First African Baptist Church, became converted and was baptized in March, 1864, by Rev. Nelson Saunders. So earnestly did she pray and meditate on the sermons and Scriptures that she dreamed and walked and talked in the Spirit.

In other words, she could, indeed, say: "I walk with the King, hallelujah, I walk with the King, praise His name! No longer I roam, my soul faces home, I walk and I talk with the King!"

In a dream she was told that her people at home were in gross darkness and that she must tell them to repent, believe and be baptized. From that time on she practically knew that God would send her back home to do the work. One of the old ladies who befriended her and her child after the death of her husband, whom she called "Aunt Dinah," had a dream. She said: "Has your mother black wavy hair, and gray eyes? Is she a tall, well-built mulatto?" She was told: "Yes." She said you must write to her. She is in great trouble about you. Then Miranda told her she had written and written but could get no answer. She wondered if father and mother and brother Henry were dead. If not why didn't they answer her letters? They didn't know everything was quarantined to prevent infection with small-pox, yellow fever, and cholera. But they never ceased to pray.

Be it remembered that Miranda's force of character was greatly strengthened by living with mother at Mrs. Thompson's, Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., from June 14, 1852 until December 22, 1855, when mother went to Ellicott City with the Thompson's and Miranda was hired to a Rev. and Mrs. Clark of Georgetown, until September, 1860.

I can see now what she must have learned from them (mother and Rev. Clark), before she was herself converted. God moves in mysterious ways.

SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-HOWARD'S MEDITA-
TIONS. 1863-1866.

"I wonder if mother is looking at that bright star and longing to see me, as I am longing to see her?"

"I was married to Thomas Benjamin Howard November 2, 1863. Will father and mother be pleased to know I am married? I have no protector but my heavenly father, so I married."

"Mother and father, I have a little son, born to us September 8, 1864. I have written to you so often! Why you do not answer my letters, I do not know. Father, I see you often in my dreams, you don't appear to be pleased because I am married. Mother, my baby reminds me of my brother, Saunders. He is Thomas Benjamin Howard, Jr."

June 1, 1865.—My husband is dead of smallpox. I think my son shall soon follow his father, and when God sees fit to call him home, I shall be left in New Orleans alone with no husband, no child, no father, no mother, no brother, nor sister. I would be so glad to hear from you. I would jump for joy! Dear mother, don't grieve after me. I saw my little sister that died, Mariory Ellen Rozella, in the Spirit. She sang her little song: "We shall meet to part no more." Now I believe we shall meet to part no more. May God grant me that I may see my family once more on earth. I desire with desire to see them."

"I am trying to pray to free my soul from sadness, which is Satan's slavery chain. I was lost but now I am found, was blind, but now can see. Mother, be of good cheer, for I shall surely see you again. Brother Henry, I see you often in my dreams. Write and tell me something good. Please write!"

"I was first married to man, but I am happy to inform you that I am now married to Jesus, and never to part. I have everlasting life in Jesus Christ."

"My Gospel Mother is 'Mother' Ottaway Jackson. Mother Emily, I meet you sometimes and converse with you about heaven. If I don't see my mother in this world, I know I will see her in heaven. To my father: 'If you have not prayed, you must start now, and pray for salvation, or else you will be lost. Be in earnest, and God will hear.'"

"I feel very sad since the death of my husband. Do you think it worth while to come to see you again? I often tell the old folks, Aunt-Becky and Aunt Dinah, about the fine fruits and vegetables in your garden. Don't you fret that I have forgotten who my father and mother are! I wonder if my grandmother is living or dead? I have decided to write next to Aunt Margaret Tyler in Washington, to see if I can hear from you. I wonder if Aunt Lucy is living?"

"O mother! I can shake hands with you, for I have felt the pain that you felt for me. I have nothing to send you but my love. We three have to rent a little house. Each has to pay seven dollars a month. I am not strong like I was before my baby came."

"I have never seen Aunt Sally since I wrote you in 1861. She told me I had a little brother and sister. Are my little brother and sister still living? I have never seen them yet. Do write me, for it is a great comfort to hear from home."

"I was baptized by Rev. Nelson Saunders, March, 1864, and joined the First African Baptist Church of New Orleans. I shall go to church this morning with delight, and try, by the help of God, to hear from home."

February 2, 1866.—"Thank God, my little son is better. Still I feel very anxious. I fear something has happened to either father or mother."

"I hear that my Aunt Sally has died. If she died in Christ, I shall see her again. If I could only see you for one minute, father, to tell you how I undergo the burden and the heat of the day, you would shed tears of joy to see how God has brought me. I am trying with the help of God to do the best I can. And when I have done the best I can, God will do the balance, for I am nothing. He is all. I am so glad to hear my aunt reached home before she died, but you might know how I feel now that she has left me. How is my grandmother? Is she living or dead?"

"I should like to come home to see you once more. I am commanded by an Almighty Power to join the Baptist Church. And when I have done as He commands, God will open the way, and I shall see my mother again! How glad I shall be to see my brother, Henry!"

"Father, while I am gone out to work, Aunt Dinah is taking care of your little grandson. Both Aunt Rebecca and Aunt Dinah are from North Carolina. I want to send you little Tom's photograph. He is very much like brother Saunders. May God bless you all, and hold you in the hollow of His hand, until the storm of the wicked (slavery) is overblown.

I am still your affectionate daughter,

Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard."

"How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, is laid for your faith in His excellent word. What more can He say than to you He hath said, to you who for refuge to Jesus hath fled."

"The soul that on Jesus has leaned for repose, I will not, I will not desert to his foes; that soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake. I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

These and dozens of other thoughts, wishes and desires Miranda has told us again and again!

(N. A. P.)

EVENTS, 1864-1866, IN AND NEAR RIVERDALE

From 1864, father and mother worshipped at Bladensburg, Md., instead of Union Bethel, Washington, D. C. This they did, trying to save every penny to help bring Miranda home. Father chose old Macedonia as his church, while mother chose Dent Chapel. Mother missed few class meetings and other services except when her duties to those who hired her prevented. O how fervently they did praise the Lord for their deliverance from slavery! Had our "Black Folk" the education, I think they would have written Psalms that would have far excelled the Jews—"The Psalms of David."

The great Civil War is in progress! April, 1865, is fast approaching! Abraham Lincoln was assassinated! O how the "Black Folk" mourned. In their sorrow they determined to "cast all their care on Jesus, and not forget to pray."

No matter what father had to sell, he always found a ready purchaser in Mrs. Ann Dove Young. Her husband, an army officer, left her a widow with four small children, James, Annie, Healy, and Kate. They lived (on a pension which the mother received), just opposite us to the west across B. & O. R. R., across the Baltimore and Washington Boulevard, adjoining the Bowen-Rose property in what was called Ellasville. As soon as James Young was old enough, he entered the army and became the support of his mother and sisters for years and years, although they were democrats, father never had a truer friend. Once when she wanted to pay him for his vegetables, she said: "Here, Uncle Adam, take this dollar, I don't want it. It has old Abe's head on it!" That very dollar was later to make the long trip to New Orleans. Every Christmas he received from her a set of working shirts and one best shirt, as well as other useful gifts. On Christmas, 1880, she gave him "A Methodist Hymnal" (words only, large type), in which she wrote:

Adam Plummer, December 25, 1880. An honest man, the noblest work of God."

Mrs. Young lived to be more than one hundred years old. She even survived her beloved "Jimmie." James Young rose to the rank of Major Young as a Union Officer. Both he and his father fought to preserve the Union, even if slavery had to go. But the women of their family held on to slavery as "States Rights," although they owned no slaves.

James Young, her eldest child, who lived to be seventy years old, never married. Annie, who was a blond, became Mrs. Sturgeon. Healy became Mrs. Cook. Kate became Mrs. Omohundro, and a son survives her. Healy and Kate were brunettes. Mrs. Young survived all of her children except Mrs. Omohundro.

CHAPTER VIII

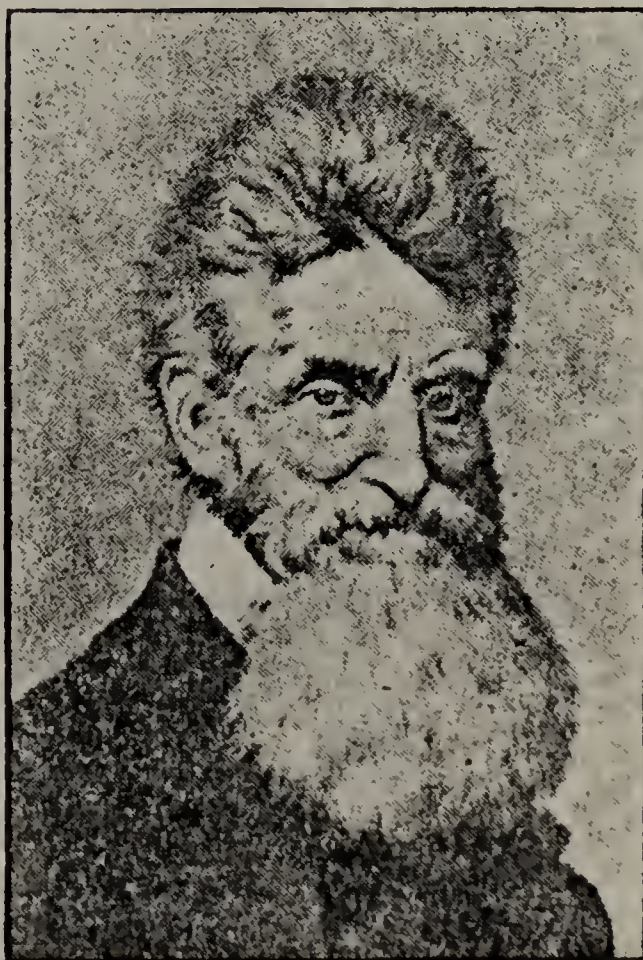
!!! OCTOBER 19, 1866 !!!

When the first anniversary of the death of the then, as now, Immortal Lincoln, rolled around, though still mourning his loss, father and mother had resolved to borrow enough money to add to their little savings to make enough for three carfares to New Orleans. Although Miranda may have been sold, no one knows where, since they heard from her, they could not rest. As the fall work lessened, they decided to send Henry to see if he could find her. From father's diary I read the following: "Julia Ann Brown loaned Adam and Emily Plummer \$21, October 7, 1866. George Price loaned \$10, October 2, Elizabeth Plummer, father's youngest sister, loaned \$5, October 2. Ann Dotson, \$5, October 5th. Mr. Chas. Allen, \$20, October 2nd. George Kent, \$50, October 9th. C. C. Hyatt loaned \$10, October 6th. Making \$121 borrowed money. To this they added \$129, all they could possibly make and save making \$250. Leaving the fare one way out, the balance mother sewed up in a pocket of an under shirt of dark blue flannel (Henry's Navy suit). Lest I should forget, let me state that father's journal shows that by December, 1867, every borrowed dollar had been paid back, the dates stating when each received his amount. A lesson that the young people of this day and generation could well profit by—PAY AN HONEST DEBT! After much consultation and inquiry on Henry's part, it was decided that he should go to New Orleans and search for his sister from whom he had heard nothing for so long. Little did they know that fierce diseases came so near robbing them of their chief object and desire. That all the pains they had taken to raise the money might be in vain! But mother kept singing: "How can I sink with such a prop as our eternal God!"

So, on Thursday morning, October 11, 1866, Henry Vinton Plummer, aged 22, left for New Orleans, with the following directions from father on a piece of white, lined paper five inches by six inches. This original paper, now sixty

years old, is pasted in father's diary: "In the year of our Lord, 1866, October 11, Adam F. Plummer gives his son, Henry V. Plummer, permission to go to New Orleans, La., on Napoleon Avenue, between Fchoupitoulas and Jesey, for his eldest sister, Sarah Miranda Plummer, Mrs. Sarah Miranda Howard."

From father's diary: "Miss Sarah Miranda Plummer, No. 136 Green St. (Pilgrim's Rest), Georgetown, D. C., was sold to New Orleans, La., Jefferson City Parish, on Napolian Ave., between Fchoupitoulas and Jersey, in front of the river."



JOHN BROWN

Hero, Saint and Martyr.

NEW ORLEANS

Sarah Miranda declared again and again that two weeks before Henry's arrival she couldn't eat nor sleep. A terrible restlessness seized her. It seemed as if her earnest desires and prayers for six years, were at an end. Was she about to die? She spoke of this to "Aunt Becky" and "Aunt Dinah." She dreamed that a large man entered their house, with such a sad countenance. Before speaking, he pulled aside his robe about his chest and displayed his heart crowned with thorns and the blood dripping. Then He said: "All this I bore for you. Will you not bear your cross from day to day?" She woke. The vision was gone. She was so disturbed she could not go to sleep for a long time. When she did, the same visitor came, showing His bleeding heart as before, but did not speak. Then she knew it was Jesus. She recognized him from the picture mother had hanging on her wall. (We still have the picture). She answered:

(HARK, MY SOUL)

Hark, my soul! it is the Lord;
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word:
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee:
 "Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
 I delivered thee when bound,
 And when bleeding, healed thy wound;
 Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
 Turned thy darkness into light.
 Can a mother's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bare?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
 Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above,
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
 Thou shalt see my glory soon
 When the work of faith is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be:
 Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
 Lord, it is my chief complaint
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love Thee and adore:
 O, for grace to love Thee more!

Then she woke again. There was no more sleep for her. Early next morning she told her dream to the old ladies. They said: "Continue in prayer, the Lord has great work for you to do."

But Miranda thought it was a token of death and bravely set about packing her things and begged the old women to look after her little boy should she be called hence. She told them to keep the child for she knew her mother could never forget her. That some day some one would come from mother to take back word of how it had been with her. She said she felt her breath growing shorter and shorter as her heart seemed to swell.

The more she thought about the work she had to do, she would say: "I am not old enough; I am not prepared." In answer to deep meditation, a voice within her said: "If you are a young sinner, I am a young Savior. If you are a middle-aged sinner, I am a middle-aged Savior. If you are an old sinner, I am an old Savior." So many now living who have heard her declare what the Lord had revealed to her. O, so many visions she had that showed the work of the Spirit in her heart. This is what made her extra powerful in declaring His Truth, convicting sinners, and inspiring christians.

The Sunday morning after this occurred, she arose early, dressed in deep mourning, swept the house, porch, and yard, and as if loath to again enter the house, she rested on her arms on the fence, she wondered if mother could see the same stars that she did. She wondered if her folks were still alive. If they were, why didn't they write her?

In the early morning light, just after the dawn, she saw a tall slender young man enter her street; he was dressed in dark clothes, and wore a sailor cap. He seemed to be looking for a certain number. Half way down the street he stopped to inquire of a lady standing in her door. He handed the paper to her to read. While she was doing so, his eyes wandered up and down. He eyed that form dressed in black. And the woman in black straightened up at full height and eyed him.

He almost rudely snatched the letter from the lady's hand, saying: "Give me the letter, yonder is my sister now." A few strides brought him to the gate. They clasped each other—able to say but one word each—"Sister!" "Brother!" With tears streaming they managed to get into the house.

"Is mother alive? How is father? Why didn't you write to me? I was in Levi Hurdle's slave pen in Alexandria, Va., two months, yet no one came to bring me any clean clothes. I saw Aunt Sallie here, but she didn't know me until I made myself known. How is grandma? When did you leave the Thompson's? Is mother home with father? How are my twin brother and sister whom I've never seen? They are six years old. Is Elias home? Saunders and Magg? All home except me!" "And you will soon be home, too," said Henry. Then he told her how mother refused to live any longer when she learned that she was sold. He told her of the vow he made, that he would find Miranda if she were on top the ground and bring her back. So he ordered her to get ready, that he must be starting back not later than Tuesday or Wednesday. "O, for such LOVE let rocks and rills their lasting silence break."

Early Wednesday morning, Miranda, Henry and little Tom left New Orleans for Washington, D. C., never to return.

HOME! HOME! HOME!

Those were the longest days, hours, minutes, and seconds that sister and brother ever knew, but each one brought them nearer and nearer to their loving mother and father! During that long ride Miranda told Henry how the Spirit of the Lord had dealt with her. How she had been commanded to be baptized. How she had been commissioned to go home and "Teach all nations, baptizing them in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

At last that long journey was ended, and they were in Washington, D. C. Now only 20 minutes after taking the way train on B. & O. for Baltimore, and they would be at Hyattsville, Md.! Fifteen minutes more and they would be in father's yard. Saunders, Maggie, Robert, and a cousin, Norris Carter, brother of Mrs. Charlotte Shields, Washington, D. C., went to the Hyattsville store, just in front of which the cars stopped. They made a few purchases and were leaving to go home. As they ascended the store steps, the 7:30 p. m. train rolled up and stopped. As anyone would do, they stopped to see who got off the train. To their utter astonishment, they saw brother Henry. But who was the woman dressed in black, wearing a shaker bonnet, and carrying a

child in her arms? Could this be "Sister!" In a few minutes the joyous truth was made known, and they started for home. When nearly to the house, it was remembered that mother had gone to Bladensburg to a revival meeting at Dent Chapel. Norris was sent back to tell her what had happened while the others approached the house.

Uncle Henry, father's brother, went with mother and Elias to Dent Chapel, Elias being a mourner or seeker, went straight forward on entering the church, and knelt at the mourners' bench. In a few minutes Norris entered and said: "Aunt Emily, come home. Cousin Henry has come and brought Cousin Miranda!"

Mother arose, went to Elias and partially lifting him to his feet, led him out, beckoning to Uncle Henry to follow them. She would have walked off that high porch had it not been for Uncle Henry. For the Dent Chapel of that day was the A roof of a carpenter's shop. Long stairs led to that A roof where God met his children. It was built on the very spot where the Methodist Parsonage now stands. It was the Lord who directed Uncle Henry to that meeting that night, Friday, October 19, 1866! For mother would have killed herself for very joy! She would have brushed Norris and Elias aside, as she hastened beyond her speed. But Uncle Henry spread his arms when he saw she was too anxious, and said: "Steady, steady now, Sister Emily!" By walking and half running they reached home before half past eight.

OUR CABIN HOME AT RIVERDALE

It faced South. There were two pictures (still in our possession), and a looking glass hanging on the wall. On the mantel-piece were two clocks, a large and a smaller one. The large one was Miranda's (father had given it to her), while the small one was father's. On the large clock door was the picture of a woman made in a white frosted substance, there were roses and other ornaments there. "Little Brother" and I thought that was "Sister's" (Miranda's) picture. Mother's bedstead having two feather beds thereon stood on high foot posts, to allow our trundle bed to be pushed under hers in the day time. Father had made a cupboard for mother's dishes. There were 4 wooden chairs. The upstairs (under the A roof), was divided into two rooms by a curtain—

boys slept in one part and Maggie occupied the other with grandma (Nellie Orme Arnold).

So that it happened on this particular Friday evening father was sitting before the large fireplace, having just removed his shoes. I came round in front of him, and was swinging on his knees. Being so unusual for Robert to leave me, I was lonesome, and turning to look at the pendulum of the large clock, I inquired: "Father, when is Brother Henry coming and bring Sister?" He replied: "O, I am not looking for him for two weeks more. I gave him a week to go, a week to find her, and a week to return." There was a shutter door as well as the solid door, to let us have air and at the same time keep the dog out.

Henry and Miranda and all were standing on the porch and heard my question and father's reply. Brother Henry could hold in no longer, but shouted through the lattice door: "Here we are!" and all came in. Father leaped over my head, walked pass them without speaking a word. Went to the east wall of the house, opened a secret closet, and took out his double barreled gun. Went out doors to the east of the house and toward Riverdale Mansion, and fired heavily twice! Father told us afterward that he had promised those who loaned him the money and other friends that so long as they did not hear a gun shot from his house after dark, it meant he had heard nothing from Henry nor Miranda. If they heard one shot it meant Henry had returned without finding his sister. If two shots were fired, it meant Henry had found and brought Miranda. Hence the two shots! After firing, he returned to the house, and carefully put the gun away in its hiding place (this he did to keep the soldiers from taking it), then went to embrace his beloved daughter, his firstborn, her for whose care, safety, and keep he had toiled and prayed so long! Now the object of his prayers and struggles was standing before his very eyes! Never to be again separated against their will! We never saw our father shed tears save on two occasions. This was the first time! As we all stood in the middle of the floor his tears ran down and wet his feet (for he had not again put on his shoes). Not a question did he ask them! His joy was too great for utterance! In what seemed hours to mother, but in reality a few minutes, Norris had come with mother, Elias, and Uncle Henry. Sister Miranda was still standing talking to

us, and holding Tom in her arms. Mother rushed in and seized her! "Miranda!" she breathlessly exclaimed simultaneously with sister, who said that one blessed word—"Mother!" And, really they would have squeezed little Tom to death, had not "Sister Magg" thoughtfully snatched him from between them.

Then as soon as mother could cease her weeping enough, she plied question after question—Miranda! why didn't you write to me? Why didn't you come up to see me when Ma came just after the twins were born? When did you leave Georgetown? How long were you in Levi Hurdle's pen? Had I known you were in Alexandria all that time I would have walked all the way there from Ellicott City or died in the attempt!

Sister Miranda said: "And these are my little brother and sister whom I've never seen before!" Then she told how the Lord had shown her in a vision that her people in Bladensburg were in darkness, and that she must return there to sing, pray, and warn them to repent, believe and be baptized. So vividly did she believe and express her convictions that father said: "Let us begin here, now!" He sang (all joined in): "I'll praise my Maker while I have breath, glory hallelujah. And I hope to praise Him after death! glory hallelujah!" (You would have thought there were one hundred persons singing instead of the eleven who were actually present. Never before did such joy well up in more grateful hearts than theirs). Father prayed, next we sang "I'll trust in the Lord till I die," etc., then mother prayed. (Although I was only 6 years old, I shall never forget the light and glow that radiated from mother's cheeks). Next they sang "Glory and praise to Jesus give for His redeeming grace," etc. Then "Sister" prayed. (She forgot how tired the long journey had made her. She was completely lost in love and rapture!) She told the Lord that if He would go with her she would start the church in Jesus' name, and do as he had bid her do, etc., etc., etc. Such a clear ringing voice! We were heard a half-mile away!

It was now past mid-night, and it had just occurred to us to tell sister Miranda grandma was upstairs sick. She was then 83 years old, was stricken with paralysis in August, in Fannie Hyatt's kitchen. Had been lying on her back ever since, now October 19th. We, all but father, then went up

stairs, so sister could see grandma. When this was over mother fixed a bed for sister and Tom upstairs. Returned down stairs, pulled our trundle bed from under hers, and tucked us in. Then she and father retired for a few hours only, for they had to rise early to serve their employers the next day! October 20, 1866, was a New Day to them, and to us all! It marked in Bladensburg and vicinity a New Era, so far as the colored people were concerned.

"Have you seen Mrs. Howard, 'Sister' Plummer's daughter that has just returned from New Orleans?" "Why man! didn't you know Brother Adam Plummer sent his son, Henry, way down to New Orleans for his daughter, Miranda? They got back last Friday night. Didn't you hear the firing that night?" "Yes, but I didn't know what it meant." For years it was a common thing to hear it said: "That happened before Miranda come home," or "She died soon after Henry brought Miranda home."

Now we could sing the fourth verse of "The Ninety and Nine"—

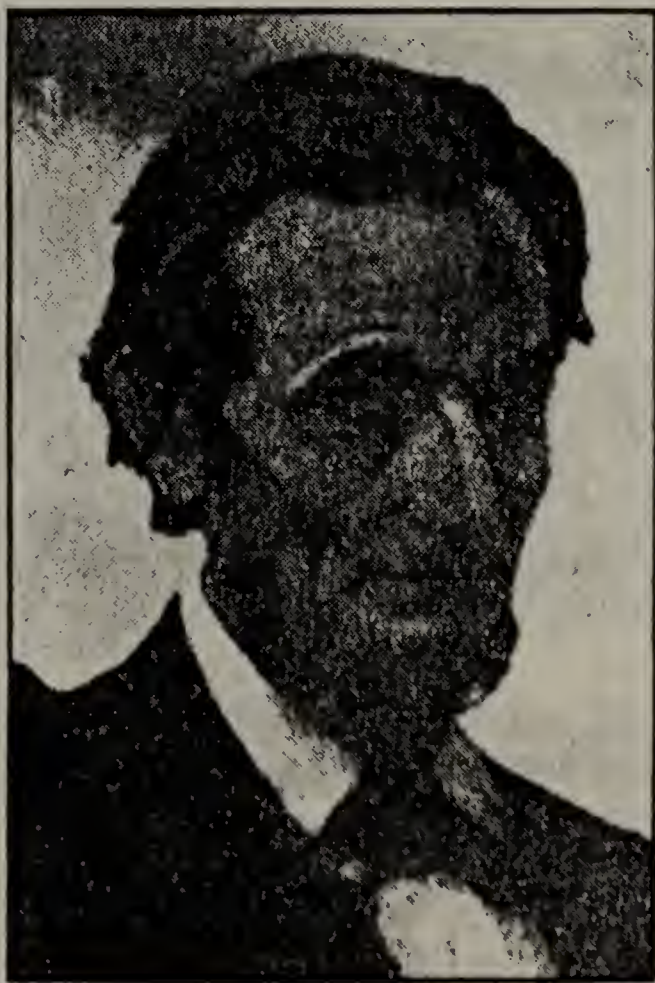
"And far up the mountain thunder river,
And along the rocky steep,
There rose the glad song of joy to heaven,
'Rejoice, I have found my sheep!'
And the angels echoed around the throne,
'Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own!'"

Let me add that grandma, Nellie Arnold, lingered three months after Miranda came, and passed out January 15, 1867, just ten years before her daughter, Emily. Miranda loved grandma whom she called "Ma," dearly. They lived together after November 25, 1851, the date of the sale of her own mother and mine. From all Miranda could understand, it was grandma who betrayed her into the hands of the traders, causing her to be sold to New Orleans. But this was not true. Another woman pointed out 136 Green Street, Georgetown (Rev. Clark's home), to the traders. Thus Miranda got home just in time for grandma to tell just how it was and who. Miranda said: "I knew Ma would not betray me." Thus passed away the mother of twenty-five children, twelve of whom, four boys and eight girls, survived her.

October 19, 1866! O that never to be forgotten day! The little Baptist Church that was born that Friday night was the Gift of the Holy Spirit poured into the hearts of

those four grown people, father, mother, Miranda, and Henry Plummer. Their courage never failed, nor did their zeal and ardor wane, out of deep and abiding Gratitude to God for having united the entire family.

They held prayer meetings every week. Finally it was thought best not to keep father up so late because of his having to rise so early. The church homes will be traced later. They continued to labor, sing, pray, and shout! By December, 1867, father and mother had, with the help of Miranda and Henry and the little balance Henry brought back from New Orleans, they had returned every dollar borrowed to bring "Sister" home.



"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE"—LINCOLN.

OUR OWN HOME

On July 14, 1868, father bound the bargain with B. F. Guy, July 1, 1868, for a hill adjoining Riverdale, containing ten acres, more or less, for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000), by paying him \$344.75! This meant deprivation such as you, of this day and time, know not of—almost starvation. But for mother and sister some, if not all of us, would have been sacrificed for sheer need of the common necessities of life.

Father's journal tells me that after receiving a note from B. F. Guy saying come at once if you want the land, Adam F. Plummer went to see Guy that night, carrying with him \$344.75 that he had saved and borrowed to bind the bargain. By September 26, 1868, Guy sent for another payment (as if money grew on bushes for the freed men). That evening he carried him \$160.25, making \$505 paid! Hard? worse than that, but the thought of being in our own home urged them on! Father, mother, sister, Henry, Julia, and Saunders worked out and gave all they could make. By January 17, 1870, father had paid the entire thousand dollars! Much to Guy's surprise. For he was a speculator.

He never dreamed that father would or could pay for it in the specified time—two years! So when it was completed in 18 months, it was indeed a wonder! Guy's neighbors had said to him: "You are ruining our country!" "How is that," said Guy. "Why selling 'Negroes land.'" Guy would reply: "Don't worry, they can't raise the money. In time, I'll take the land back."

But he didn't know the man with whom he was dealing! Guy said to father: "Never mind my payments, put up a nice house." "O no! Mr. Guy, not until I get the land paid for," said father.

Strange to say, by September, 1870, father had finished building our four-room log house, and we moved from that happy place on Calvert's land, where sister, Miranda, had returned, and where the church was started, about two or three hundred feet westward toward the B. & O. R. R., into a happier place—Our Own Home! And by March 17, 1872, every dollar that had been borrowed had been returned.

Here, Charles Henry, the third son of Henry V. Plummer, was born, December 30, 1870. He was the first of the grand-

children to have been born in our own new home. Emma Jane Clark, sister Miranda's daughter, was born November 2, 1870, at our former home, the Riverdale estate, where St. Paul's Baptist Church was started four years before.

I want to call the good names of those who trusted father with their all. They were George Kent, Charles Allen, Sandy Speaks, and Samuel Clark. Those ten acres with thirteen and one-half acres adjoining bought from Brother Henry, 1884, make up "Mount Rose," the Plummers' homestead, which is still in their right and possession.



“WOODLAWN”

Ellicott City, Howard County, Maryland.
The house where Robert and Nellie were born,
September 7, 1860.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH TO JANUARY 1, 1876.

Very soon after arriving home, Sister Miranda wrote for her letter, which she placed in Second Baptist Church, 3rd Street, between H and I Streets N. W., Washington, D. C., as her new church home. So ardently did she work that by May, 1867, she had seven for baptism. The seven were Emily Plummer, her mother, Henry, and Elias Plummer, her brothers, Julia Lomax, Camilla Morris, Fannie Mason, and Samuel Clark. For years these seven worked to win others. They often walked from Bladensburg, Hyattsville, and vicinity to 2nd Baptist Church in Washington to hear preaching or to communion or prayer meeting.

In October, 1867, the seven, Edward Miner, probably three others, with Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark (not more than twelve), were set apart as the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg, by Sandy Alexander, of Georgetown (now West Washington), who was then pastor of Second Baptist Church.

Rev. Chauncy Leonard, a scholar in those days, was our first pastor.

In March, 1869, the ice was broken to baptize Reuben C. Moss, who was the first candidate to be emersed in Bladensburg. Reuben Moss' knowledge of the bible, and his ability to read and write, were great, great helps to the little church, laying the foundation for a Sunday School, started about 1870, with Edward Miner as our first superintendent. He may not have been able to read or write, but his heart was filled with the Glory of God, which is His Love. No child knew him but to love him. He did what he could—called us together so that "Brother" Moss could teach us. "Brother" Miner died August, 1876, beloved of all. Brother Henry Plummer said: "We must close the church doors, for we cannot work here without Ned." We learned that the workers must die, but the Work must go on!

And now, while I write, the daughter of our beloved deacon Miner, Miss Sarah E. Miner, of Fourth Baptist Church, now Metropolitan Baptist, is the efficient superintendent of that church's Sunday School, being one of the largest in Washington. Then, too, no pastor is supported by his superintendent more loyally than is Dr. Norman.

I am told, Miss Miner, who I am so pleased to call my honored friend, is efficiency itself at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, where she has been employed for years. "Rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's."

My mother named her baby sister "Rosa," after her sister Rosa, who was lost in the terrible snow storm, January 18, 1857.

Somehow, in a way that we cannot explain, Robert, the eldest child of Edward and Winnifred Minor, sickened and died. Not long after the father died. Next, the mother passed away, leaving Sallie, Jennie, and little Rosa alone. Jennie went to Richmond to live. We never heard of her since. Rosa and Sallie, who loved each other dearly, lived together at 1735 11th Street N. W. Rosa was a beautiful dressmaker. Then, in 1912, she went to join father, mother, and brother.

I am sorry for anyone who does not know Miss Sarah E. Miner, for she inherited from her parents (both of them, never were husband and wife more loving), a depth of gratitude that enables her to love all.

So many other instances I could give to prove that St. Paul's Baptist Church of Bladensburg, Md., is going up. "By Way of the Cross," hers is a "Triumphant Cross," in "Changing the Cross," one finds it is best to do what God wants you to do with sincerity, faithfulness and patience.

"Brother" Moss, as we affectionately called him, was my honored Sunday School teacher for five years, until I entered Wayland Seminary in 1875. I can hear him saying now: "Read, daughter."

I must weary you describing the beginning of that Sunday School, in "The Rabbit Gum." The little room was on the east side of Sand Street, opposite Coldenstroth's Garden, near the water, and less than seventy-five feet from "The Soldiers' Memorial Cross." It was there, in 1870, probably in July, that the Nursery of our Church was started. (It was there on the third Sunday in June that The Union was born in 1870.) How many, O, how many have been connected with that Sunday School during these fifty-six years! Older persons, younger persons, children! "Some have gone from us forever, longer here they could not stay. They have reached a fairer region far away."

On that first Sunday there were present Ferdinand Hall, Robert Miner, William Redd, Albert Alexander, Saunders, and Robert Plummer, William Harris, and other boys, whose names I fail to recall. There were Fannie, Lucy, and Mary Lucas, Louisa Lowe-Johnson, Alice Redmund-Carroll, Sallie and Jennie Miner, Ruth Hall, Emma Peterson, Maggie Plummer, Jennie Dozier, and others.

Though tiny and meagre in its beginning, that Sunday School has proven to be the very "Gates of Heaven" to our souls. Then we appreciated a blessing! This I do know of today: We have many, many opportunities to improve ourselves, thus increasing our power to do for others, that we do not accept because we don't want to make the sacrifice.

There are three departments now—Seniors, Juniors, Beginners. Miss Eliza B. Wheeler who, for sixteen years, has been our superintendent, is still leading the children, of whom I am one. Rev. Hall, Mrs. Katie Plummer-Oscar, and others have served us well.

We have a Penny Savings Bank, connected with our Sunday School. We have saved \$125, which are now in the hands of the Treasurer, Mrs. Sadie Plummer-Johnson. Long live St. Paul's Baptist Church Sunday School!



ADAM F. PLUMMER'S OWN HOME.

Built during the Summer and Fall of 1870. Logs were cut and hewed on the spot.
He named the place (10 acres) "Mount Rose" (1870-1888.)

Sketched by Dr. H. V. Q. Plummer.

THIRD QUARTERLY MEETING

of the

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

with

MOUNT AIRY BAPTIST CHURCH

L Street, between North Capitol and First Streets N. W.

SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 20, 1908

at 3:00 O'clock

PROGRAM

Praise Service for Thirty Minutes. Led by

Rev. Irving Jones, Mt. Airy

Mr. Silas James, Third Baptist

- 3:30 Welcome Address Mr. E. Preston
 Superintendent, Mt. Airy
- Response to Welcome Address Miss Nellie Plummer
 Bladensburg
- Solo Miss Irene Grooms
- Report of Secretary for the Quarter—
 Acting Secretary, Mr. Jos. A. Thomas
- Report of Delegates who attended the Lott Carey
 Foreign Mission Convention and the Mt. Bethel
 Sunday School Union.
- 4:00 Paper on the Life of David Miss Rosa Minor
 Metropolitan Baptist
- Duett the Misses Tyler
- Paper on the Life of Samuel Miss Ida Henry
 Liberty Baptist
- 4:20 Summary of the Sunday School Lessons for
 this Quarter Mr. Wm. I. Lee
 Superintendent, 19th Street Baptist
- 4:35 Queries and Short Remarks on Questions Per-
 taining to the Interest of the Convention.
- 4:45 Report of the Chairman of the General Com-
 mittee on Bible Institute, to be Held at
 Third Baptist Church, October 4th to 9th,
 1908.

4:50 Public Collection, Payment of Quarterly Dues
and Money for Bible Institute.

5:15 Benediction.

Music for the Afternoon by the Choir of
First Baptist Sunday School, S. W.

Rev. H. A. Tyler, Pastor of Mount Airy Church.

Mr. E. Preston, Superintendent of Sunday School.

Rev. Wm. D. Jarvis, D. D., President Baptist Sunday
School Union.

What the Christian Endeavor Society did and is doing
for St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.

Because our children at The Home had formerly gone
to Lincoln Memorial Congregational Church. I was closely
associated with the work of Rev. Geo. W. Moore and his good
wife, the great Ella Shepard Moore, who trained the famous
Jubilee Singers.

I attended prayer meeting with them, communed there,
and sang in their choir, when impossible to come home.

It was said that Rev. Moore had the oldest and best En-
deavor in Washington. At any rate, it was there I was
trained to do my bit.

On September 4, 1892, Mr. A. C. Garrott, their president,
was to have come out to install our officers, but could not.
Wednesday, September 7th, he wrote me that he was on the
sick list, therefore could not come out the next Sunday, the
11th. So, we started September 11, 1892, with the following
officers and members:

President, Rev. F. G. Hall; Vice President, Mrs. Hattie
Moss-Fortune; Secretary, Miss Sadie Plummer; Treasurer,
Miss Courtney Bumbry; Organizer, Miss Nellie A. Plummer.

Active Roll, Males: Rev. B. A. McDonald, Rev. F. G. Hall,
Dr. R. F. Plummer, Deacon Saunders Plummer, Walter Hill,
Sr., Samuel Clark, Hon. Jesse Bumbry, Henry Moss, James
Wallace, James Hayes, Alexander Vaughn, Richard Holland,
Sr.

Active Roll, Females: Hattie Moss-Fortune, Lizzie Moss-
Kent, Maggie Plummer-Brown, Mabel Brown, Mamie Hol-
land, Amelia Turner, Sadie Plummer, Nellie Plummer, Court-
ney Bumbry, Julia Bumbry-Green, Margaret Bumbry, Eliza
Smallwood.

Associate Roll, Males: Walter Hill, Jr., Joseph Moss, Wellington Hardy, Willie Redd, Jr.

Associate Roll, Females: Mary Scott, Lottie Jackson, Lillie Holland, Ellie Mason, Jessie Bailey, Fannie Hall, Katie Rebecca Plummer, Ida Plummer, Katie Cook-Plummer, Isadore Hardy.

1893—OFFICERS

President, Dr. Robert F. Plummer; Vice President, Rev. F. G. Hall; Secretary, Miss Sadie Plummer; Treasurer, Miss Courtney Bumbry.

Committees: Prayer Meeting, Missionary, Sick, Social, Music.

Members: Activee, Associate, Honorary

1894-1900

Following names added to Active List, Males: Grant Plummer, Willie Green, James W. Williams, Solomon Bailey, Bazil Wells, Thomas Ennis, George Lowe, Philip Broome, Charles Weedon, Rev. G. G. Mills, Boswell Hammond, Augustus Tucker, Charles Plummer, Alfred Plummer, Robert Plummer, Nicholas Plummer, Rudolph Plummer, J. A. Lewis, Willie Mason, Arthur Holland.

Females: Sarah Alexander-Matthews, Ellie Mason, Lillie Holland, Katie R. Plummer, Katie C. Plummer, Ida Plummer, Irene Brown, Bessie Brown, Nellie P. Brown, Fannie Hall, Annie Johnson, Jessie Bailey, Susan Bailey, Carrie Wheeler, Eliza Wheeler, Mary J. Snell, Gertrude Ennis, Eva Ennis, Mamie Wheeler, Gertrude Hammond, Mabel Glascoe, Florence Glascoe, Bertha Smith, Jessie Holland, Winnie Wheeler, Maggie Gaither, Rosa Glascoe, Frances Redd, Florence Redd, Hattie Jackson.

Associate Males: Samuel Hardy, Ivison Hardy, Frank Wright, Joseph Reed.

On July 20, 1905, the Christian Endeavor Society of the Bladensburg Baptist Church was reorganized at the Church. Meeting was called by N. A. Plummer. The following officers were elected:

Eliza B. Wheeler, President; Wm. E. Burke, Vice President; Hattie B. Jackson, Secretary; Robert F. Plummer, Assistant Secretary; Clarence B. Moss, Treasurer.

The meetings will be held on Thursday evenings from 8 to 9 o'clock sharp. From 9 to 10, general prayer meeting. Consecration meetings every 5th Sunday, at 11:30 a. m.

The following persons were present: Rev. J. S. L. Burke, Philip Broome, Nicholas Saunders Plummer, Charles Plummer, Nellie A. Plummer, Robert Plummer, Rudolph Plummer, Katie R. Plummer, Sadie P.-Johnson, Ida R. Johnson, Maggie P.-Brown, Irene Brown, Bessie Brown, Nellie P. Brown, Thomas Jackson, Oliver Johnson, James Wallace, Joseph Dunnington, Robert Washington, Clarence Moss, Wallace Williams, William Burke, Augustus Tucker, James Glascoe, Mabel Glascoe, Florence Glascoe, Rosa Glascoe, Eliza Wheeler, Alberta Hill, Edna Hill, Harry Garner, Helen Garner, Pearl Lucas, Louisa Hodge, Walter Hill, Carrie Wheeler, George Jackson, Hattie Jackson.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1906

ENDEAVOR

President, Eliza B. Wheeler; Vice President, Clarence B. Moss; Secretary, Rudolph Plummer; Assistant Secretary, Winnie Wheeler; Treasurer, Florence Glascoe.

SEPTEMBER 9, 1906

Sunday School, term ending 3rd Sunday in July, 1907. Philip Broome, Superintendent; Robert Plummer, Assistant Superintendent; Arthur Holland, Second Assistant Superintendent; Katie R. Plummer, Treasurer; Nellie P. Brown, Secretary; Winnie Wheeler, Assistant Secretary.

THIRD SUNDAY, JULY, 1907

SUNDAY SCHOOL

Superintendent, Katie R. Plummer; Assistant Superintendent, Philip Broome; Second Assistant Superintendent, Robert Plummer; Third Assistant Superintendent, Rudolph Plummer; Treasurer, Sadie Plummer-Johnson; Secretary, Nellie P. Brown; Assistant Secretary, Winnie Wheeler; Librarians, Rosa Glascoe, Irene Brown, Alvin Kent, Clinton, Kent, Helen Garner, Marie Plummer; First Bible Class Teacher, Rev. Burke; Assistant Bible Class Teacher, N. A. Plummer; Second Bible Class Teacher, Sadie P.-Johnson; Assistant Bible Class Teacher, Bessie E. Brown; Infant Class, Eliza B. Wheeler; Infant Class Assistant, Laura Dailey.

CHURCH BUILDING BURNED, JULY 8, 1907!

Hence my call to Chairman of Finances, which ended in five years, and I am yet alive, to God be the glory!

Although the following persons attended preaching services regularly, as well as the Sunday School and Endeavor, scarcely ever missing, still Messrs. William Redd, Sr., Albert Alexander, Walter Hill, Jr., and Mrs. Lottie Jackson-Johnson never were fully persuaded to give their hearts to Jesus, but every department of the church is still praying for them. We still hope to so influence them that they will yet join the Old Church that has spiritually yearned for them.

We do not hesitate to say the Church owes its very existence to the work of these two auxiliaries, the Endeavor and the Sunday School.

Miss Eliza B. Wheeler has been the president of our Endeavor for twenty-one years, the superintendent of the Sunday School for sixteen years. If you would seek, it would not be hard for you to discover a reason for her having been elected each year for so long. She was an influential leader. She has influenced all of us, the old and the young. What was the secret of her success? She never forsook Prayer-meeting! It was there she found Grace to help in every need. Nor did she hesitate to work anywhere for the good of the church. Her church has honored her on every occasion that presented itself, giving her the opportunity to express the God in her, namely her power to memorize and recite. We, as a church, denies no possibility to man. We have no doubt of the Power of God!

For my part, I am justly proud of my "children in the Gospel," for she has influenced me for good. To me she has been a Joshua.

The fact that the church has for years given each fourth Sunday night to the cause of Temperance, shows where we stand, striving to be temperate in all things.

So, whether for the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavor, the Aid, the United Aid, the Willing Workers, or our Temperance Union, we all cry: "For Christ and the Church!" seeking to: Let this mind be in you which was in Christ Jesus. —Phil. 2:5.

This mind never takes offense; it never receives an insult; it is never jealous; it is never angry; it knows no malice.

Resentment never even suggests itself; it is never discouraged; it never whines nor moans.

It never listens to words of ill report and, therefore, never repeats such.

It does not gossip, or love iniquity.

It has always words of praise for all who come into its presence; it recognizes no enemies; it is not self-seeking; knows no pride.

Let this mind be in you, and your body will be perfect, enduring, and strong, beautiful.

It is not looking for flaws, does not find fault, is not complaining.

This mind never worries, frets, nor fears; hate is unknown to it.

It never fights, resists, nor in cowardice turns its back. It never has its feelings hurt.

Death holds no terror; and sickness is completely under its control.

It is never sad, gloomy, brooding nor moody.

It never meditates on evil.

Knows no doubt of the power of God.

And denies no possibility to man.

Does not condemn, or judge.

All because it is the Mind of God!

The following programme shows how we celebrated the thirty-fifth (35th) anniversary of our Endeavor:

PROGRAMME

8 p. m., September 11, 1927

35th Anniversary of Our Endeavor—1892-1927, day and date.

Song Service

Opening Song Congregation

Devotionals

Song Junior Choir and Congregation

Select Reading Mrs. E. B. Wheeler

Song Junior Choir

History of our C. E. Miss N. A. Plummer

Song Junior Choir and Congregation

“Will There Be Any Stars?”

Remarks Visitors and Pastor

Collection

Notices, Closing Hymn, “We Are Marching to Zion.”

Benediction

Mrs. Marie L. Davis, President.

Miss Jeanne Chinn, Secretary.

A young student, Enoch Homer Grasty, from Howard University, used to fill the pulpit. Our next pastor was Augustus Watts, Charles Taylor, Charles Jackson, Edward Miner, used to exhort us when the pastor was absent. Rev. Solomon Pollard was a never-failing friend.

In December, 1875, the once slave boy who had started by speaking "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck, Whence all but him had fled, etc.," was ordained to the Gospel Ministry of Christ! O what a step!

In going by "Way of the Triumphant Cross," even as far as New Orleans and back, he had become an ardent advocate of the Cross of Jesus. Thus he became pastor, advisor, a brother, indeed, to the mother of the little church. By this time the church had grown to probably 40 or 50 members, with quite a following.

The Bladensburg Burying Association, or The Union.

Just here let me name one of the hundreds of things done by H. V. Plummer for the uplift. For four years he had put heart and soul into the church work. Religion to him was helping the poor and needy, as well as praising God in church. The following history will explain itself:

HISTORY OF THE BLADENSBURG UNION

As is well known, the Emancipation Proclamation issued by the Immortal Lincoln on January 1, 1863, left the freedmen entirely dependent.

For twenty-one years HENRY V. PLUMMER was the constant advisor, leader, and backer of this community of colored people.

A person died in 1870, when Undertaker Francis Gasch refused to bury the body unless H. V. Plummer stood for the expense. This he did, as he had done many times before. To help his people to help themselves, he devised the following plan: He called a meeting in June, 1870, which was attended by the following older people and others: William Mason, Fannie Mason, Reuben Moss, Darius Bowman, Uriah Wallace, Josiah Johnson, Catherine Bowman, Emily Plummer, Sylvia Wallace, William and Annie Davis, Edward and Winifred Minor, Lucy Ross, Sarah Alexander Matthews, Richard and Amelia Jackson, Nancy Smothers, Miranda Plummer-Clark.

H. V. Plummer proposed a society which they named "Bladensburg Burying Association."

Darius Bowman, the eldest person present, being so enthused at the plan and prospect presented, said to H. V. Plummer: "You are young, boy, go forward, and we will back you." This was the beginning of what is known to us as "The Bladensburg Union."

May she live forever!

By 1874 they had raised the enormous sum (for those days), of three hundred (\$300) dollars, as the bond required by the first treasurer shows. During these 56 years we have had but three treasurers—Rev. H. V. Plummer, 14 years; Rev. F. G. Hall, 16 years; and (Miss) Nellie A. Plummer, 26 years. Our presidents have all been honorable men. The colors adopted are black and white. Mrs. Julia Plummer-Ruffin made the first regalias and rosettes. Mrs. Lula Moss-Welch helped to make the Banner which we still cherish.

In 1920, we celebrated our Fiftieth Anniversary by greatly adding to our treasury in large Gifts. The spiritual awakening was great.

We have met every obligation. To God be the Glory for having kept Love's Banner floating over us!

1870

1920

THE BLADENSBURG UNION

(H. V. PLUMMER, Founder)

Will Celebrate Their Fiftieth Anniversary Beginning in June and Ending in October

It was unanimously agreed that each Member and Friend of the Union honor our Golden Jubilee with a suitable GIFT.

Said token of gratitude will be due at the Annual Sermon, the third Sunday in June, the 20th, at 3 P. M.

Each of the Ten Captains is urged to make his report on or before the Third Sunday.

PROGRAM: SUNDAY, JUNE 20, 1920, 3 P. M.

1. Processional Grand Chorus and the Union
2. Installation of Officers
3. Sermon
4. Anthem.
5. Presenting the Gifts—Descent of the Dove of Peace.
6. Recessional

50TH ANNIVERSARY PROGRAM

JUNE Annual Sermon
 JULY In Memoriam
 AUGUST The Return to "Zion" of the Remnant
 SEPTEMBER The "Love Feast"
 OCTOBER: (a) Semi-Centennial Orchestra Musical
 (b) Exhibition by Public School Children
 (c) Address by Lawyer W. C. Martin
 (d) THE FEAST

PRESENT OFFICERS

Unanimously Elected For The Year of Jubilee

Augustus Bowie President
 Robert Johnson Vice President
 Walter R. Davis Chairman of Sick Committee
 Martha Brown Assistant Chairman of Sick Committee
 Nellie A. Plummer Treasurer (20 years)
 William E. Burke Secretary
 Ida S. P. Johnson Assistant Secretary
 William Redd Marshal
 Richard Carroll Chairman of Board of Directors
 Philip Broome Chaplain

A FEW OF THOSE WHO
 ZEALOUSLY FOSTERED THE UNION

PRIOR TO 1900

ORIGINAL MEMBERS

Josiah Johnson	Sarah Miranda Plummer
Fannie Mason	Sarah Alexander
Emily Plummer	Edward Miner
Darius Bowman	Winifred Miner
Rev. H. V. Plummer	1st President-Treasurer, 14 years
Rev. F. G. Hall	Scribe, Advisor, 2nd Treasurer, 16 years
Brother N. S. Plummer	President, 15 years
Brother John H. Moss	Secretary for many years
Brother Reuben Moss	President
Brother Alexander Scott	Marshal for years
Hon. Jesse Bumby	Richard Jackson
Wellington Redd	Charles Turner
Richard Holland	J. H. Wigginton

1870

1920

THE CLOSING OF THE
GOLDEN JUBILEE

of the

BLADENSBURG UNION

Sunday, September 26, 1920, at 3 P. M.

will be memorable for "The Return to Zion of the Remnant,"
and "The Love Feast on Spiritual Things."

All PRESENT and FORMER members and friends are
urged to WITNESS, and to help CLOSE our Golden Jubilee
with Thanksgiving and Praise

Bladensburg, Md.

Rev. H. T. Gaskins, Pastor

AT ST. PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH

Augustus Bowie, President

Wm. E. Burke, Secretary

I. S. P. Johnson, Assistant Secretary

N. A. Plummer, Treasurer-Chairman

"Come with us, and we will do thee good," but we must
take up our crosses daily, and follow Him who once said:
"I'll draw all men unto Me!" "Lift Him up by living as a
Christian ought. Let the world in you the Savior see! Lift
Him up! Lift Him up!"

CHAPTER IX

DEATH OF MOTHER!

Mother, who was present at the Watch-Night services, Friday, December 31, and Saturday morning, January 1, sang "Happy New Year," as she had done for years. On Sunday morning, January 2, 1876, Brother Henry preached his initial sermon. Text: Psalm 116:12, 13—"What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take of the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." As soon as Brother Henry finished preaching, mother arose from her seat, and going to the pulpit, shook hands with her Henry, saying: "Son, you have preached my funeral sermon! God has given me all for which I have asked Him! My cup runneth over! To think that my son has been elevated to the pulpit, and I have sat under his voice today! It is enough!" Then she took her seat, communion followed. Never was there a prouder or happier, and at the same time, a more grateful mother in all the world than Emily Plummer was that Sunday!

Emily Plummer's Seven Crosses—any one of which would have caused the stoutest heart to quail:

1. The Cross of separation from her relatives (especially her mother whom she dearly loved), and friends, and the only home she ever knew, to Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., for four years. Then she is carried to "Mount Hebron," Ellicotts City, Howard County, Md. (9 miles southwest of Baltimore). Remained there about a year. Then she was moved to "Woodlawn" (an adjoining hill to Hebron), the name of Mrs. Thompson's home, being willed to her. There she lived seven years.

A letter from Emily Plummer to Adam Plummer, July 2, 1856: "I will be very glad to see you this Saturday, and I cannot think we are parted for life. Please send me word how my two children are by William, if you do not come yourself. Master has promised to be your protector if you can possibly come. Do find out how mother and all my sisters and brothers are, and let me know."

2. The Cross of physical suffering was second only to anguish of heart and mind. Because she dared to seek freedom in 1845, she was sent to the field to work.

The very person who carried her marriage license to "Miss Sally," told Emily her mistress told her to do so. When "Miss Sally" learned that Emily was working in the field, she said: "Who told you to go? Who told you to go? Now that you have gone without my permission, stay out there." In time, Emily's feet became "dew poisoned." Every year or two there would recur those ulcers which grew very, very painful at times.

A letter from Emily to Adam reads: "I hope this will find you better than it leaves me. My feet have been very bad. I can't walk. My mistress, Mrs. Thompson, talks of sending me to the Baltimore Infirmary, and have my foot taken off. I have no one to look to but you and my good Lord. Try to come as soon as you can, and bring my daughter. Give my love to my poor mother, and tell her I want to see her, and tell her I haven't walked since the week before Christmas. Do try to come up Easter. Your wife till death. March 20, 1857."

What else could Emily say but "poor mother," after receiving Adam's letter that brought her such terrible news as follows: "Your mother, Nelly Arnold, in the city of Washington, will be sold at public or private sale for a grocery bill, at Mr. Jackson's, for six hundred dollars, but he refused it, and she still remains unsettled, but I hope that she will find some resting place for her weary head."

3. The Cross of the sale of her mother and three sisters "down South."

4. The death of Marjorie Arnold, and Rozella Arnold-Hawkins was a cross that seemed too heavy to bear.

5. What greater cross than the constant dread of having her two children, Miranda and Elias, sold "down South?" In the fall of 1860, Miranda was sold.

6. O what a cross to see her little children ill-treated daily by Col. Thompson, and Henry's "running away" in April, 1862, leaving her alone.

7. Her last cross was not the least, before obtaining Freedom; she and her five children must be cast into prison! (October 9, 1863.)

On December 9, 1863, she arrived at Riverdale, in Adam Plummer's house, and her soul was satisfied. The worst was over. Prayer by Way of the Cross had overcome! But one enemy remained, death. She met him bravely!

Out of the Depths of Slavery! The Cross has triumphed,
and a soul is to enter the "New Life!"

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
The consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me."

In 1875, Reuben Moss, Aaron Shorter, and F. G. Hall built a little three-room, one story house for H. V. Plummer, on land bought from B. F. Guy, adjoining that of Adam Plummer's to the South. Moving into this newly-plastered house in winter was believed to have caused Henry's wife to become ill with acute inflammatory rheumatism. All the week following Henry's first sermon, mother spent waiting on the sick. When resting at night, she lay on a pallet on the floor. Being used to sleeping on her feather bed, the change was too great. By the second Sunday morning, January 9th, mother had a severe pain in her side. Couldn't keep awake. Had a chill. Sent for Dr. Chas. A. Wells, pneumonia had set in. In spite of all that loving hands could do, our beloved mother passed away on the 9th day, Monday, 7:50 P. M., January 17, 1876. At different times during that dreadful week, mother gave each child his or her charge. I, who had entered Wayland the September before, was sent for on Saturday. All of us except Elias Q. received her parting words and blessing. She was a great lover of fresh air, sunshine, and pure water.

That last Monday morning, she asked to be turned around so that she could look out of doors, showing her love of nature. When she was satisfied, she said: "Now put me back again." She declared angels were hovering around. She said: "Lord, behold your servant! Don't suffer that cough to come back upon me." Whenever she awoke during that week of terrible suffering, she would speak to and offer to shake hands with some one long since gone.

To her mother who died ten years before, she said: "Why ma! I've gotten home at last!" Her face did glow with a glory that can't be described. She apparently shook hands

with some one and said: "Brother Frank Crown! The Lord has brought me through the valley of the shadow of death!"

When we tried to call her back to consciousness at that particular time, she said: "There are angels hovering round! They will carry the tidings home! To the new Jerusalem! A poor sinner is coming home! And Jesus bids her come! There is glory all around!"

From that day to this, we have never doubted that at the close of life, some spirits are permitted to communicate with spirits.

At 7 o'clock that never-to-be-forgotten night she sang: "O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise. The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace." She sang with a clear, strong voice, while patting her feet against the bedding. It broke my heart to see her so happy at going, when we wanted to keep her so badly! Then she gave Robert into Father's care, and me to Sister Julia and her husband, Louis T. Ruffin. Then she asked the time. By ten minutes to 8 o'clock, our devoted mother was no more here! "When e'er I think of her, so dear, I feel her angel presence near."

Her funeral was set for 1 o'clock, Wednesday, January 19, 1876. Our pastor, Rev. Augustus Watts missed the 12 o'clock train from Washington, and walked out. No more trains until 4 P. M. He arrived as we were standing around the open grave, the body having been lowered at 3 P. M. He offered the closing prayer. A life-long friend, Brother John Chase, a class leader at Dent Chapel, Bladensburg, officiated at the funeral as best he could. Thus Henry had preached her "funeral sermon," as she predicted. We remember it as such to this day—now past 50 years!

Father had reserved a quarter of an acre of ground at the northwest corner of our farm adjoining the B. & O. R. R. for a family burial place. It was there we buried her. Indeed, we never could have stood the sorrow had she been taken away off. We felt as if she was "just over there," and that helped us. Whenever we had any flowers—especially roses, of which we had hundreds of bushes, we used to snow the grave under with them. Then, too, as we went to work, to school, the store, or church, we'd pass so very near to where she lay, waiting till Resurrection Morn!

"There we laid our loved one, our loved one! In her mossy bed—and the dewy lilies crowned her peaceful head!"

So, for 50 years, we have tried to imitate her by singing: "Happy New Year" the first thing on rising from our knees in the New Year. Nothing seems to draw us so near to God as singing her favorite Easter hymn: "He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!" Lo! Salem's daughters weep around! A solemn darkness veils the skies, a sudden trembling shakes the ground!" which we have done at the "Appointed Place" every Easter. At every church service possible, we sing: "O for a thousand tongues to sing, etc." Thus we have kept her memory alive. She was never so happy as when worshipping God or giving to some needy person, especially a child. And now we can say what we thought never could be said: "The Lord gave, the Lord has taken! Blessed be the name of the Lord!!!" O how happy the reunion shall be!

"So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on o'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone, and with the morn those angel faces smile which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!"

I cannot close this description of the most solemn experience of my life without mentioning the names of Susan Washington who staid with us that last day of mother's illness, spent the night with us after closing her eyes in death, and prepared her body for burial. Then there was Josiah Johnson, the father of Fannie Mason, who dug the grave that was to hold all that was mortal of our beloved mother. Francis Gasch, the undertaker, has recently died.

Dr. Chas. A. Wells, our family physician, who recently died, March 4, 1924, has a warm place in our memory. Any service rendered then has remained unalterably sacred to this day and forever! This beloved mother of eighteen children passed on, aged sixty, survived by eight children, four sons and four daughters.

"Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

What we said of mother thirty-one years after her death:
 In "The story of my life and work," written by Booker T. Washington, I quote the following: "Bought of Daniel Murray's son in Negro Building, Jamestown Exposition, Saturday, August 3, 1907, at 4 P. M., by Nellie A. Plummer, having spent several delightful days at the great Hampton Institute, Virginia, Booker T. Washington spoke at 1 P. M., of the same day.

This book is lovingly and tenderly dedicated to the sacred memory of Emily Saunders Plummer, our more than devoted mother, who died January 17, 1876.

"Weep not for her! She is an angel now, and treads the sapphire floors of Paradise. All darkness wiped from her refulgent brow—Sin, sorrow, suffering banished from her eyes, Victorious over death to her appears the vista'd joys of heaven's eternal years: Weep not for her!"

PLUMMER. In fondest, loving memory of our beloved mother, EMILY SAUNDERS, who died forty years ago today, January 17, 1876; brother HENRY VINTON, February 10, 1905; sister Sarah Miranda, March 4, 1905; dear father, ADAM FRANCIS, December 13, 1905; brother NICHOLAS SAUNDERS, July 28, 1911; also our nephews and nieces, 1900-1905.

"So long Thy power hath blest us, sure it still will lead us on
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile,
 Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

BY THE FAMILY,
 Hyattsville, Md.

When we had lost her a half century, she still was not forgotten, as the following shows:

IN MEMORIAM

January 17, 1926

To the Glory of God, in Loving Memory of
 MOTHER

EMILY SAUNDERS PLUMMER

Who Rested From Her Labors, January 17, 1876

She had entered into freedom of body, January 1, 1863.
 She welcomed the return of her first born, Sarah Miranda (who had been sold to New Orleans), October 19, 1866.

She was a witness to the first sermon preached by her

eldest son, Rev. H. V. Plummer, Pastor of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., Sunday, January 2, 1876.

For these and many other blessings, she was enabled to cry out in death:

1. O For a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His Grace!
2. My gracious Master and my God.
Assist me to proclaim.
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of Thy name.
3. Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
4. He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
5. He speaks, and, listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.
6. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb.
Your loosened tongues employed;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

PRECIOUSNESS OF JESUS

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;
The mid summer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in Him,
December's as pleasant as May.
2. His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,

Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,
 My summer would last all the year.
 3. Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resigned,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
 4. My Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If Thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to Thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.
 —John Newton.

She led in singing: "HAPPY NEW YEAR," at Watch Service, January 1, 1876—just fifty years ago, January 1, 1926.

HAPPY NEW YEAR

1. O TELL me no more of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is o'er;
 A country I've found where true joys abound,
 To dwell I'm determined on that happy ground.
2. The souls that believe in paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive;
 My soul, don't delay: he calls thee away;
 Rise, follow thy Savior, and bless the glad day.
3. No mortal doth know what he can bestow,
 What light, strength, and comfort—go after him, go;
 Lo, onward I move to a city above,
 None guesses how wondrous my journey will prove.
4. Great spoils I shall win from death, hell, and sin.
 'Midst outward afflictions shall feel Christ within:
 And when I'm to die, "Receive me," I'll cry,
 For Jesus hath loved me, I cannot tell why.
5. But this I do find, we two are so joined,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me behind;

So this is the race I'm running through grace,
 Henceforth, till admitted to see my Lord's face.
 "He dies! The friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground."

At Easter, she was noted for singing the above hymn.

She could not read nor write, but she had unbounded LOVE toward God, and her fellowmen.

She possessed a pleasant, but strong voice that carried conviction. Her word was her bond. She loved little children, black or white, rich or poor. She was noted for her great sympathy.

She was one of the seven original members of St. Paul's Baptist Church. After being a Methodist for years she was baptized in May, 1867. The Bladensburg Union buried her.

With these three hymns and others, she kept up her courage, until victory was won, even over death.

"Our prayer is that every descendant of this loving, faithful mother—even down to the tenth generation, shall fully resolve that her God shall be their God, her people shall be their people.

PLUMMER. A loving tribute and a fond devotion of 50 years to the memory of our dear parents, Mrs. EMILY SAUNDERS PLUMMER, who rested from her labors, January 17, 1876, and Mr. Adam Francis Plummer, December 13, 1905, whose motto was: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. 2:10.

Each brother and sister, each nephew and niece, who has passed, is also fondly remembered. Henry Vinton, deceased February 10, 1905; Sarah Miranda, March 1, 1905; Nicholas Saunders, July 28, 1911; and Margaret Jane, December 4, 1923.

My lost, my own, and I
 Shall have so much to see together by and by.
 I do believe that just the same sweet face,
 But glorified, is waiting in the place
 Where we shall meet, if only I
 Am counted worthy in that by and by.

THEIR DEVOTED CHILDREN, ELIAS Q., JULIA A., ROBERT F., and NELLIE A. PLUMMER.

January 18, 1926.

MAINE'S CONTRIBUTION TOWARD NEGRO
EDUCATION

The Heart, the Head, the Hand.—Isaiah 55:8-9. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."

When Emily Plummer and her children were sold to Mary Ann Dorsey-Thompson, November 25, 1851, they were brought, as stated, to Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C. They lived on the same spot that afterward became Wayland Seminary. The same wells furnished water for that great Negro school. The property was formerly owned by the Porters, an English family. When the Thompsons found this to be "heired property," they gave it up and moved to Mt. Hebron.

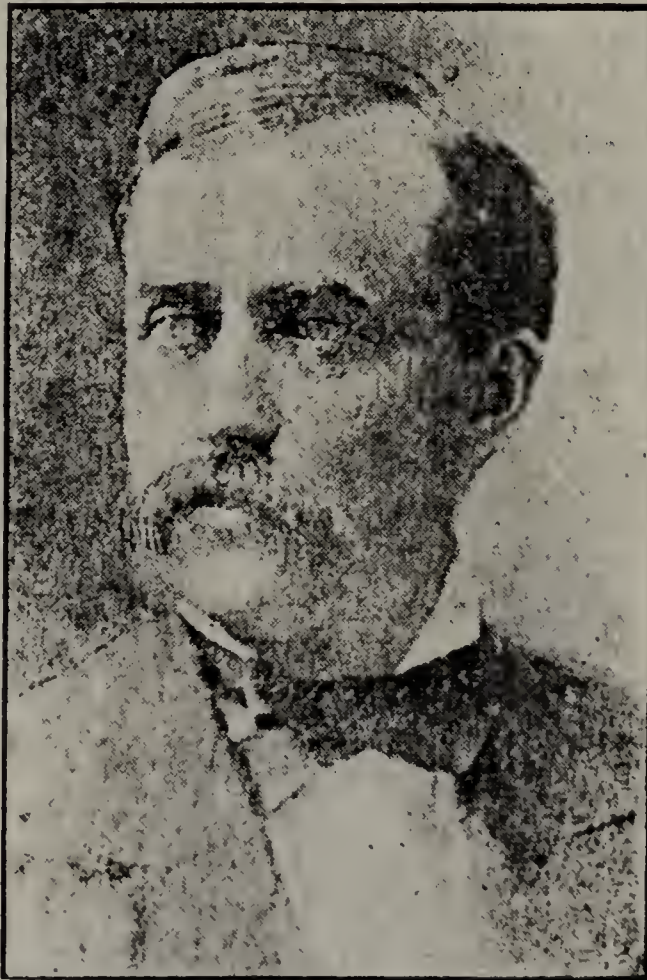
On the northwest corner of the Porter property there was a tomb, 4 feet by 10 feet, over a grave of one of the Porters. Father was allowed to bury our little Marjorie Ellen Rose 8 feet from that tomb, in 1854—By Way of the Cross!

In 1862, a young man of fine physique, from Portland, Me., became a professor at the Maryland Agricultural College, now Maryland University, at College Park, Md., being a part of Riverdale. When his politics became known that he was a sympathizer with John Brown, that Abraham Lincoln was a man after his own heart in preserving the Union and liberating the slaves, that no man is good or just enough to own another man, and that the best weapon to put into the hands of the slaves was Education! they paid him his entire year's salary just to get rid of him. No abolitionist for them!

But our God, who still moves in mysterious ways, moved then very mysteriously. God released this mighty young man (mighty in the Spirit of the Lord), from the College because of their blindness to the truth. For their terrible prejudice to the Negro, armed and inspired this "boy" from Maine to "Go down, Moses, way down in Egypt's land (Southland), and tell old Pharaoh (ignorance, superstition, and hate), to let my people go!"

Dr. King was born December 12, 1833, in Portland, Me. He married Miss Mary Two sons, Dr. Ernest F. and Mr. Harry, were born to them.

Prof. King drifted from one pulpit or school to another until he saw the nucleus for a Negro school. Immediately he found himself in his preordained habitat.



DR. G. M. P. KING.

WAYLAND SEMINARY

Wayland Seminary was opened in 19th Street Baptist Church, in 1865, under the American Baptist Home Missionary Society of New York City.

At the same time (1865), National Theological Institute was opened, Washington, D. C., in Louisiana Avenue. 1867, Dr. King was appointed President of N. T. I. In 1869, Wayland Seminary and N. T. I. united under the A. B. H. M. S., with Dr. King as President, and with the name Wayland Seminary, in a building on I Street, opposite 19th Street Baptist Church, named for Dr. Francis Wayland, who did so much to make it possible. In 1876, new building on Meridian Hill, near 16th Street, completed and occupied. 1899, Wayland Seminary and Richmond Theological Seminary united under the name of Virginia Union University at Richmond.



WAYLAND SEMINARY—(1887)—SHOWING COBURN HALL
15th and Chapin Sts. N. W., Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C.

ANNUAL CATALOGUE
of
VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY
Combining
Wayland Seminary, opened in 1865, in Washington, D. C.
and
Richmond Theological Seminary, opened in 1865, in
Richmond, Va.
Member of the
Association of Colleges for Negro Youth
1916-1917

FACULTY OF THE UNIVERSITY

George Rice Hovey, A. M., D. D., President

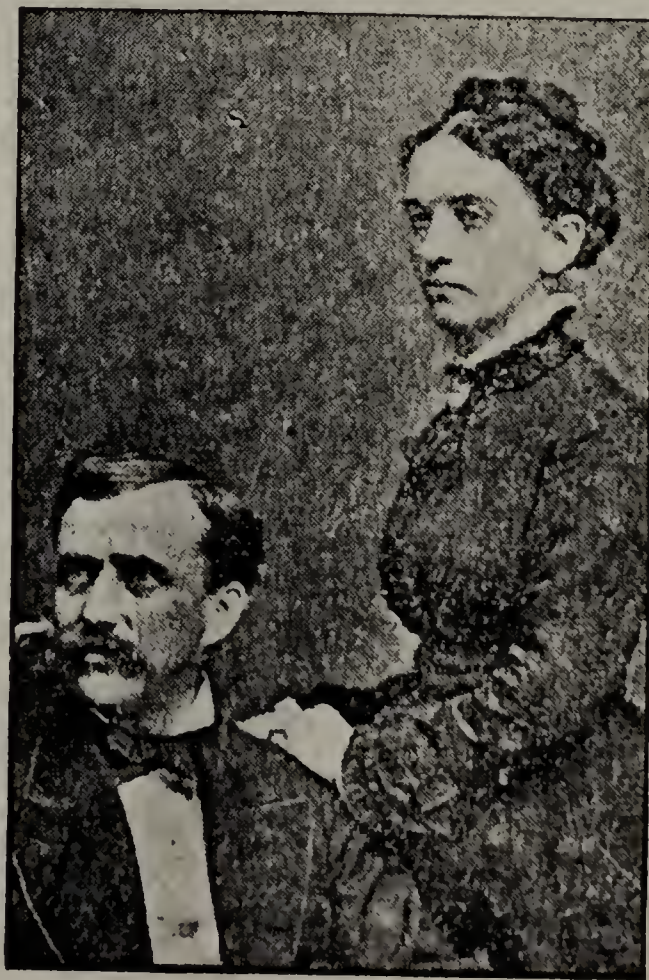
College Faculty.—George Rice Hovey, A. M., D. D., Psychology and Ethics; G. M. P. King, A. M., D. D., Emeritus Professor of English Literature; Joshua B. Simpson, A. M., Ph. D., Greek Literature and Sociology; J. E. Jones, A. M., D. D., Bible and Elocution; John W. Barco, A. B., Latin Language and Literature and History; Peter J. Henry, A. B., LL. B., French; J. M. Sampson, A. B., English and German; Wm. J. Clark, A. B., English Literature; Chas. E. Hadley, A. B., Physical Science; Roland Wakefield, A. B., Mathematics; Merton P. Robinson, A. B., Teacher Training;

Theological Faculty.—George Rice Hovey, A. M., D. D., Theology; Joseph E. Jones, A. M., D. D., Homiletics, English Interpretation and Church Polity; George M. P. King, A. M., D. D., Sacred Rhetoric; John W. Barco, A. B., Hebrew; Cornelius E. Schaible, A. M., B. D., Greek Interpretation; William J. Clark, A. B., B. D., Church History and Biblical Introduction.

Academy Faculty.—Joseph E. Jones, A. M., D. D., History Bible and Elocution; Emily F. Ames, English Literature, Latin and French; Ella S. Fort, Pedagogy, Arithmetic and Grammar; Peter J. Henry, A. B., LL. B., French History, Bookkeeping and Commercial Law; Chas. E. Hadley, A. B., Physical Sciences; Roland Wakefield, A. B., Mathematics; Merton P. Robinson, A. B., History and Mathematics; Kate E. Gale, Bible; Charles T. Russell, Wood Work and Drawing.

Other University Officers.—Charles T. Russell, Superintendent of Grounds; Kate E. Gale, Head Matron; William J. Clark, A. B., B. D., Librarian; Miles B. Jones, M. D., School Physician; Merton P. Robinson, A. B., Physical Director; Lucie Ludlow, Secretary; Addie L. Rice, President's Assistant.

The following students have served as assistant teachers: A. W. Adkins, E. E. Smith, V. E. Perkins, F. W. Jacobs, J. W. Broadus, G. W. C. Brown, W. A. Hall, J. S. Johnson, C. H. Thompson, J. M. Ellison, W. L. Campbell, D. W. Davis, A. D. Manning, S. D. Spady, H. S. Stanback, J. A. Bacoats, R. F. Ovelton, C. M. Wood.



PROF. AND MRS. G. M. P. KING

DEDICATED TO VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY
and
ITS OLD STUDENTS

Air: "Fair Harvard."

Dear Union, your sons to thy festivals come,
And with praises, as often before,
They'll crown thee with laurels again here tonight
And bring thee glad offerings once more.
Oh, treasure and gift of good friends of the past,
We'll long keep thy memory warm—
Best proof of their wisdom, the hope of their sons,
Like sunshine long after a storm.
Oh, when as thy sons we come back to these scenes,
To what mem'ries our greetings give birth—
Thy walks are still dearer, thy shades more complete,
Still prized for their beauty and worth.
May thy honor and fame in all coming time
Be guarded by dear, loving care—
May thy influence spread all over our land
That millions thy blessings may share.
We picture the progress that comes through our care,
The progress in true learning and truth,
In which all of us—richest and poorest—may share,
In the blessing and saving our youth.
Then hail, dear V. U. U., our much loved, our own—
Of thy virtues and worth we will tell,
Till thy value shall world-wide and always be known,
And thy name hold a magical spell.
We'll remember the struggles of earlier days,
The faith and true loyalty of friends;
While forward, right forward, with courage sincere,
And thus we shall reach our high ends.
Let the way that's before us be glowing with light,
Better way than our fathers e'er trod,
For thy wants we will alway and gladly provide,
And thus honor ourselves and our God.

Geo. M. P. King,

formerly of Dear Old Wayland Seminary.

George Marion Prentiss King!—One of the world's greatest educators. He searched for and trained the brain, heart, mind, hand, and soul of all—black or white, poor or rich. He was a typical God-man!

—Nellie A. Plummer.

For more than fifty years, George Marion Prentiss King gave his time, his talent, strength, and influence toward the work that has done more to bless and make content 10 millions of Americans directly, as well as all other millions indirectly, than any other I know, not excepting Gen. Armstrong of Hampton fame. The Spirit of the Lord was upon him (Luke 4:18).

Prof. King did not stand in the pulpit only and declare the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, but he exemplified it, as hundreds of white ministers, teachers, and philanthropists, as well as thousands of colored ministers and teachers now living can testify.

In politics, he stood by every force that meant the preservation of the Union. He had a Savior for all! The high, the low, the rich, the poor, the black, the white—work, work, work! Work to the best advantage for the good of all! He dignified work (Labor).

George Marion Prentiss King possessed a wonderful personality. I think no one who was ever in conversation with him even for one day, to say nothing of living under his influence for three, four, or five years, but was forced to acknowledge that he was "A Master in Israel." He wrote thousands of letters, lectures, plays, dialogues, sermons, poems, etc., with which he fought the battles of the Lord, reaching miles and miles away.

Whenever he wrote a dialogue for our public or private debate, we used to wonder how he knew which part would suit each one. He never failed to depict our characters, in such a manner as to help cure any selfishness, or strengthen any good traits already developing.

A great "Professor," as we used to call him.

Of all the stalwart sons of Maine, I think for keen vision, for intent of purpose, for ability, to work to an advantage, for making a lasting impression, for faith in the ultimate triumph of justice for all, for truth and honesty, for a sterling character that shown brighter and brighter to the close of his long and useful life, he stands out preeminent! 'Twas he who undertook the most unpopular cause (the elevation of the Negro by developing a christian character through education and contact with his white brother), and so dignified it that Negro schools, churches, and colleges sprung up as if by

magic, there being no trouble to get worthy and well prepared white persons to foster the work until Negroes were capable of heading it.

When you visit our church, as I hope you will real soon, you will see a silver service of two goblets and pitcher with a lid. It was the set from which communion was served to



MISS J. M. BARTLETT.—Teacher,
Norfolk, Portsmouth, Wayland Seminary, Orphans' Home.

to his grandparents and parents in Paris, near Portland, Me. We now use them for water. We treasure the gift.

In physique, Professor King was tall, large, light brown hair, wore a mustache, had blue eyes, and a most agreeable voice. He weighed between two and three hundred pounds. So well proportioned was he that he never seemed too stout, but was as handy and quick as one could wish.

He dearly loved all nature, sun, moon, stars, trees, plants, flowers, birds, animals, and little children, as well as youth, and grown people. His devotion to Mrs. King and their two boys was equal to his great strength and energy for his work. Hence his great insight in human nature. Had we, his stu-

dents, been his natural sons and daughters, he couldn't have shown more sympathy, nor striven the more to impress us with the truth, for you know, the truth makes one free. His watchful care over us, from the least to the greatest, in all things, and at all times, could not be excelled by any teacher.

He thoroughly believed that man was God's best work, and set himself to help that race which was most neglected.

I love to think of them as my white father and mother. For they were, indeed, intellectually and spiritually so. Having entered Wayland, September, 1875, I lost my beloved mother the following January. Being the first time, I was away from home, you see what a task they had to help soothe my sorrow, and interest me in my studies. How well they succeeded, I leave you to say. One other test for Professor King: Whether his wife, his sons, his teachers or his students, his will and wishes were supreme. Two teachers, Misses Webb and Wood, were very beautiful women. Miss Wood later became the wife of his son, Dr. Ernest F. King. Of the students, Misses Emma Curtis (later Mrs. John McDougald of Philadelphia, Pa.), Victoria Taylor (Mrs. Bell, 409 O St. N. W., Washington, D. C.), and Savana James (now Mrs. Lavana James-Moss, 1515 S St. N. W., Washington, D. C.), were the most beautiful, Savana James easily taking first place of teachers or pupils. And yet, in the midst of all that beautiful young life, there never was a hint, nor shadow of suspicion on Prof. King's part. Knowing now, as I didn't know then, I say he was a God-man.

I cherish the letters, poems, etc., sent me by him since I left Wayland in 1879, next to my Bible.

I also bless that day in early fall, 1875, when my mother visited Prof. King, and told him how she and Henry were slaves on that very spot, 1851-1855, how the same wells furnished them water. Now her Henry was a student there. When Prof. King inquired about the rest of the children, she told him she had two babies, just 15 years old, "While my husband can't spare the boy, I wish you would take the girl and try to make something of her." Dr. King thought the girl too young and inexperienced, etc., as he had no matron, etc. As mother was leaving he said: "Send the little girl over, I'll try. Maybe Mrs. King will help me to look after her." Mother's story had touched his sympathy, and I was

taken on trial. "O happy day that fixed my choice on Thee, my Savior, and my God!"

I quote from catalogue of "Wayland Seminary and College," 1898-1899: "The school is the work of Northern Baptists, through the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and of Rev. G. M. P. King, D. D., who put his brain, and heart, and very life into it." I am a witness that the half that he did can never be told!

I know of no words that describe Dr. King as "Beautiful Things."



THE TARBELL HOME, MILFORD, N. H.

Miss J. M. Bartlett lived with her sister here.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

Beautiful faces are those that wear,
 It matters little if dark or fair,
 Whole soul honestly printed there.
 Beautiful eyes are those that show
 Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow,
 Beautiful thoughts that burn below.
 Beautiful lips are those whose words
 Leap from the heart like songs of birds;
 Yet whose utterance prudence shows.
 Beautiful hands are those that do
 The work that is earnest, and brave, and true,
 Moment by moment the long day through.
 Beautiful feet are those that go
 On kindly ministries to and fro,
 Down lowest ways if God wills so.
 Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
 Ceaseless burdens of homely care,
 With patient grace, and daily prayer.
 Beautiful lives are those that bless,
 Silent rivers of happiness
 Whose hidden fountain but few may guess.
 Beautiful twilight at set of sun;
 Beautiful goal with race well run;
 Beautiful rest with work well done.
 Beautiful graves where grasses creep;
 Where brown leaves fall;
 Where drifts lie deep,
 O'er worn out hands;
 O! beautiful sleep.

This is what "The Crisis" had to say of Dr. King at his passing:

A MISSIONARY

The Rev. G. M. P. King, D. D., Professor at Virginia Union University, died October 8 at Christiansburg, Va. (1917).

With the passing of Dr. King, the colored people have lost a tried and true friend. From the pastorate of a northern church, Dr. King, at the outbreak of the Civil War, entered the service of the United States Christian Commission, whose work during the Civil War corresponded very closely to the present war work of the Y. M. C. A. At the close of the war,

feeling the need of the colored people, he gave himself to work among them, serving under the auspices of the American Baptist Home Mission Society from then until the time of his death. For many years he was president of Wayland Seminary at Washington, D. C., and when that school united with Richmond Theological Seminary to form Virginia Union University, he moved to Richmond and has served there continuously.

HIS FULNESS

His Fulness! What a blessed thought!
What joys with it are richly fraught!
What emptiness offset by this!
Find here true source of constant bliss.
If loneliness comes stealing round,
Here best companionship is found,
Which brings to one angelic friends;
This for our losses makes amends.
If lack of strength should mark a day,
And cause dark clouds to shade our way;
Here aid complete is freely given
To make the helps and burdens even.
Should early friendships seem to fail,
And human loves begin to pale;
Just here, is found the truest friend,
Whose perfect love can never end.
Then, to this fulness we will turn,
And from its helpfulness, ever learn,
How we a likeness may attain,
To Him who is the eternal gain.
Why then impoverished this life,
When with such fulness it is rife?
While richer joys, and greater strength
Will be our lot, we're sure at length.

G. M. P. King.

Richmond, Va., March 1, 1917.

The above poem is probably the last one composed by Dr. King, as he died October 8, 1917, at Christiansburg, Va., where he had gone to attend an anniversary for a former student, just as he wanted to come to us in 1916. Having been born December 12, 1833, he was nearly 84 years old. "O! beautiful sleep!"

SILENT INFLUENCE

There's something round me, what I cannot tell,
That ever practices its secret spell;
It warns of wrong, it councils to the right;
In everything I do, I feel its might.
All through these struggling years it's been the same;
I hardly know its source, or what its name;
But some day I shall hope to find out why
It ever guards me with a watchful eye.
In all I do it seeks to have a part.
It surely knows that ruling is an art;
For when some by-path opens to my way,
It tells me plainly, "That will lead astray."
Its influence the years cannot abate;
Its mission is for love, not hate,
And, like the whispering wind, 'tis everywhere,
To heighten joys, and lighten every care.
Like fragrance from a near-by field of flowers,
It sheds itself all through the passing hours;
And never seems to have a selfish thought,
But seeks to make each deed with blessings fraught.
And seeking for its source, I seem to find
No narrow limits keep it close confined,
But from all the good that's blessed my past,
This silent influence surely comes at last.
Oh, for this most gracious help and power,
Let us be thankful in every trial hour,
And then with good, not ill, shall all be rife,
Throughout the course and conduct of our life.

G. M. P. King.

Richmond, Va.

DEAR UNION

Air: America

Of V. U. U. we sing.
Long may her praises ring
Through all the land;
Sound out her words of praise,
Monuments to her raise,
Make her light brightly blaze
On all around.
We prize her walks and shades,
Her many helps and aids,
Dear Union, fair.

We love her rooms and halls,
We'll answer all her calls.
Thus honor on her falls:
Dear Union, fair.
Now let us all unite
And serve her with our might,
Our own V. U.
Long may she shed her light,
Sustaining only right;
Keep duty plain in sight,
Our own V. U.

And thus we'll sound her praise
Through all the coming days,
The land around;
That loving all mankind,
She sought to ever find
Some good in ev'ry mind.
Blest V. U. U.
May blessings on her rest,
The richest and the best;
Heaven's choice gifts.
May wisdom be her guide,
May truth with her abide,
While years shall gently glide,
With V. U. U.

As it would require a large volume of more than 500 pages to describe what is in my mind of that Great Man, I must not try to do so here. But will close with "Long live" the influence of Dr. King!"

Is it any wonder then, that Wayland Seminary became the great school that it did under his matchless influence?

64 Walnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

November 21, 1913.

My dear Fellow Alumnus and Friends:

No doubt you know Dr. G. M. P. King will celebrate his eightieth birthday, December 12, 1913.

We are trying very hard to secure funds, about \$100 and erect a gate at the entrance of the Campus at Virginia Union University as a memorial to him. The main feature of the gate will be two granite posts and bronze slabs or plates with a bit of history concerning the work of Dr. King among the Afro-American people. The University will supervise the erecting of the gate. You will kindly send your donation to Rev. Dr. Wm. J. Howard, 100 Massachusetts Avenue, Washington, D. C. Let us try to have the needed amount in by December 15th, so that everything may be done decently and in order.

This work has the endorsement of Dr. Moorehouse and Dr. Hovey.

Please notify me when you send your donation to Dr. Howard telling me the amount you have donated.

We are yours very truly,

Booker T. Washington,
R. J. Langston,
Eliza H. Mack,
Wm. J. Howard,
Nellie A. Plummer,
A. Clayton Powell,
W. M. Alexander,
W. F. Graham.

J. Edward Nash, Secretary.

DEDICATION OF
KING GATEWAY
VIRGINIA UNION UNIVERSITY

June 3, 1914, at 4 O'clock P. M.

ORDER OF EXERCISES

PRAYER

ORCHESTRA—Professor J. M. Sampson, Leader

ADDRESS Rev. J. Edward Nash, D. D.

ADDRESS Rev. A. Binga, Jr., D. D.

SONG

Air: "Fair Harvard"

Dear Union when thy sons come back to these scenes,
To what mem'ries their greetings give birth—
Thy walks are still dearer, thy shades more complete,
Still prized for their beauty and worth.
May thy honor and fame in all coming time
Be guarded by dear, loving care—
May thy influence spread all over our land
That millions thy blessings may share.
We'll remember the struggles of earlier days,
The faith and true loyalty of friends;
While forward, right forward, with courage sincere,
And thus we shall reach our high ends.
Let the way that's before us be glowing with light,
Better way than our fathers e'er trod,
For thy wants we will always most gladly provide,
And thus honor ourselves and our God.

ADDRESS Rev. R. J. Langston, B. D.

ADDRESS Rev. G. M. P. King, D. D.

ADDRESS Pres. George Rice Hovey, D. D.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS, OR
SONG

Air: "America"

Of V. U. U. we sing.
Long may her praises ring
Through all the land;
Sound out her words of praise,
Monuments to her raise,
Make her light brightly blaze
On all around.
And thus we'll sound her praise
Through all the coming days,
The land around;
That loving all mankind,
She sought to ever find
Some good in ev'ry mind.
Blest V. U. U.
May blessings on her rest,
The richest and the best;
Heaven's choice gifts.
May wisdom be her guide,
May truth with her abide,
While years shall gently glide,
With V. U. U.

1913.

BENEDICTION

THE WAYLAND SPIRIT

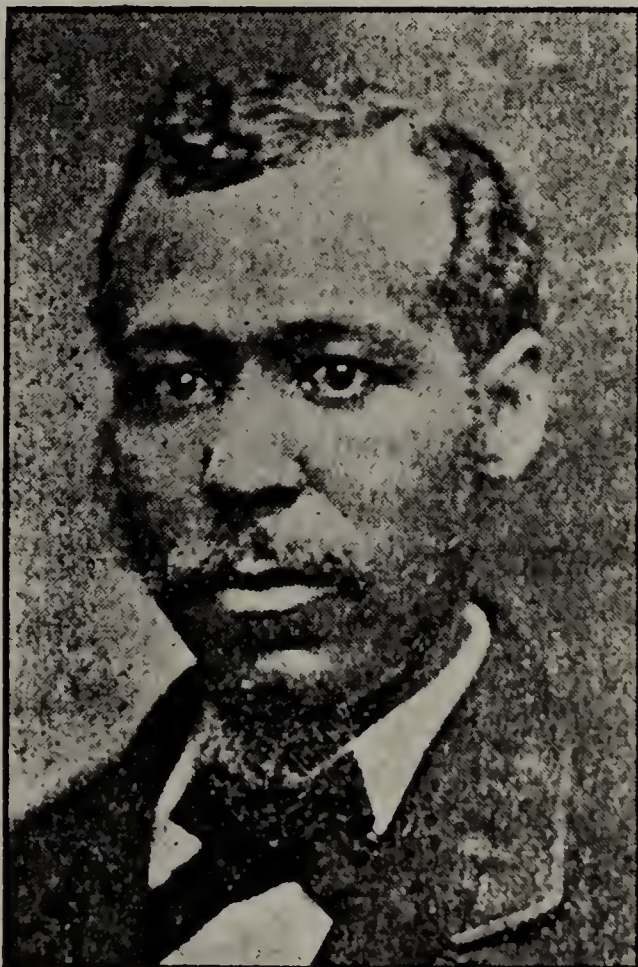
Wayland Seminary, now Virginia Union University, was located on Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., 16th and Clifton Streets N. W. Its situation afforded a commanding view of the city, the Potomac, and surrounding country. The school was established in 1865, under the direction and fostering care of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, N. Y. C.

Its object was to afford an opportunity for securing a thorough education at the smallest possible expense. The purpose was to assist in the great work of providing preachers and teachers for the colored South from their own race, and, at the same time, prepare the way for mission work in Africa.

Old Wayland was a Christian Home. The dispositions and capacities of the students carefully studied (as Dr. G. M. P. King only could do), his aim being to assist in making what seemed to have been planned.

Students who were not ambitious, and who disliked hard work, contenting themselves with superficial attainments, were not made to feel at home in that school.

All applicants were required to furnish certificates of good character. Students must sustain consistent Christian



PROF. JAMES STORUM,
Wayland Seminary, Public Schools, D. C.

character, and make satisfactory progress in study. All were taught to be self-reliant, by withholding help from those who could help themselves. Such rules were enforced as were found necessary to the highest interests of the school. No student was allowed to smoke, chew, or use spirituous liquors. The hours for study were faithfully observed. The place was a Home, and such habits were cultivated, and such con-

duct maintained, as did fill the place with elevating and refining influences. Success calls for gratitude, and gratitude finds its best expression in those efforts that aim to secure a large measure of success. Dr. King said: "That character is noblest that follows God's plan for its development with the greatest fidelity. This school recognizes its obligations to a Divine care, and here is its confidence, as it goes forward to the toils and victories of the future!"

"Be all you seem to be, aim to be more than you seem to be," was and is our Motto.

"Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," was made flesh and dwelt among us at Wayland. Whether between teacher or pupil, or pupil and pupil, it was the same. We loved each other dearly. We became a great brotherhood and sister-hood, with our teachers as parents. It has been 51 years since I entered Dear Old Wayland. Each student that I met there is of precious memory. Just for one to say: "I was a student at Wayland," is sufficient to awaken kindred ties, too near and dear to be described. Recall, if you can, the old time love and respect we used to have for an older brother or sister, and you will have an idea of the "Spirit of Wayland."

Today Mrs. John Henderson reigns supreme on Meridian Hill, where dear Old Wayland once stood.

This is the widow of the late Senator Henderson from Missouri, who was author of 13th and 14th Amendment to the Constitution, is so immensely rich, can afford to give Government home for our Vice President. Government did not accept. Mansion so grand as to require more than \$15,000 per year for upkeep.

Wayland, though removed, is not dead. V. U. U. is making wonderful strides toward the highest and best education. Long live the Spirit of Wayland Seminary!

We couldn't speak of the "Spirit" of Wayland, without mentioning those who helped Prof. King to create that "Spirit."

During 1875-1879, Prof. James Storum of Buffalo, N. Y., was second teacher in authority. He was not so large nor tall as Prof. King, but was well proportioned, light brown curly hair, beautiful teeth, and of a golden color. He was Professor of Greek and Latin. He was librarian. Many young men were inspired by his quiet, gentlemanly bearing, a Christian gentleman hardly describes him, to me he seemed a little more, a finished scholar! Many who read this may have known him as teacher in the M Street High School, where he taught many years after Wayland was transferred to Richmond, October, 1899.

So faithfully did these three, Dr. King, Prof. Storum, and Miss Bartlett work, that they were able to care for the entire school (94), that year, with the assistance of some of the advanced students.



MISS SAREPTA STORUM,
The Joy of Orphans' Home

CATALOGUE of WAYLAND SEMINARY, 1877-1878 FACULTY

Rev. G. M. P. King, A. M., President; James Storum, A. M., Professor, Academic Department; Miss Julia M. Bartlett, Associate Teacher; James Storum, A. M., Librarian.

Assistants.—A. Francis Greene, Teacher of Penmanship; Thomas H. Williams, Teacher of Vocal Music; Nellie A. Plummer, Assistant, Normal Department.

STUDENTS

Theological Department

Banks, C. J. C.	Washington, D. C.
Berkley, Rob't.	Culpepper C. H., Va.
Brookins, Chas. R.	University of Virginia
Brown, Royal H.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Brown, Tilgman	Queen Anne's Co., Md.
Burril, Wm. R.	New Bedford, Mass.
Carey, R. Henry	Cambridge, Mass.
Clements, Thos. J.	Lynchburg, Va.
Deans, David C.	Newsom's Depot, Va.
Dennis, James A.	Pamplin City, Va.
Gordon, Alexander	Louisa Co., Va.
Hamilton, Alex.	Prince George Co., Va.
Harris, John	Salisbury, Md.
Hepburn, Chas. H.	Mecklenburg Co., Va.
Holmes, Wm. O.	Detroit, Mich.
Jones, Thomas H.	Bunker's Hill, Va.
Johnson, Wm. B.	Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Liverpool, King D.	Alexandria, Va.
Payne, Wm.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pierce, Stewart C.	Oak Grove, Va.
Porter, Rufus H.	Wythe Co., Va.
Powell, Holland	Middlesex Co., Va.
Pryor, Chas. N.	Georgetown, D. C.
Pryor, John H.	Falls Church, Va.
Robinson, James	Washington, D. C.
Robinson, Mathew	Wanesboro, Va.
Terry, John W.	Chicago, Ill.
Tolliver, John T.	Washington, D. C.
Turner, Wm. H.	Richmond, Va.
Washington, Samuel	Washington, D. C.
Webb, John H.	Alexandria, Va.
Young, Archey G.	Surrey Co., Va.

Academic Department

Berger, Tapley S. D.	Christiansburg, Va.
Deans, David C.	Newsom's Depot, Va.
Greene, A. Francis	Washington, D. C.
Pryor, Chas. N.	Georgetown, D. C.
Robinson, Rob't. E.	Middlesex Co., Va.
Washington, Booker T.	Malden, W. Va.
James, Bella S.	Washington, D. C.
Shewalter, Victoria V.	Washington, D. C.

Normal Department

Baker, Peter A.	Columbus, Miss.
Bailey, Preston B.	Cincinnati, Ohio
Banks, C. J. C.	Washington, D. C.
Berkley, Robt.	Culpepper C. H., Va.
Brown, Edmund B.	Boston, Mass.
Brown, Royal H.	Philadelphia, Pa.



MISS BESSIE E. GARDNER

Missionary to Lukungu Mission, Congo Independent State,
West Africa, 1892,—a Waylandite.

Brown, Tilghman	Queen Anne's Co., Md.
Brown, Alfred	Washington, D. C.
Brown, Frank P.	Washington, D. C.
Brookins, Chas. R.	University of Va.
Brooks, Daniel L.	New York
Burke, Millard F.	Gatesville, N. C.
Burke, Wm. P.	Gatesville, N. C.
Burril, Wm. R.	New Bedford, Mass.
Carey, R. Henry	Cambridge, Mass.
Clement, Thos. J.	Lynchburg, Va.
Clinton, Arthur W.	Front Royal, Va.
Coleman, Wm. H.	Hampden Sid. Coll., Va.
Curry, Geo. E.	Lewisburg, W. Va.
Daniel, Allen P.	Raleigh Co., W. Va.
Deans, Allen	Portsmouth, Va.
Dennis, James A.	Pamplin City, Va.
Duncan, Joseph E.	Elmira, N. Y.
Fletcher, Hamilton W.	Georgetown, D. C.
Freeman, Thos. J.	Lynchburg, Va.
Gordon, Alexander	Louisa Co., Va.
Hamilton, Alexander	Prince George's Co., Va.
Hardmond, George W.	Richmond, Va.
Harris, John	Salisbury, Md.
Hepburn, Chas. H.	Mecklenburg Co., Va.
Hilton, Hampton F.	Hampden Sid. Coll., Va.
Holmes, Wm. O.	Detroit, Mich.
Isbel, Pleasant A.	Lynchburg, Va.
Jones, Thos. H.	Bunker's Hill, Va.
Jones, James G.	Piscataway, Md.
Jones, Thomas D.	Holly Springs, Mass.
Johnson, Wm. B.	Toronto, Ontario, Canada
Johnson, William	Louisa C. H., Va.
Lane, John W.	Washington, D. C.
Liverpool, King D.	Alexandria, Va.
McNorton, H. Fleming	Christiansburg, Va.
Minnis, Henry	Washington, D. C.
Morrison, Ambrose G.	Prince George Co., Va.
Munee, Wm. H.	Bristol, Pa.
Murphy, Alfred C.	Rochester, N. Y.
Payne, Wm.	Philadelphia, Pa.
Pierce, Stewart C.	Oak Grove, Va.
Porter, Rufus H.	Wythe Co., Va.

Powell, Holland	Middlesex Co., Va.
Pryor, Chas. N.	Georgetown, D. C.
Pryor, John H.	Falls Church, Va.
Randolph, Edwin A.	Richmond, Va.
Randolph, Warner	Richmond, Va.
Reed, John	Baltimore, Md.
Reese, William	Petersburg, Va.
Robinson, James	Washington, D. C.
Robinson, Mathew	Wanesboro, Va.
Scott, Walter A.	Christiansburg, Va.
Smith, Wilford H.	Leota, Miss.
Sprague, Alfred J.	Rochester, N. Y.
Tabb, Benjamin	Hampton, Va.
Terry, John W.	Chicago, Ill.
Tilghman, Lafayette A.	Evansville, Ind.
Tolliver, Cyrus	New York
Tolliver, John T.	Washington, D. C.
Turner, Wm. H.	Richmond, Va.
Usher, James L.	Albany, N. Y.
Vanderhoop, Edwin D.	Gay Head, Mass.
Washington, Booker T.	Maldin, W. Va.
Washington, Samuel	Washington, D. C.
Webb, John H.	Alexandria, Va.
White, Isaac H.	Chatham, Va.
Williams, Thomas H.	Washington, D. C.
Williams, Joseph	Richmond, Ky.
Young, Archey G.	Surrey Co., Va.
Chappell, Bettie	Baltimore, Md.
Daniels, Katie	Washington, D. C.
Drumgold, Katie C.	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Gassaway, Maddelia D.	Washington, D. C.
James, Bella S.	Washington, D. C.
Jay, Annie	Morristown, N. J.
Logain, Cora J.	Syracuse, N. J.
Moten, Fannie A.	Alexandria, Va.
Moten, Lucy J.	Alexandria, Va.
Plummer, Nellie A.	Bladensburg, Md.
Shewalter, Victoria V.	Washington, D. C.
Smith, Eva E.	Mount Vernon, Va.
Sneider, Cora B.	Charleston, W. Va.
Washington, Maggie A.	Pilot, Va.
Syphax, Maria B.	Washington, D. C.

CLASS OF '78

Theological Department

Robert Berkley, Rufus H. Porter, Chas. H. Hepburn,
Holland Powell.

Normal Department

Allen P. Daniel, Geo. W. Hardmond, Edwin A. Randolph,
Edwin D. Vanderhoop, Annie Jay, Thos. J. Freeman, Rufus
H. Porter, Walter A. Scott, Chas. N. Pryor, Nellie Plummer,
Victoria V. Shewalter, Chas. H. Hepburn, Holland Powell,
Thos. H. Williams, Bella S. James, Eva E. Smith.

Whole number of students 94

Location

This Seminary is located on Meridian Hill, Washington,
D. C. Its situation affords a commanding view of the city
and the surrounding country.

History

This School has been established nearly thirteen years;
it is under the direction and fostering care of the American
Baptist Home Mission Society.

Design

The object is to afford an opportunity for securing a
thorough education at the smallest possible expense. The
purpose is to assist in the great work of providing preachers
and teachers for the South, and at the same time to prepare
the way for the mission work which must, ere long, be un-
dertaken for the millions in Africa who are now surrounded
by intellectual and moral darkness. The School is a Chris-
tian Home. The dispositions and capacities of the students
are carefully studied, and the aim is to assist in making what
seems to have been planned. Students who are not ambi-
tious, and who dislike hard work, contenting themselves with
superficial attainments, are not made to feel at home in this
School.

Motto of the School

"Be all that you seem to be, aim to be more than you
seem to be."

Admission

All applicants must furnish certificates of good moral character. Students coming from other schools must bring a recommendation from such schools. All must be ready readers, and have some acquaintance with arithmetic, spelling, and writing.

Beneficiaries

Those who design to become preachers, recommended by the Baptist Church to which they belong, can receive such assistance as will enable them to enjoy all the advantages of the School. Students thus assisted must sustain consistent Christian characters, and make satisfactory progress in study.

Calendar

The school-year commences the last Wednesday of September, and closes the last Wednesday of May. There is a vacation of the ten days preceding New Years. The annual examination occupies the five days preceding the close of the school-year. Examination for admission, Tuesday before the last Wednesday of September.

Expenses

For the year, in advance	\$50.00
Board per month, in advance	6.25
Students provide for their washing, lights, and books.	

Literary Society

The Wayland Literary Union meets every Friday evening. There are also public literary exercises each Wednesday afternoon, in which all the School, in their turn, participate.

Library

This contains nearly eighteen hundred volumes. The most valuable contribution during the past year came from the library of the late Dr. Babcock, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., through the kindness of his daughters. N. P. Kemp, of Boston, and Wm. E. Mathews, LL.D., of Chicago, have also made contributions. We have a Library Fund, for which we solicit donations. We are confident that our library would be increased more rapidly if the friends of good reading would but remember our necessities.

Endowment

In this essential, there has only been the merest beginning. For this the friends of the School have yet to provide.

Students' Home

There are accommodations for eighty boarders—the rooms are neatly furnished. The students take entire care of the dining room, the halls, and their own rooms. If a student wishes to be excused from his share of this responsibility, he must meet the expense of providing some one to take his place.

Rules

At the opening of each term, students are made acquainted with the regulations which have been deemed necessary to the highest interests of the School. No student connected with the School is allowed to smoke or chew tobacco, or to use spiritous liquors. The hours for study are to be faithfully observed. The place is to be a Home, and such habits are to be cultivated, and such conduct maintained, as shall fill the place with elevating and refining influences.



MISS ELLA P. KING—A Waylandite

COURSE OF STUDY

Normal Department

This course extends through three years, and embraces the following studies: Reading, Spelling, Penmanship, Arithmetic (Mental and written), Algebra, Bookkeeping, Grammar, Analysis, Composition, Rhetoric, Geography, History, Physiology, and Science of Government.

Academic Department

Three years are required for this course, and the following are the studies pursued: Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Natural Philosophy, English Analysis, Rhetoric, Logic, Physical Geography, Chemistry, Latin (Caesar and Cicero's Orations, Virgil, and Latin Prose Composition), Greek (Reader, Prose Composition, Anabasis and Greek Testament-Gospels), Mental Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, and Butler's Analogy.

Theological Department

Students for the ministry devote a part of each day to Bible studies, during their entire course of study. This course includes the reading and study of the Miracles, Book of Acts, Pastoral Epistles and the Epistle to the Hebrews, Biblical Geography, Interpretation of Scripture, Evidences of Christianity, Systematic Theology, Church History, Preparation of Sermons, and Church Polity.

Wayland Seminary

In recalling the history of this School for the eleven years that we have been watching its growth, we find repeated occasions for giving thanks. There has been a real growth. Some may have been tempted to complain that the School has not grown more rapidly. Healthful growth in a work so great and so difficult as that undertaken by this School must, from necessity, be slow. A succession of seasons and much faithful labor is necessary to make the long neglected field permanently productive. This fact the School has endeavored to remember while it has toiled for such a growth of principle and thought as shall bear only the good fruits of intelligent holy living. Our former students are doing noble work as pastors, missionaries, and teachers,

Three have engaged in earnest work for their people living in the Indian Territory. The Churches are asking for an educated ministry: the schools desire teachers thoroughly qualified.

During the past year the School has been placed under renewed obligation to J. W. Parker, D. D., for a most excellent course of lectures upon "Pastoral Duties."

We are still conscious that more work should be undertaken for female education. We greatly need another building, that shall be devoted exclusively to the young women who are asking for an education. We cannot assume responsibility of attempting so little in the work of female education. It is ours to make the demands for the work known, and then to use faithfully such means as are placed at our disposal.

The building has been full throughout the year, and a large number of applicants have been obliged to wait for vacancies. This has been a great trial; for with many of those who apply to us the question is, an education now or never.

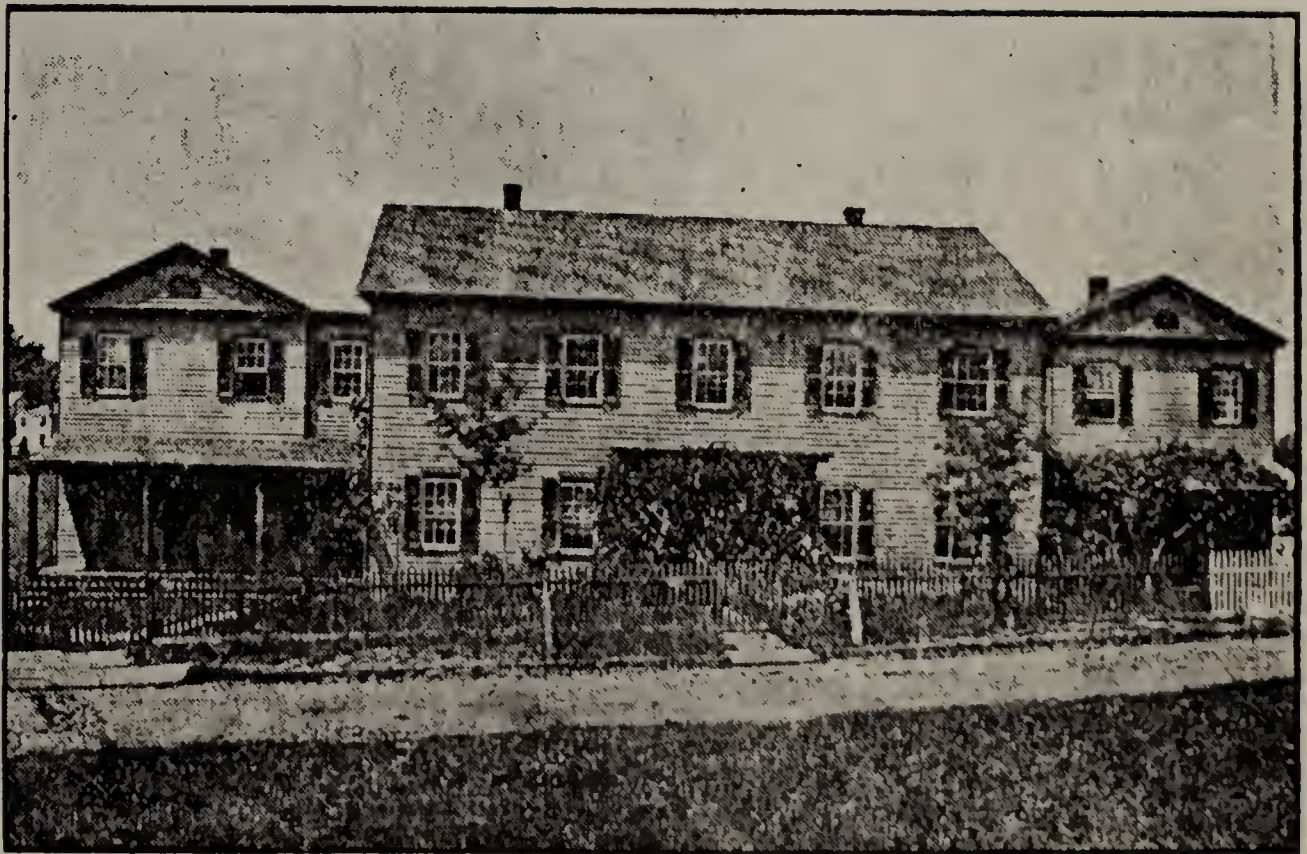
The School always aims to make the best possible use of such material as comes to it to be worked into something, and for something. It is worse than useless to attempt to make precisely the same things out of all kinds of material;—wood is invaluable, but it is folly to think to make from it a steel blade, or on the other hand, to use steel as wood. No school ever had greater cause for satisfaction in the industry and progress of its students, not only while with us, but as well when they have entered upon their work as preachers and teachers.

All that has thus far been accomplished is only the merest beginning;—Africa redeemed is still far off in the distance. But let us thank God for even the beginning. The Divine favor has rested upon the work. This should cheer the friends of the School to patient toil and self-denial in their efforts to undertake still more in the work. The early fruits of the School have been precious and abundant; and it would be ingratitude and the blindest unbelief to doubt the results of the harvest.

With profoundest gratitude for all the helps and encouragements that have come to the School, the future shall see more work undertaken, with the confidence that ever more blessed results will follow.

Miss Julia Maria Bartlett came to Wayland with a ripe experience. She was a native of New Hampshire. I am the proud possessor of many, many letters that she wrote me, many of her compositions dating as far back as 1842, some of her valuable Poetical Works and other books, and last but not least, I have twenty-one (21) or more of her diaries (1865-1887) that are invaluable to me.

Just a few of the topics of her composition: "Sight Conquers Darkness, and Joy Conquers Sorrow,—Sad Ones To-day, Will Be Smiling Tomorrow." "O Tell Me, What Sort of a Thing is Love." (It was love that caused her to obey the Voice of God. For, she was called upon to "daily take up her cross and follow Him," during her long and useful life). "The Poor Rich Man." "The Mines of Science Glitter in Thy Sight. Come Dig for Gems." "Many Though Faultier Much, Themselves Pretend Their Less Offending Neighbors' Faults to Mend." "Defer Not Till Tomorrow to be Wise; Tomorrow's Sun May Never Rise." "The Resurrection of the Flowers."



DEAR OLD ORPHANS' HOME,

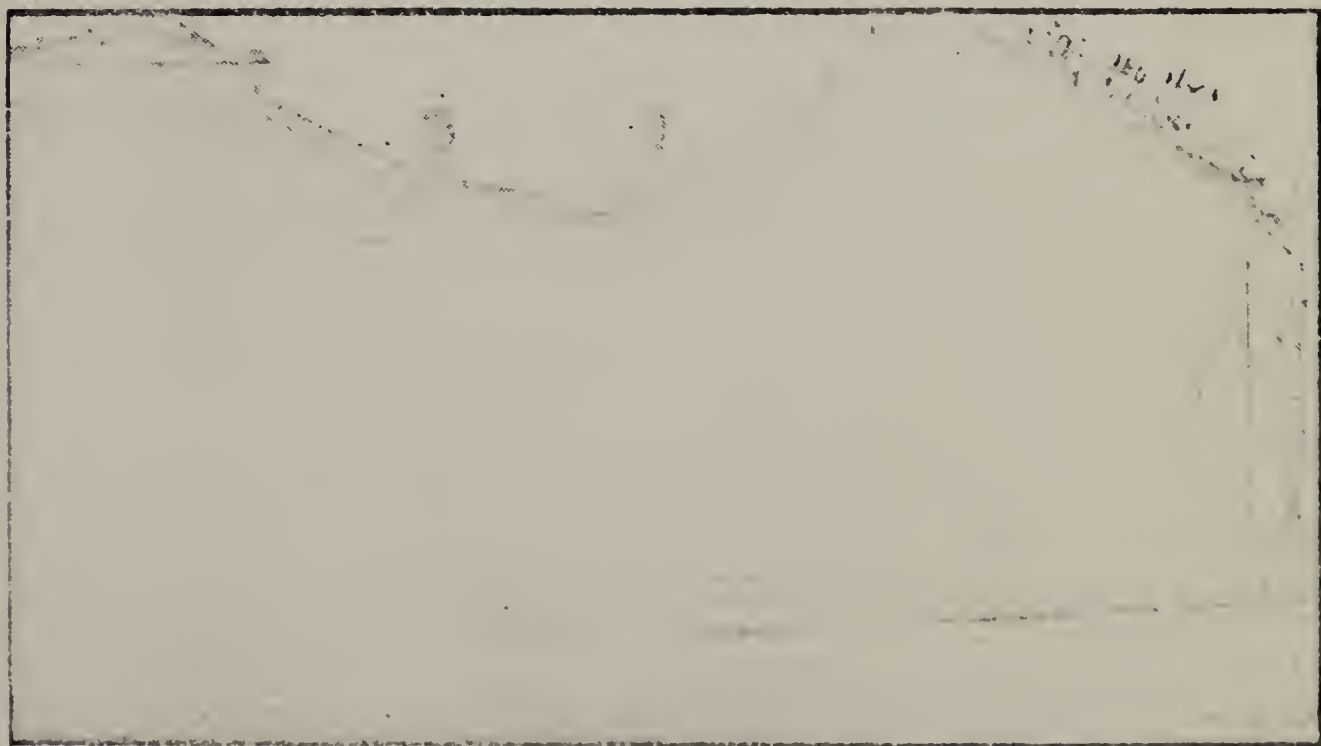
When I entered as a Teacher, January 8, 1883.

Little did Miss Bartlett know when she was being trained as a girl in the Literary and Missionary Association of the New-Hampton Female Seminary of N. H., that her life work would call her to be the greatest of missionaries. I quote from Report 1817-18-19:

“How blest is union, when it flings
Its strong and ample cords afar,
And parted ones together brings;
Blest as one living spirit, where
One centre draws each distant soul
To mingle with the perfect whole.”

“How strange a compound is the human heart,
How slight a cause can bliss or woe impart;
Touch but a single cord, and all is bright,
Touch but another, and all is dark as night.”

J. M. Bartlett.



ORPHANS' HOME, AS REBUILT 1883-1885.

May 10, 1883, Congress appropriated \$40,000 for a Brick Building.

Efforts of that Great Man,—John F. Cook.

Let me quote again:

“‘The Magnolia,’ edited by J. M. Bartlett. Devoted to Literature, Duties of Woman, and Good of Humanity. Wednesday, May 12, 1847. ‘It is not ours to Twine Gay Flowers to Captivate the Eye, But simply Wreathe the Gathered Leaves of Love, Truth, and Modesty.’”

In “The Ladies’ Garland,” March 12, 1845, I note: “In Humble Worth, Lies all the Enduring Glory of this Earth.” “The Gates of Hell Open Night and Day; Smooth the Descent and Easy is the Way; But to Return and View the Cheerful Skies, In this the Task and Mighty Labor Lies.” “Biblical Doctrines” is a veritable review of the entire Bible. “A Living Spring of Hope Doth Lie in Every Human Breast.” 1846—“Is Woman the Equal of Man in Intellectual Capacities?” I have a lengthy description of her short sojourn in Europe in 1891. Priceless clippings that speak of her work while in Norfolk, and Portsmouth, Va., say “Most devoted and efficient teacher of the freedmen,” etc. Surely she was efficient, and devoted! At my passing, I do so want these rare Gems of Miss Bartlett to go to the Frederick Douglass Home, or The Negro Academy, or The Association for the Study of Negro Life and History, because this noble woman gave her life that we might live. Surely her “works do follow her.”

But very few if any of her pupils had the privilege of visiting her in their beautiful home in Milford, N. H., as was mine, in 1890. One hears much about the hospitality of the South, but so far as that visit to dear Miss Bartlett, the North excels them all. On arriving I found Miss Bartlett living with her sister, Mrs. Ann Tarbell, who had three fine sons,—Messrs. Wendell Philips, William and Julian Tarbell. No visitor was ever treated more kindly than I was, by that entire household. It is to Mr. Wendell that I am more than indebted, because it was he who sent me my dear teacher’s Gems. I always knew her to be neat and particular, but when those mementos arrived, January, 1921, I was impressed as never before. Every article so spotless you never could tell that it was ever handled. Her compositions were encased in a pearl covered receiver. But for the fading of the paper, the receiver is as beautiful as the day Miss Bartlett graduated.

From the time of her birth until Jan. 1, 1863, whether at home or at school it meant prepare, prepare, prepare! for a studenous task awaits you!! As soon as the Emancipation Proclamation was issued, it was as if she said, "I have heard my Saviour calling," come to Norfolk and Portsmouth, Va., teach the freedmen! So she obeyed, receiving the barest pittance for her sustenance. Here she labored, watched, waited, and prayed until May 31, 1870, she set sail, 6:50 p. m., from Portsmouth to Boston. Reached her home in Milford, N. H., 5:00 p. m., Saturday, June 14th. The next day being Sunday, she did not go to church, as was her custom. Her note says, "Didn't go out to church today. Too tired, and nothing to wear."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD

VIRGINIA

Portsmouth, Va., January, 1866.

We have taught under very unfavorable circumstances, for want of a suitable schoolroom, and have suffered very much from cold and exposure. Our energies have consequently been so much exhausted that we have been able to do comparatively little outside work. Still we have no wish to complain. The people have done the best they could for us in their poverty. Our best scholars have clung to us tenaciously, feel that they ought to endure heroically whatever their teachers could. In the coldest weather it has been impossible to warm the great open church, with its thin clapboards and yawning cracks. Our scholars feel a great interest in their school, and are improving finely. The parents are much interested and often make great sacrifices in order that their children may enjoy the advantages of education. The father of one of our pupils, a promising lad of sixteen, has fourteen children and grandchildren dependent upon him for support, with only the assistance of his wife, who sells at the market. He felt that he must take his son from school in order that he might aid in gaining a livelihood. But upon our presenting to him the importance of the studies the lad was pursuing, in fitting him for business, and the better to take his position in the future of their people, the man was persuaded. He concluded to allow his boy to remain in school till the close of the year, though very much needing his assistance.

We have in connection with our school a weekly prayer meeting, which occurs immediately after the morning session. All the scholars in my division remain and are very quiet and attentive. All join in the singing, while six or eight cheerfully lead in prayer. It is very encouraging to hear those young disciples' earnest petitions for their teachers and unconverted companions.

We can but feel that these little meetings have a salutary influence over the school, and that the seed thus sown will spring up in no distant future. Julia M. Bartlett.

Julia M. Bartlett, one of the most devoted and efficient of the teachers of the freedmen, writes from Norfolk, Va., to a friend in this city: (October, 1864.)

"I am still engaged in the humble but benevolent work of teaching the freedmen. I have a fine school of about fifty scholars. Miss Draper, my associate, has about sixty in her school of the less advanced. There are four other teachers laboring here, sent out by another Society. Four years I have been engaged in this work, long enough to prove conclusively that colored children are just as susceptible of improvement as white children. Their progress would be much more rapid, could we have the comfortable school rooms of the North, and did not our children have to contend with poverty, which often keeps them out of school for want of shoes and suitable clothing. We are obliged to resort to almost every expedient to have them secure books. We often give the mothers washing in order that they may earn the books for their children, and we always find them willing to work. This is an encouraging feature.

"This people are rapidly developing their energies and proving that all they want is a fair opportunity to lead them to become independent. We teachers are sent out by a Society which merely affords us a bare maintenance, and are obliged to appeal to the charities of our friends for any extras. I am very much in want of a set of outline maps for teaching Geography. Knowing your interest in our work and your generosity, it has occurred to me that perhaps you and some of your friends would like to contribute some for the benefit of our school."

A note addressed to box 193, Norfolk, Va., and anything forwarded by express to her address, would reach Miss Bartlett and be very gratefully received in aid of her important, benevolent, and noble work.

Her next call was to Wayland Seminary. Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., September, 1871. It was there that I met her, September, 1875. You would have to read her diaries, and see the photographs of her pupils in Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Wayland to get an idea how she endeared herself to her pupils, keeping up such a large, large correspondence. Now, at this age, I am asking myself "How did she do it?"

After eight years' work at Wayland, Miss Bartlett was succeeded by Miss Webb. Our beloved teacher reached Milford, June 15, 1878.



THE ADAM F. PLUMMER FAMILY GROUP.

Standing (left to right)—Robert, Nellie, Maggie, Saunders.

Sitting (left to right)—Sarah Miranda, Father, Henry Vinton, N. P. Brown.

On Feb. 10, 1880, Miss Bartlett again reached Washington. This time to become principal of Orphans' Home School. As soon as I heard she was there, I called at once. Two years later Miss Bartlett had an assistant who wished to give all of her spare time to music, and so did not wish to be a resident teacher. During Christmas of 1882, I called. Miss Bartlett related the circumstances. I replied, "I would like to stay here." By Monday, Jan. 8, 1883, I had been transferred to Orphans' Home Public School, as assistant teacher to Miss J. M. Bartlett. To show how well I liked the place I remained there until Feb. 21, 1919,—36 years, 1 month, and 3 weeks. In 1887 (June), Miss Bartlett resigned for a much needed rest, and to better conserve her health. In September, I was promoted to principal, which place I held for 32 years.

Can you now see what a debt of love and gratitude I owe Dear Miss Bartlett? O Miss Bartlett, if I could only tell all I know of your love and sacrifices, I would not have to wonder if this book will be worth-while! You taught me to love the birds and flowers. You taught us that it is not far from nature to nature's God!

Prepared and read by Miss Julia M. Bartlett for the Woman's Club, Milford, N. H., after her short sojourn in Europe in 1891:

St. Petersburg the capital of Russia, lies at the head of the Gulf of Finland, on both sides of the Neva. The branches of the river on the north connected by canals form islands, and constitute the Petersburg side. A bend of the river on the south forms a peninsula, on which the most compact part of the city is located. It contains the finest buildings and streets, and the residences of the court, the nobility and more than one-half of the population, and is known as the Great Side or Great Petersburg. This part is drained by three sets of canals which are connected with each other and with the Neva, by cross canals, the principal ones being protected by walls of hewn granite. 150 bridges unite the canals on both sides, and span the Neva. Some of these bridges are very handsome, but are all temporary—being supported by boats and removed every year, when the frost comes—excepting one, the Nickolayevski, which crosses the river. This is a magnificent bridge with its many arches of granite, 1200 feet in length, and having a drawbridge on the north end. Three sets of piles were driven into the oozy bed of the river, so

close as to touch each other all the way across, to form the foundation.

A little building near the centre of the bridge is a shrine for prayer. These shrines are everywhere; their name is "Legion." Before them, morning, noon and night, you will see the passer-by pausing long enough to cross himself; while some prostrate themselves and kiss the dirty pavement.

Others purchase a candle from a little stall nearby, and leave it burning before the picture of the saint in one of these mosaic arches.

St. Petersburg impresses you as a magnificent city, from the immense size of its government buildings, ware-houses and palaces, and the breadth of its streets. The three most important streets radiate from the Admiralty, and are 130 feet in width. These are crossed by smaller streets, none less than 45 feet in breadth, while there are no crooked lanes and alleys. The prevailing color of most of the palaces and public buildings is a yellowish gray. There are very few marble or stone buildings. Most of the Corinthian columns, elaborate cornices and sculptured figures are only stucco. One is disappointed to know this, especially in a country where her quarries are so exhaustless, and her lapidaries so skillful. A large portion of the buildings are of wood, and some of brick, stuccoed and painted.

There are 64 squares in the city. The Palace of the Admiralty, a massive pile stands in the central and prominent square. It has a front a half mile in length, and two wings, 650 feet in breadth and can be seen from every direction, while from its lofty galleries you can obtain a view of the plan of the city. Alexander square contains the statue of Alexander I, the gratest monolith of modern times.. It is of red Finland granite, entire height 150 feet. The shaft, exclusive of pedestal and capital 84 feet high and 42 feet in circumference.

Peter's Square contains the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, 18 feet in height. The Field of Mars is a square large enough for 40,000 men to perform their military evolutions. Adjoining this is the largest park called The Summer Gardens.

St. Isaac's Cathedral, situated in a large open space, not far from the Admiralty is world-renowned for its grand architecture and magnificent proportions. It is in the form of a

Greek cross, with a grand entrance on each side and each entrance is surrounded by a magnificent peristyle composed of monolithic columns of red Finlad granite, each column 60 feet high and 7 feet in diameter, polished like a mirror. There are three broad flights of red granite steps to each entrance, the entire flight being composed of one piece of granite. A large dome surmounts the building, 120 feet above the peristyles, supported by 30 pillars of granite. It is made of copper, and covered with \$250,000 worth of gold which glistens most brilliantly. From its centre, rises the rotunda, above which is a golden cross. A small dome, surmounting the end of each arm of the cross, completes the symmetry. Massive doors of sculptured bronze, connect to the interior. It is not surprising that this Cathedral should have cost over \$14,000,000, since it required a forest of piles driven into the spongy soil for its foundation, which is said to have cost \$1,000,000. And is now settling.

Inside before the altar screen, are columns of malachite 30 feet high, also of lapis-lazuli; while immense pillars of white marble encrusted with malachite, porphyry, and lapis-lazuli, support the dome in the interior. The walls and floor are inlaid with mosaics of alabaster with antiques and pyphry, and the steps are of polished jasper. There are mosaic pictures of saints, and shrines of gold, encrusted with jewels, so magnificent as to be almost incredible.

The Church of St. Paul and St. Peter is on Citadel Island, within the fortress, now used as a prison, and which contains the mint. This fortress was commenced by Peter the Great, and finished by the Empress Anne. Hundreds of flags, Persian, Turkish, Swedish, French and Russian and keys of conquered cities hang around the walls. The tall, gilded spire of this Church surmounted by an angel and a cross, rises 345 feet from the ground, and towers far above the city, and is said to be the highest in Russia. All the tsars since the time of Peter the Great, excepting Peter the II, are buried here. The tombs of the tzars are of plain white marble. A sacred image, set with diamonds is placed above each. A fresh wreath of roses was kept on Alexander's tomb though he died 10 years before. We were told his funeral procession was most splendid. The funeral car of ebony and silver, 8 black horses and coffin hidden by a golden pall, lined with white satin. Sixteen generals held the silken cords of the canopy over it.

The Winter Palace is one of the largest buildings in the world, and certainly one of the richest. It is situated along the bank of the Neva. It is said that when occupied by the emperor, there were 6,000 people residing in it, and there were often 20,000 at the New Year's Reception. It presents a beautiful exterior, and yet we found it was built of brick, covered with stucco and painted brown. We were three hours in passing through its splendid hall, and over its miles of polished floors. Its crystal chandeliers, malachite tables, inlaid doors, golden dishes, crown jewels on the fourth floor, an imperial crown, in the form of a dome, its magnificent royal chapel. One relic shown there, was the hand and a part of the arm, of the Virgin Mary. Its beautiful throne room the finest in Europe. The ball room, St. George's Hall, 45 by 180 feet. The white room adorned with gold and emblazonments, were all wonderfully attractive.



RESIDENCE OF THE LATE ADAM F. PLUMMER.

We were shown the magnificent private treasures of the emperor, such as indescribably rich embroideries, medals, pins, books and albums, all decorated with the costliest gems. We also saw the bedroom of the murdered czar and the bed where he died. Also the rooms of the empress and Nicholas.

We were impressed by the Ambassador's entrance, with its steps of white marble, of tremendous width. The jewel room was not shown.

The Hermitage, founded by Catherine II. as a retreat from the cares of state is now converted into the Imperial Museum. It contains 40 rooms of paintings, where the greatest artists from all countries are represented. One room consists of Russian paintings, which are distinctly national. It is said to contain the best collection of Spanish pictures outside of Spain. There are 30 of Murillo's in one room. No museum has such beautiful and costly ornaments. Among its jewels is the largest diamond in the world, presented to Catherine II by Count Orloff, and costing over half a million. There you may see immense vases of porphyry, stands of Libenian marble, candleabra of violet jasper, urns of lapis-lazuli, of incalculable value. Also statues, ivory carvings and tapestries.

The entrance is specially stately, with its flights of marble steps, its red granite and gray granite monoliths, supporting the vestibule.

But the most beautiful things satiate, and long continued gazing at them produces finally, intolerable weariness. But we must not forget Peter's gallery. The effigy of this famous emperor is seated in a modest arm-chair, surrounded by many relics, such as telescopes, nautical instruments, implements used in wood carving, etc. Quite a number of ponderous canes stood near him, with which you could imagine him, in one of his irascible moods, chastising some offending servant or official, as was his wont.

Scores of cases display some of the possessions of Catherine the Great and Elizabeth, such as precious stones and gems, necklaces, bracelets, brooches, curious watches, and a mechanical clock, representing a golden peacock, with diamonds and other gems, bouquets of flowers, made from precious stones and walking sticks, studded with jewels.

The Neoski Prospekt is considered the finest street in Europe. It is 130 feet wide and 4 miles long. It contains some palaces, among others, the Annitchkoff, the favorite residence of some of the emperors, many churches, large warehouses, also the great bazaar with its 1,000 merchants. We rode out on a steam train, nearly to the end, to visit the monastery of St. Alexander Neoskoi. Its grounds are extensive, and it contains among other buildings, Trinity Church, founded by Catharine, and a cemetery, in which many of the prominent families are buried. That which interested us most was the sarcophagus of St. Alexander, alongside the altar in the chapel, composed of pure solid silver, weighing 3500 pounds. It rests on a base of malachite, and malachite arms extending up and supporting a silver canopy above.

The Metropolitan Cathedral of Our Lady of Kazan occupies a prominent place on the Neoski. It is a poor imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, semi-circular in form, with lofty colonnades extending each side of the entrance, as if embracing it. Like some other churches, it is surmounted by a blue dome, spangled with golden stars. Its interior is magnificent, and profusely ornamented. Its images, before which lamps are always kept burning, are covered with diamonds, emeralds and sapphires. Arms, standards and eagles, taken from the French are suspended from the walls; flags of different nations drape the monuments, and keys of captured fortresses are hung around the pillars.

Seats are not allowed in Russian churches, so all must stand or kneel. It being mid-summer we missed the view of most of the costly equipages, elegant toilettes and cultivated people. A friend remarks "that in her opinion for the concentration and embodiment of all that is dirty and repulsive, the common Russian carries off the palm. These people, in dirty blue gowns, a cap which resembles a woolen cuspidor and feet in dirty rags, tied on with strings, are often mounted on little wagons called draschkies, angling with their whips for passengers. The really cultivated Russians whom we so much admire are very few compared with the great mass.

Russian horses are beautiful, small, nimble and sleek, and go like the wind. We enjoyed a delightful drive among the islands. We visited the little house where Peter the Great first lived. It is now enclosed in a small chapel for preserva-

tion and exhibition. It consisted of three apartments, a bedroom, dining-room and kitchen, and contains many memorials of Peter, among them the boat which he constructed, called the grandfather of the Russisan fleet. His bed-room is now converted into a gorgeous chapel, with alabaster floors and ceilings, and walls covered with painting and gems. Peter is now worshipped as a saint and prayers ascend to him from every part of the empire. We visited also, on another occasion, the larger but very modest palace occupied by him later, a simple brown house of two stories, containing quite a number of pieces of furniture of his own carving.

We were delighted with the heavily-wooded parks among the islands, with bewitching villas, peering through the shrubbery, with delicate shades of red, pink and green, painted on roofs and trimmings. Now and then a modern palace appeared, sometimes forbidding, and often inviting in appearance. It was Sunday afternoon and we saw multitudes of people in their holiday attire, and our driver gave us a fine view of the dwellings of the common and lower classes. Some few log houses we observed, and the style of architecture generally was rather primitive. The water effects were fine, with their numerous little row boats, and the curves of the drives, canals and banks were most graceful.

The days and nights were soft and pleasant and we had all needed comforts in our stately room, at the Hotel d'Angle-teuse. Of course the first thing after landing was to exhibit our passes. These were vised and vized by separate officials and finally copied off on the bulletin in the hall of our hotel. No doubt we were under the special surveillance of some policeman.

There are quite a number of literary and scientific institutions of the highest order in this imperial city. Among others a University, a Royal Geographic Society of much note. While the education of women is provided for in a woman's university, the gymnasium and normal school. The Imperial Library contains one of the richest collections in the world. Its Academy of Arts and Academy of Sciences are noted. Its benevolent institutions are many, among others its celebrated Foundling Hospital, 31 ½ of all children born in St. Petersburg are sent to this hospital thence to the larger part to the villages.

St. Petersburg, founded by Peter the Great, in 1703, was made his capital in 1712. None but a man of undaunted courage, the strongest will, and it would seem somewhat reckless of human life, could have overcome the almost insuperable obstacles of the swamp soil, malarial climate of this low land only a little above the level of the sea, and two feet



RESIDENCE OF NICHOLAS SAUNDERS PLUMMER.
"Mount Rose," Hyattsville, Md.

above the Neva, which in several cases has overflowed its banks, causing great destruction of life and property. Almost within the Arctic Circle, and surrounded by hostile nations, Russians, Tartars, Cossacks and Finns were forced into the service, and there was a sacrifice of 100,000 lives during the first six months. But their places were easily supplied from the neighboring hordes.

There were only a few good houses at the time of Peter's death, but the work of building and embellishing has been carried on by his successors, notably by Catharine II. Alexander I and Nicholas I, so that in less than 200 years from its foundation, it ranks among the first capitals of Europe, and we may say of the world, and is equalled by none in its magnificence. All religions are tolerated. By the census taken very recently, its population, which is very mixed, is 1,267,023 and the gain has been one-sixth in the past five years. It is said that "the most significant revelation of the census, is the immense vitality of the Russians, and what this portends to Europe and civilization is worthy of study."

After listening to this long and prosy article you may feel ready for a cup of Russian tea, and this is the recipe: "Two tablespoonfuls of tea—brought by land across Siberia—in a glass, with three times as much hot water added, a slice of lemon launched on its surface, and it is ready to be imbibed."

While I am heeding the command, "Take the shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground, I must mention at least two others who died to this world, as it were, because they "stooped so low" as to teach Negroes and their children.

Miss Sally Cadwalader, of Philadelphia, Pa., was sent to us here at Bladensburg, Md. My brother and I went to her school in fall of 1866. She was just the opposite of Miss Bartlett in size—being tall and large. If she was not Miss Bartlett's equal intellectually, she had the same loving heart. "For love shall cover the multitude of sins." 1 Peter 4:8.

While on a visit to Rev. and Mrs. Geo. W. Moore, 1897, Nashville, Tenn., it was my great privilege to meet and converse with that great, great woman, Miss Johanna P. Moore. This sketch of her own will explain as no one else can:

JOHANNA P. MOORE—1832-1916

An Autobiography.

My life has been closely interwoven, especially with the home life of the colored people because helping home meant helping all departments of life. No slave could have a real home.

My call to this work came January, 1863, when a few lovers of freedom met to rejoice with the Freedmen, but above the shout of victory I saw the helplessness of the freed slave. Little black hands of children with those of their mothers were stretched out beseechingly for help. I did not want to see them—I had other plans for my life—but the vision would not down till I said, "Lord, here am I; send me." I was to graduate in June. As soon after that as possible I left, against all the protests of my aged mother and all my relatives.

My first work was with about eleven hundred women and children on Island Number Ten on the Mississippi River, near Memphis, Tenn. This was one of the camps where the Union Army did their best to help the freed slaves who did not know where to go nor what to do. It was a greatly needed work for which we must never forget to be thankful. No pen of mine can picture their desolation. You must imagine. Some barrels of clothing were carefully given out. The army gave rations. What did I do? I tried to be a Mother; it has been my work ever since. Those suffering black children soon crept into my heart and their mothers followed. Memory holds them in loving remembrance today.

The soldiers built a rough shed in which we had a Sunday School and also wedged in a little day school. March, 1864, the colony was moved to Helena, Ark., and part were placed on plantations. Many died for want of care. The friends from the North came about this time and established an orphans' home which was a very great blessing. I was a helper in this work. I also taught the colored soldiers. They made such rapid progress from that day to this I have never lost my enthusiasm for the black race as regards their mental ability. During these fifty years of freedom I have been with the Negroes in loving fellowship in their churches, schools, social gatherings, weddings, funerals—everywhere I have felt sure that he was simply a part of our common humanity and

should be treated as such. Indeed I soon learned that the Negro was simply a human being with all the virtues and faults of humanity. It is true their former life and present environment made them a little different from the white race. From that day to this I have never seen the need of special schools, churches, railroads and laws for the Negro. It is an insult to humanity to treat him thus. All that God requires of us is to give the black man, woman and child an equal chance with the white race and he will eventually prove himself their equal. This he has done already to a great extent, while we have made him carry the weight of color and the thought of inferiority has been constantly and unjustly urged upon him. It has taken much of his time and thought to make himself believe they were not true and thereby get courage to try and try again, else he would have been utterly discouraged.

God grant the time may soon come when the white man can have the privilege of taking the Negro by the hand and saying: "Come on, my brother, give no thought to your color; you have in you all the possibilities that I have." Then, and not till then, will the Negro have an equal chance to be and do his best, and not till then will the white man have a fair chance to help his brother rise. We, too, are greatly hindered by this race prejudice which I need not explain here.

I cannot close without asking the privilege of giving a bit of motherly advice. Trust and be thankful, oh so thankful: The outlook is a thousand times better than it was fifty years ago. Great things have been accomplished for which we do thank God and take courage.

I am speaking to a class of strong men and women who have gained their strength by enduring hard things and overcoming discouragements. You have gained this strength to help your weak brother. If you dwell too much on injustice the weak will give up in despair. "Never ask for an easy job, but ask strength to do a hard one." Suffering does develop strength much more than indulgence. Standing on the heights of eighty years and looking back I can truthfully say that what I thought hindered did make me a stronger and better woman. My trials, of which I have had many, I now esteem my greatest blessings. We are placed in this world to seek and to save the lost—to use our strength to help the weak.

Do not be afraid of criticism. Learn from our enemies. They know our weak points better than our friends. The critics have helped me walk straight. Your trials, if borne in the spirit of love and perseverance, will develop a strong, brave and heroic race. It was so in the past; it is so today. There is far more to encourage than to discourage, but the good is not emphasized. A thousand families in this city live in love and harmony. Their names are not in the papers, but in one the husband has killed his wife; this takes wings and is talked of around every fireside.

I have something sweet, good and glorious to tell you about our own dear colored women. It is in my little corner of the vineyard. We call the work Fireside Schools because it is done in homes. In Nashville, our headquarters, we have enrolled about eight hundred colored women and a few men scattered all over the Union, many in rural districts and out of the way places. They, in their quiet, orderly homes, have daily prayer and Bible study and a selected course of reading for each year. By love and works they form their neighbors into little bands that meet weekly to review lessons, the strong to help the weak. Thousands have here learned how to read and in the minds of children is created a thirst for knowledge that may lead to the college. In these blessed homes we grow strong men and women. To create this has been no easy task. The organ of the work is *Hope* with a circulation of 16,000. These eight hundred homes represent at least ten times eight hundred. The fact we want emphasized is that these women are doing all this without pay and that they are good wives and mothers while they thus help their neighbors. This has been quietly at work for twenty-eight years in this form, but in some form all the fifty years of my service.

Now, farewell. "Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you."--2 Cor. 13:11.

CHAPTER X

ORPHANS' HOME

No word of mine could excel Dr. Montgomery's "Fifty Years of Good Works." So I take the liberty to present the same in its entirety.

And yet, in a finer sense, having spent so much time there, day and night, there must be in my thoughts that which he could not possibly know. Just as no mother could possibly tell all she did for her children, from their "cradle" to her "grave."

The Spirit here was no different from that at Wayland. Here the responsibility was on us. Here the Spirit of co-operation was necessary. Here, we teachers were called upon to so live daily and hourly, that each little child could see the Christ in us. It was our daily task to preach by example. "The Kingdom of God is in you." "You are captain of your own fate, you are master of your own soul." "Be ever conscious of the presence of God and all will go well with you."

Of all the presidents of the Home Board, Mrs. S. C. Pomeroy, Mrs. Helen A. Cook, Mrs. M. V. Datcher, and Mrs. M. S. Meriwether were most faithful, unselfish, and lovable. Other members of the Board who endeared themselves through service were Miss Swann, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Baxter, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Shadd, Mrs. Dole, Mrs. Lynch, Mrs. Edgar, Mrs. Scudder, Mrs. Douglass, Mrs. Messer, Mrs. Abbe, Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Grimke, Mrs. Brooks, Miss Cook, Mrs. Lyons, Mrs. Moorland, Mrs. Kelly, Dr. Lamb, Miss Brooks, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Harris, Mrs. Waldron, and others.

Our Trustees were Mr. John F. Cook, Hon. S. C. Pomeroy, Rev. F. J. Grimke, Dr. C. B. Purvis, Hon. Frederick Douglass, Mr. James Wormley.

Eminent Physicians who served us faithfully with little or no compensation, were Dr. Samuel L. Cook, Dr. J. R. Wilder, Dr. Samuel Elbert, Dr. E. D. Whedbee, and others.

On our Advisory Board were such busy men as Dr. H. L. Bailey, Mr. Henry Johnson, Mrs. S. M. Hershaw, Mr. Aaron Russell, Sr., Mrs. J. H. Meriwether, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Harris, Mr. Bassett.

Our superintendents have been among the noblest: Miss Eliza Heacock (her sister, Jane Heacock, being matron), Mrs. Coralie Franklin-Cook, Dr. Rebecca Cole, Mrs. Eva Hood-Smith, and Miss M. E. Nalle.

When I saw how Miss Heacock performed her duties in such an exceptional manner, I said: "If she is willing to go 'one mile,' I ought to go two," which I did in every way that I could, "good measure, pressed down, and running over."

These sisters were Quakers, from Jenkintown, Pa. (Just out of Philadelphia. You know the Friends or Quakers were the first to attack slavery, believing no man to be good enough to own another. Thomas Paine, the Quaker known to every one, said: "Most shocking of all is alleging the Sacred Scriptures to favor this wicked practice. One would have thought none but infidel cavillers would endeavor to make them appear contrary to the plain dictates of natural light, and conscience, in a matter of common justice and humanity, which they cannot be. Such arguments ill become us, since the time of reformation came, under gospel light. All distinctions of nations, and privileges of one above others, are ceased! Christians are taught to account all men their neighbors; and love their neighbors as themselves; and to do to all men as they would be done by; to do good to all men; and man-stealing is ranked with enormous crimes! So monstrous is the making and keeping them slaves at all, abstracted from the barbarous usage they suffer, and the many evils attending the practice, as selling husbands away from wives, children from parents, and from each other, in violation of sacred and natural ties, and opening the way for adultries, and many shocking consequences, for all of which the guilty masters must answer to the final Judge! With what consistency, or decency, they complain so loudly of attempts to enslave them, while they hold so many hundred thousands in slavery, and annually enslave many thousands more, without any pretence of authority, or claim upon them? How just, how suitable to our crime is the punishment with which Providence threatens us? No other vice has brought so much guilt on the land as has slavery. The past treatment of Africans must naturally fill them with abhorrence of Christians; lead them to think our religion would make them more inhuman savages, if they embraced it; thus the gain of that trade has been pursued in opposition to the Redeemer's cause,

and the happiness of men, are we not, therefore, bound in duty to Him and to them to repair these injuries, as far as possible, by taking some proper measures to instruct, not only the slaves here, but the Africans in their own country? Primitive Christians labored always to spread their Divine Religion; and this is equally our duty, while there is an heathen nation. But what singular obligations are we under to these injured people! These are the sentiments of Justice and Humanity."

Says William M. Van der Weyde, Vol. II, Paine's "Life and Works," Essay on "African Slavery in America," "The Negro race, not merely in America, but the world over, is greatly indebted to Thomas Paine, although a very few Negroes are acquainted with this fact. Paine was ever the defender of the Negro, and his first essay, written toward the close of 1774, soon after his arrival in America (November 30-, was his dissertation on "African Slavery in America," which was published in the "Pennsylvania Journal," March 8, 1775. Other articles by Paine preceded it in date of publication, but none was written before the slavery article. Writers had told about the cruelties and abominations of Negro bondage, but Paine was the first to propose its abolition. To Paine, therefore, belongs the honor of being the pioneer American abolitionist. Had Paine's advice been heeded (eighty-eight years before Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation), the American Civil War, with its toll of a half-million lives, might have been avoided."

Pardon the digression from Miss Eliza Heacock, but, because we nursed the milk of freedom from the breast of a mother who longed, and craved, and wished, and desired with desire to be free, we deeply inherited that desire from her. Hence the digression. The Heacock sisters were above medium size in height and weight, with light hair and blue eyes. They were noted for their sympathy. It is said: "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." For so it seemed with those sisters. Having been reared in the atmosphere of truth, honesty, love, and purity, they lived it daily before those orphans and others who needed their holy example. Dr. Frank Crane, writing on "The Home," said: "To make a complete home you need a complete set of human relations as per the following list prepared

by Nature and endorsed by the best traditions: Husband and father, wife and mother, children, including babies and adolescents; sisters and brothers, grandfathers, grandmothers, guests, and a dash of neighbors and friends. If you lack any one of these items you miss something, the home is not perfect."

It was out of a perfect home these sisters came, five sisters and three brothers. Thus was developed those sterling Christian virtues, patience, faith, faithfulness, and joy-in-service.

It was seldom that Miss Eliza Heacock missed seeing every child three times daily, at breakfast, at dinner, and at prayer just before supper. There was always some beautiful poem or motto, and much appropriate scripture given. If asked to sing, they sounded like the "angels." If I could print their (the Heacocks') letters to me, they would show how free from prejudice they were. A plate was placed on the table for our friends, just as it was for their friends. I think no set of teachers was ever happier than were we, under Miss Eliza Heacock. She ever said to the children: "Let precious Truth and Honesty attend thee all thy days, and turn not thou a finger's breadth from God's most holy ways." I early saw those qualities in her that made me resolve that her "God should be my God," trust in doing right. I quote here from The Home Report, January 1, 1892:

"The few out of many letters which are published with this report speak the kindly feeling of the children for the Home, and especially for Miss Heacock and their teachers.

The Christmas festival was heartily enjoyed, and the liberal gifts from churches and private hands are gratefully acknowledged. The pleasure was heightened by the presence of eight children who had finished their terms of indenture and come back for a visit, well-grown, hearty, and happy, ready to begin to make their own way in life.

The Executive Committee wish to express to Miss Heacock their cordial appreciation, not only of her excellent management of the affairs of the institution, but of her real interest in and devotion to these children under her care.

This Home takes charge of a class of orphaned and destitute children for whom no other institution provides; it receives them at the early age of three years; it cares for, trains, gives them a common-school education and when

they are twelve years old, places them in families outside the District of Columbia, where a certain amount of schooling is required by the terms of the contract and when the matron makes it a part of her duty to know their surroundings and to make sure they are well treated.

Denied admission here, they have no refuge but the almshouse or, later on, the reform school. The cost of maintaining them here is much less than the average cost in the other charitable institutions for children in the District; but the saving to the District in training these children to become moral, law-abiding citizens, rather than allowing them to grow up in ignorance and vice, who can estimate?"

I am so grateful for having been permitted to serve in this field of the Master's Vineyard.



THE SAUNDERS PLUMMER FAMILY GROUP.

Standing (left to right)—Robert, Katie, Alfred, Sadie, Ida, Charlie and Rudolph, by Mother's chair.

Sitting (left to right)—Grace, Mother, Nicholas, Jr., Father, Marie.

1895,—This house, 6 rooms and cellar, was built by Mr. J. B. Ruffin.

Hon. Frederick Douglass loaned the \$1,000 with which it was built.

LUCY SALISBURY DOOLITTLE

In Memoriam

(Read at the funeral, February 8, 1908).

I see her gentle form at rest
 Beside my study chair,
 Dreaming of those who need her
 Who seek her tender care.
 Why should she stay? so ready
 Celestial tasks to dare,
 The "First Born" of her Father
 Lifted in Heavenly Prayer.
 My heart is with the aching hearts
 That stand about her grave,
 A loving God is nearer still,
 Each suffering soul to save.
 Our blinded eyes with tears are full,
 Our pulses throb with grief,
 But ripened power, not frost has brought
 This glory to the leaf.

—Caroline H. Dall.

A LIFE OF SERVICE

In Memory of Mrs. Lucy S. Doolittle

By Jennie W. Scudder

(Read before the Women's Alliance of All Souls Church.)

The woman in whose memory we meet today was born on October 7, 1832, and at her death on February 6, 1908, she had completed a life of almost seventy-six years, of which nearly the whole may be truthfully designated "a life of service!" Some of us sometimes wondered at the intensity with which she gave herself up to this life. We find now its first impulse in the fact that at eight years she was motherless, and that from this moment she so hungered for mothering and for the birthright of youthful happiness that had been denied her, that to brighten the lot of motherless children seemed to her a most worthy object of life.

During all her struggle for education she was sharing her hard earned means with relatives whom fortune had treated even less kindly than herself.

In 1862, after having finished the preparatory studies, and having taken some special courses in the College classes, she married Mr. Myrick H. Doolittle, who had that year graduated from the College.

The Civil War was under way by this time and a more strenuous life beckoned her away from the quiet Ohio village. Her husband, who was not strong enough to take part in the war, went to Harvard, to pursue advanced mathematical studies, while Mrs. Doolittle came to Washington to act as voluntary nurse in the hospitals. Later she was employed by the "Sanitary Commission." Here she entered a field where many afterwards renowned in philanthropy, literature and science were already working together, to suppress rebellion, to succor the wounded and to uplift the slave.

When the tide of war was spent and the attention of people was turned to making good its ravages, the city of Washington offered as pleasant, as profitable and as useful a field to her as could any other place. Her husband was now employed in one of the scientific departments of the government and she began to make a home for themselves. At the same time she was employed by public institutions and private individuals in the work of establishing the Negro in habits which would help to make him appreciate the rights of citizenship and capable of exercising them. She was an agent of the Freedman's Bureau, and she managed a sewing school for colored women and children, funds for which were furnished by Miss Abby Francis, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, daughter of Rev. Convers Francis.

About this time was founded the Industrial Home School for White Children, which still exists in Georgetown. In its establishment Mrs. Doolittle and her husband were very actively interested and in its administration for many years they took a leading part.

As national and municipal affairs began to settle into shape in Washington and thought could be given to systematic charity, Mr. and Mrs. Doolittle became so closely identified with all such efforts that any history of Washington's philanthropic development must make mention of them.

We can imagine the conditions faintly perhaps. The city was inundated with a flood of helpless, ignorant, irresponsible negroes from the surrounding country; it was strewn

with the human flotsam and jetsam of the Northern and Southern armies. There was a great prevalence of petty crimes which landed its victims in a jail or a workhouse where were no separate quarters for women and men. Women thus committed, in trying to preserve their clothing for appearance at trial or for use after dismissal, were apt to go improperly clad. Hither went Mrs. Doolittle to teach these women to make other clothing from material furnished by the authorities, thus lending a mite of aid toward keeping a proper standard of life even in such unpromising circumstances.

There was no police court for the prompt trial of minor cases, and long waiting for trial by the District Court in such uncivilized surroundings did more to promote than to prevent crime. One of the judges of the District Court had such confidence in Mrs. Doolittle's judgment that in many cases investigated by her and reported to him, he either let the offender go free or gave him his freedom until time for trial on his promise to return. In fact, he practically made her the judge in many cases. The need of a police court was so apparent to her that Mrs. Doolittle asked her husband to write a statement of things as she had found them. This statement she presented to many Congressmen and quite soon thereafter had the satisfaction of seeing a police court in operation. It is probably not claiming too much to say that its establishment then was largely due to her efforts and arguments.

After the War the first and most insistent need for help was among the hordes of colored people, and all the years of her life in the District of Columbia were devoted to some sort of work for the mental, physical, and moral improvement of these people. She never lost faith that they were capable of improvement, nor the belief that they must and could be made to help themselves by teaching them habits of thrift and the principles of right living.

Mrs. Doolittle, believing thus, naturally identified herself with many of the institutions designed for this purpose. She was for many years on the Board of Managers of the Home for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children, being most of that time its treasurer. She was active in persuading the District Government to establish there a branch

of the public schools, for she was beginning to see that segregation is not the best treatment for the little waifs. She was glad also to act for some years as treasurer of the Manassas Industrial School for Colored Youth, and did not give up the office until failing health made it imperative. She was interested also in the Colored Foundlings' Home, since abolished, and in the Temporary Home for Colored Children.

Mrs. Doolittle's experience in institutional charity led her to the belief that a system more closely following the family ideal was better, and when the question arose as to the organization of the Board of Guardians for Dependent Children, she was earnest in advocating such action, and was made a member of the first board. Children dependent upon the public are placed by an agent of the board in families in different parts of the country. They are carefully looked after by the agent who reports to the Board, and permanent homes are thus found for them. The expense is borne by the District Government. The system demands discretion, executive ability and great devotion from those who administer it, and all these qualities our friend possessed in a marked degree. The members of this Board are appointed by a judge of the criminal court and two judges of the police court of the District. Mrs. Doolittle served on it nine years, was twice elected its vice-president and three times its president. In the words of Mr. B. Pickman Mann, president of the Board, who was long associated with her there: "Her work was characterized by energy, fidelity and that manifestation of a kindly and sympathetic interest which won the confidence, respect and affection of her associates. She went quietly and effectively about the work in hand and made no show except of results or earnest efforts to achieve such as were desirable." Resolutions passed by the Board at her death said among other things: "It has been truly said of her that she never touched a life except to improve and bless it."

In the years immediately following the war, begging on the streets of this city by persons of all ages and sexes, was so common as to be very noticeable and disagreeable. The system of Associated Charities, already in operation in other cities, was resorted to to put an end to this and to prevent it in the future by removing its cause. Here again Mrs. Doolittle and her husband were ready helpers.

Mrs. Doolittle was not a philanthropist who neglected her own home. Her domestic affairs were always well managed, and her children were nurtured with loving care. The fact that she helped her husband to acquire considerable property also gives proof that she was a woman of well ordered mind and not a shallow enthusiast, neglecting her own affairs while regulating those of other people.

Her relation to this church began at an early period in her life here and she was acquainted with many of the families connected with its early history. This relation was suspended for a time but when her children became old enough to enter a Sunday School she brought them to All Souls' and from that time she took for many years a very active part in its affairs. She was one of the first two women elected to the Board of Trustees and her influence there was for those methods and means of administration which should make All Souls' distinguished in philanthropy and education as well as in religion.

In short, hers was a practical religion. She was from the first prominent on the Charity Committee, working with vigor whether for the sewing schools and day nursery in the Miner Building in South Washington or for the making and sending of clothing to the Missouri School at the Crow Indian Reservation, or for free kindergartens maintained by the Committee for some years among the poor white and colored people in different sections of the city. At that time it was necessary for the Committee to collect its funds by personal appeal and Mrs. Doolittle never shirked this not altogether agreeable duty. A liberal giver herself, she was a successful persuader to liberality in others.

MEMORIAL EXERCISES BY THE COLORED PEOPLE

Very beautiful memorial exercises were held in honor of Mrs. Doolittle on April 30, 1908, at the Church of Our Redeemer, by the colored men and women with whom she had been associated in work for their race. The Rev. Daniel Wiseman, Pastor of the church, very ably planned and conducted the exercises, his principal cooperators being Miss Susan Cook, of the Childrens' Temporary Home; Prof. and Mrs. Geo. W. Cook, of the Industrial School, Blue Plains,

D. C.; Dr. W. Scott Montgomery, Supervising Principal of the Colored Public Schools; Dr. Julia Hall, Physician of the Board of Childrens' Guardians; and Miss Nellie Plummer, of the National Colored Home. The principal addresses were by Mrs. Cook, Miss Cook, Dr. Montgomery, and Mr. B. P. Mann, President of the Board of Childrens' Guardians. Tender tribute was also paid by District Commissioner Macfarland, Prof. Cook, Mr. Wiseman, and Miss Plummer. The invocation was pronounced by the Rev. Wilber P. Thirkield, D. D., President of Howard University, and the benediction by the Rev. Chas. H. Butler, of the Luther Memorial Church. Mr. Creig C. Williams rendered very sympathetically "Come unto Me," by Barri, and "She rested by the Broken Brook," by Coleridge Taylor, was tenderly sung by Miss Cornelia Barton. At the special request of Mrs. Doolittle's family, a delegation of children from each of the "Homes" in which she had been so greatly interested was present and sang their beautiful hymns and some of the Negro melodies, such as "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," which brought tears to many eyes. On the platform were placed a crayon portrait of Mrs. Doolittle and a beautiful sheaf of Easter lilies, a tribute from her friend



RESIDENCE OF REV. H. V. PLUMMER, BUILT, 1876.
"Adjoining Mount Rose," Hyattsville, Md.

and fellow-worker, Mrs. Florence T. Baxter. The night was a stormy one, but within that quiet little church were warm hearts, words of appreciation and sympathetic faces. The spirit that brought her friends and fellow-workers together and the debt of gratitude owed to Mrs. Doolittle by the colored people were so beautifully expressed by Mrs. Cook and Miss Susan Cook that it has been thought well to quote largely from their manuscript notes.

Miss Susan Cook said in part:

In January, 1899, when I asked the Board of Children's Guardians to allow me to cooperate with them in the work they are doing among the colored children of the District, Mrs. Doolittle as the President of this Board gave me the strongest support. In connection with that Board she could always be found working for humanity, not any one race or creed, but for all who were in need, showing how great was her appreciation of the Master's words: "In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." Here I would say that her interest was largely manifest in the colored children, feeling as she did that many of them were in the deplorable condition in which they were found because of poverty and lack of opportunity rather than through any fault of their own.

Much of the success of the "Children's Temporary Home" is due to her good, clear and wise counsel, but not in this way alone did she give her support to the Home, for in its beginning she worked with her hands giving to it her thought, her energies and much material aid. Mrs. Doolittle was modest and unassuming. It can be truly said that hers was a beautiful simple life, but ah, so broad, so wide in its teaching of good, and in her taking away we as a people have lost a friend. Not for one moment would we recall her from her well-earned rest. "Length of day and honor" all were hers and for us a memory so true and so tender that we are better able each day to take up life's burdens because of her example.

Following are a few paragraphs from Mrs. Cook's address:

The contemplation of any life that has been well spent is always appealing to minds of intelligence. When the life story is concerning one whom we have known and loved, whose private life is shown to have been beautiful and whose

public life has been sincere, then, indeed, are we doubly interested and inspired.

I have never been told anything of Mrs. Doolittle's ancestry, but from some source or perhaps from many sources I am sure she had the inheritance which makes one wise and good and brave. Long before I knew that she was a student at Antioch College I felt that her youth had been wisely spent, that she must have been in contact with men and women of learning and breadth. She herself was cast in a generous mould. Her mind was strong and well controlled. Her ideals were high. She went about her work noiselessly but with so much dignity, so much of strength, so much of helpfulness.

During the five years that I held the position of Superintendent of the Eighth Street Home our friend was a member of its Board of Managers. It was during those years that I learned her true worth. There were other members of that Board as consecrated to their work as she—none more so. She had wonderful reserve power. One felt it as a first impression—a helpful spirit even in sunny days; under adverse winds she became a very tower of strength. She accepted her position as a trust and discharged her obligations accordingly. No half hearted service hers. The best she had she gave—time, money, self.

I am expected to say something especially as regards her relation to colored people. Mrs. Doolittle possessed two qualities that made her our friend. She had the spirit of helpfulness and she was sincere. Sincerity was perhaps her highest quality. Being sincere and being a Christian and a philanthropist she could cherish no prejudice against race or class. She was a friend to colored people, just as she was a friend to humanity in general, but, in addition, I think her great, tender heart went out to our race with special sympathy because of our peculiar condition. Her understanding of our perplexities was both penetrating and sympathetic. The old age that had spent its youth in unpaid toil she loved to provide for; the wayward and dependent children who are turned loose upon our streets were, to the very last, objects of her profoundest pity and unfailing bounty.

Fortunately enough her interests did not stop with these classes. To the educated and earnest among us she turned always a friendly face. I think Mrs. Doolittle was as willing to serve upon a board with colored people as with white, measuring the one by the same standard as the other—that of personal fitness for the position.

Mrs. Doolittle's friendship for colored people was no sickly sentimentality. While she regarded our achievements with intense satisfaction—as who would not that had been our life-time benefactor—she was in no sense blind to our failings. This made her friendship all the more valuable, and it is certainly not too much to say that while the passing on of this good woman will be felt by many people and in many ways, it comes to us most seriously, for among the younger generation who is there to take her place?

No one could know Mrs. Doolittle long without being impressed by her individuality. She could not be led, nor driven, nor flattered into action. She had to see her own way, and then without self-assertion, but with unfaltering determination she chose her part and did it.

She was a progressive woman, bound in no way to old line methods. The wanting to be where she was needed and where she could do the most good amounted almost to a passion with her, but she also wanted to be sure that she did the right thing in the right way. Fifteen years ago Washington was very antiquated in the method of conducting its public charities. Mrs. Doolittle was one of the first to recognize the need of reform. It was always a matter of regret with her that others with whom she had for years worked harmoniously could not see things as she did. Her clear and penetrating vision went far beyond that of the most of us and she went serenely forward following the path pointed out, content to be misunderstood "for the work's sake." Despite her strength of mind she never attempted to coerce others into accepting her judgment; this quality in one of her unusual gifts gave her even greater influence than if she had shown less tolerance. She could see many sides of a question and her able mind could cover every point with wondrous fidelity. I recall so well the position she took when the Foundlings' Home was abolished and I remember what an awakening came to my mind as she pointed out to me how easy it is in doing good to multiply evil or rather the oppor-

tunities for evil. With her, preventive charity was far more desirable than remedial charity and wise as she was she held herself ever ready to learn new lessons.

We wish to impress our readers with the type and quality of the noble characters, a few men and many women, who heard Jesus say: "Feed my lambs." What we have said of Mrs. Doolittle was true of each and all who labored for Orphans' Home.

"The Ladies" held their annual board meeting (April) at The Home. After which lunch was served. If there was any prejudice as to color, we never knew it.

Miss Swann did honors for her sister, Mrs. Justin S. Morrill, who was an invalid. Suffice it to say The Home never needed a friend in Congress, while Senator Justin S. Morrill was there. He, his good wife, and Miss Swann were angels, indeed, in the uplift, both financially and spiritually.

Of all the beautiful women who answered the call of Mercy, Mrs. Florence T. Baxter excelled them all. She was tall, graceful, and handsome. But the LOVE she showered on us there, can never be forgotten. Every teacher was remembered at Christmas time. With her own hands she gave each child an orange, besides other gifts.

Mrs. Ward, being on the Educational Committee, was rich in experience, because of having traveled so extensively.

Mrs. Hall, the wife of the astronomer, Asa Hall, was ever helpful in the schoolroom. She was quiet, gentle, and beautiful.

One of the most beautiful "pictures" that used to come to The Home was Mrs. Alice P. Shadd (Dr. Furman Shadd's wife), and her two beautiful children, Hattie and Furman. Mrs. Shadd never failed to come and bring those children. With their beautiful manners and ways, it was the grandest object lesson our children could have had. It was my happy privilege to teach Mrs. Shadd's children one summer. It was then I saw the difference in teaching those who had been carefully trained, and those who had no training at all.

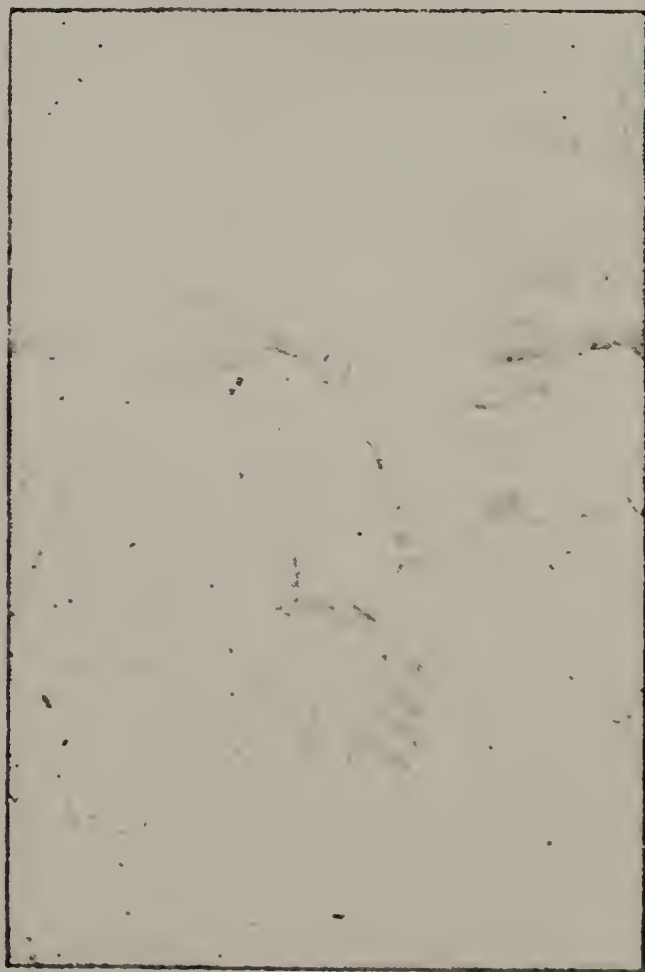
Of all the mothers with whom I have had contact, I think Mrs. Shadd was the nearest to perfection. Dr. Shadd was all sunshine. Such a blessing to the sick. I just read that his sister, Miss Marian P. Shadd, has retired from school work

with nearly or quite fifty years' service to her credit. What a blessing! What a blessing!! Both Miss Shadd and Miss Merritt were so helpful to us at The Home.

Mrs. Chas. B. Purvis was love in action, as her heart went out to every child.

After Mrs. A. E. Williams became kindergartner (1893). I came home here to Hyattsville every day instead of living at The Home which I had done for ten years. More and more the colored ladies were elected to places of the Board until practically all were colored.

This is why I've spoken largely of the white members, but I do know that the colored ladies were ever as faithful and loyal as they.



ROBERT PRESTON BROWN.
NELLIE PLUMMER BROWN.
Twins of Preston and Maggie Brown.

FORTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT
of the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
For the Relief of
DESTITUTE COLORED WOMEN AND CHILDREN
For the Year Ending January, 1904
ANNUAL REPORT

Washington, D. C., January 12, 1904.

To the President and Members of the National Association for
the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children:

It would scarcely be worth while to refer to the Christmas exercises held at the Home—for the occasion is fresh in the minds of those present—were it not for the heartfelt rejoicing which all must feel in the steadily increasing intelligence and capability of the children as shown in their exercises and not less in their deportment—voice, manner and carriage. Their progress in all respects is most gratifying.

The program, on the closing day of the school, in June last, was varied by the presentation of a testimonial to the principal who had then completed twenty years of earnest, faithful and most efficient service. The value of the instruction given to successive classes in all that time can never be estimated, but through her conscientious work the pupils are so thoroughly grounded in the rudiments of an education that they can never be really ignorant, no matter how few their subsequent opportunities may be.

Newspapers and magazines regularly furnished from the Dead Letter Office supplement the work of the school room and awaken a love of reading that may be a helpful resource and substitute for companionship in the lonely country homes to which most of them are sent.

The superintendent in her latest report, says:

“Under the painstaking direction of our seamstress, five girls have during the past year rendered marked service in the sewing room. They have done all sorts of finishing and they are already competent assistants.

"Five boys have helped at shoe mending and there are two, whose work is so good, that did their age and strength permit, they could do all our work in that department.

"One embryonic carpenter puts in window lights and does all sorts of jobbing over the house. Two have been trained to go on errands, take messages, get correct change, and select simple articles in store or market.

"The same story comes as of yore, from the absent ones. Applications for indenture of boys and girls come, almost invariably, from acquaintances of those to whom our children have been sent.

"We have had a year remarkably exempt from severe illness and this gratifying fact is apparent: that these children will be aided in the struggle for existence by sound bodies due to the fact that in this formative period they are cared for in a manner that never comes to the homes of the poor and ignorant.

"From every side we can find reason for thanksgiving, that just so much has been snatched from the burning, and just so much done in the interest of true human progress."

An expensive, though unavoidable work done by a special committee, in the spring and early summer, was the filling up and re-grading of the grounds about the Home, made necessary by the raising of the grade of adjoining properties. It was a difficult task for it involved the protecting of the large trees, the locating of buried sewers and sewer traps, the raising of out-buildings, the moving and replacing of fences with many other troublesome and costly accompaniments.

The resignation of Miss Louisa Jacobs, as matron, at the end of June, was accepted with much regret. Her place has been filled by Mrs. Emily Lee, who entered upon the duties in October. During the vacation they were performed to the entire satisfaction of the superintendent by Mrs. Williams.

In the meantime, the two houses, so obnoxious to the Home, continue to block up Eighth Street and to constitute an insuperable obstacle to any effective action by the Fire Department. Not all the paraphernalia of fire escapes, hinges for iron window screens, metal ceiling for furnace room, etc., will compensate for free access to Irving Street, a distance of only 150 feet—the depth of a single building lot. A bill to

open Eighth Street with which the owners of property in the neighborhood heartily concur is now before the Senate and should command the most earnest effort in its behalf on the part of each member of the Association.

In accordance with the provisions of this charter, on the 15th of March the Association held a meeting for the election of officers to constitute its Executive Committee. This committee now ask leave to present their report of the work they have had in charge.

Although our organization dates from last March, we were then without funds and were compelled to wait for aid to begin our work. Our first effort was to find a suitable place for our purpose and liable to confiscation. In this, after much labor, we were successful, and on the first of June we were put in possession by order of Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, of the house and grounds we now occupy on the heights of Georgetown, in close contiguity to the city and beyond its limit—at once a retired, healthful and suitable place.

On entering into possession, we at once secured the services of a matron and in the six months of our Home's active existence we have received there two (2) aged women and sixty-two (62) children.

The want of houseroom has hitherto prevented our admitting many of the aged. Of the children received, twelve were infants. But few of the number were in a healthful condition when admitted. Several of the children were in a nearly dying state from consumption, scurvy and chronic diarrhea. And though we have since endeavored to leave such cases in hospital, the insufficient provision for their care notwithstanding the kind attentions of the surgeons in charge, has induced us to receive some whom we could hardly hope to save but could make comparatively comfortable for the brief residue of their child-life.

In September, our present teacher, Miss Maria Mann, entered upon duty at the Home and since then the progress of the children has been highly satisfactory, all evincing docility, intelligence and aptness to learn. We have now in attendance in school thirty-seven pupils. The want of necessary room for so large a number has compelled us to erect temporary buildings—a dining room, laundry, school room, and

dormitory in the form of barracks. We desired these to be much more extensive, that our charity might shelter larger numbers, but this the limited means at our disposal has prevented.

As our institution is national, we rely upon contributions from the friends of humanity throughout the land; therefore we renew our appeal to the friends of the freed orphans to strengthen our hands by increasing our ability to rescue the young, the destitute, from the demoralization and suffering of camp or street life and afford them by right disciplining a chance for full development and for lives of true usefulness.

To the National Freedman's Relief Association of New York, we feel greatly indebted for the pledge of one thousand dollars.

While the blessing of our Heavenly Father has attended this effort for his little ones, our Association has not been without severe chastening and loss. There were with us in the beginning two leading minds, especially distinguished by unselfish devotion to this holy cause. Mrs. Potter of Wisconsin and Mrs. Pomeroy of Kansas, two of the originators of this enterprise have passed from works to rewards. Mrs. Potter left us early but not until the good work, in its starting had felt the impetus of her earnest spirit.

The death of our president, Mrs. Lucy Pomeroy, we have great reason to deplore. The Home has been justly called her monument. Declining the rest and change that she needed she remained with us doing the summer's heat to aid in our work, still laboring with us even when life was waning and her parting spirit sent us back a blessing with the prophetic words: "The Home" will succeed. 'Tis for a race—for millions we are working. Let us forget ourselves."

The cause for which such a life was freely given can not want laborers.

Signed,

E. S. GRIMES, Vice-President,

Washington, January, 1864,

Their happy occupation of their pleasant home, however, did not last long for in the third report some uneasiness was expressed lest the government should return the property to its former owner. At the quarterly meeting in July, a communication was received from him, proposing that the association should vacate the premises in consideration of \$1,000. This offer was refused and a statement drawn up which was placed in the hands of the attorney general.

The two following reports, which deal with this subject and include an appeal to the President of the United States, as well as correspondence between members of the association and some of the most distinguished civil and military officers of the government, are full of interest but are too long and enter too much into detail to be reproduced here. Suffice it to say that the statement referred to contains the following facts:

The former owner was an officer of the United States government and a colonel in a regiment of the District militia. When the war broke out he refused to take the oath of allegiance and left for the South where he served in the Confederate Army until the surrender of Gen. Lee, although he had not the excuse of State allegiance, pleaded by so many. He was, however, granted a pardon by President Andrew Johnson which included restoration of property. The Association then purchased five lots on Eighth Street beyond the northern boundary of the city for the sum of \$2,500. On this site, the Freedman's Bureau assisted in erecting some frame buildings out of lumber from old barracks given by the War Department. The two months allowed the inmates to vacate the premises proved to be too short for the completion of the new buildings; they were, however, driven to take shelter in the half-finished structure on the 7th of December, 1864, the owner having taken possession and by dismantling doors and windows rendered it unsafe for the occupants to remain.

Notwithstanding all their difficulties, the next year seems to have been a prosperous one. One hundred and thirty-five children were cared for and they had secured an exceptionally fine corps of workers. Miss Strong as matron, Miss Stickney as assistant, Miss Towle as teacher with Mrs. Songer to carry on the industrial work, four earnest devoted women (all well-known to the older members of the Association),

could not fail to win the affection of those committed to their care as well as the confidence of all who contributed to the work.

The statement that a Mrs. Haviland took fifteen children to Michigan where they secured good homes, causes a pang of regret that opportunities to send our wards to those freer Northern communities are now so few and that the children must be placed in Maryland and Virginia where the sentiment against them is scarcely less than in the days of slavery.

At this time all the household seem to have settled into the quiet enjoyment of their new home. We are told that it was finished in the early summer and comfortably furnished—that the parlor was handsomely furnished by the efforts of Mrs. Matilda Madison and her friends—all colored women of Washington.

On Sundays the children with the matron attended service at the Congregational Church, corner 10th and G Streets—the Sunday School held at the Home being under the superintendence of Major Townsend.

It was in 1868 that the name of Mrs. M. S. Pomeroy appears as president. At the time of her resignation in 1898, she had given a continuous service of 30 years. On the Executive Committee in the same year, is found the name of her friend, Miss Swan—both had given much time and interested efforts to the welfare of the Home.

On the list of donations for this year, mention is made of the proceeds of an afghan given by Mrs. Lincoln, which amounted to \$282.50.

In 1875, we find a government appropriation of \$10,000 notwithstanding the fact that rations and hospital stores were furnished from the Freedmen's Hospital. These were in the palmy days for four years later the appropriation was lowered to \$5,000, so that they were obliged not only to reduce salaries and wages of employees, but to refuse all applicants, both children and old people, and to put into other homes all who could, by any means, be disposed of in that way. The women were restricted to 12, and the children to 100—the age limit for the latter being 3 years.

What undoubtedly crippled them during this year of pressure—referred to in the report as “hard times”—was the fact that the private fund which should have been available had been put to her own private uses by the treasurer. The amount involved was finally recovered.

Perhaps the most dramatic event in the history of the organization was the scene in Mrs. Pomeroy's drawing room when the treasurer appeared with a number of her friends and introduced them as new members, claiming that they were entitled to vote because of having paid to her the two dollars required to constitute membership. Finding themselves likely to be outvoted, the real members withdrew to an upper room leaving the assembly without a quorum. It was this episode which inspired two important amendments to the By-Laws, the first requiring nomination of a proposed new member at a regular meeting by a two-thirds vote of those present—the second, providing that a member may be expelled by a two-thirds vote.

For several successive years, at the annual meeting, the necessity of replacing the old frame structure with more substantial buildings was discussed and then dropped. There seemed to be a hesitancy on the part of the management to entertain a proposition leading to so great an undertaking. At length, in 1883, John F. Cook offered a resolution, which was warmly supported by ex-Senator Pomeroy and Mr. Sayles J. Bowen, requiring the president to name a committee to appeal to Congress for a new building.

Three women—the secretary and two members of the Executive Committee—fulfilled the duty with the following result, as stated in the next annual report:

Senator Butler, chairman of the sub-committee to which the matter had been referred, having made inquiry of the Commissioners of the District of Columbia and learned that in their opinion the management was "economical, humane, and judicious," made a visit in person accompanied by Commissioner Dent and on May 10th of the same year, the bill making appropriation for the present building was passed to the great satisfaction of the managers. Every member of the Association lived in hourly dread of the appalling loss of life that would follow if the old barracks with its coal stoves and oil lamps should catch on fire. Even the fire department professed its inability—on account of the location and character of the buildings—to do more than assist the inmates to escape.

Time will not permit even a passing reference to the many items of interest that fill the pages of the yearly records. Among them are the completion of the new buildings at a cost

of \$40,000. The purchase at successive periods of five lots on Irving Street adjacent to the Home—the rather reluctant acceptance from Congress of the temporary care of foundlings—the passage of the act creating the Board of Children's Guardians—the resignation of the matron, Miss Heacock, after a service of 22 years—the sowing of grass and the planting of shade trees on the new grounds—the draining of the grounds to sewer on New Jersey Avenue—the filling up of the wells after the introduction of Potomac water—the installing of the steam-heating plant—the first lengthy report required by the Superintendent of Charities—and latest, but not least, the bequest of \$21,000 by Mr. Joseph Anthony, a citizen of Washington.

It is impossible to close without referring to some of the names which grace our pages, as well as the pages of the history of the period; names honored for philanthropy, for devotion to country, for great wealth generously bestowed, for intellectual power for services rendered at the expense of valuable time and even of health or some other of the qualities that raise men above their fellows. Senator and Mrs. Grimes of Iowa, Mrs. H. Stowe, Mrs. Horace Mann, and Miss Mann, Mrs. Jane G. Swisshelm, Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, Miss Peabody, Mrs. Passmore Williamson, Hon. Samuel Hooper, Gov. Henry D. Cooke, Gen. Howard, Gen. Eaton, Senator Trumbull of Illinois, Senator and Mrs. Benjamin F. Wade of Ohio, and Senator and Mrs. Morrill of Vermont are only a few of those, gone before, to whom we pay the tribute of admiration and respect.

Among those more closely identified with the actual work were Senator S. C. Pomeroy, the constant and active friend of the orphans and destitute; Mrs. Caroline S. Hall, as broad and firm in her views of right and duty as she was gentle in her expression of them; and Mrs. Anne M. Purvis, for so many years the efficient head of the committee on Admissions and Dismissions.

It is pleasant to think that their charitable labors were not in vain, but that the Home which they established is still carried on and commands the approbation of all who acquaint themselves with its scope and value.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN A. COOK, Secretary.

The school continues to be conducted in the usual admirable manner by Miss Plummer and her assistant, Miss Sheffey. Her report contains a request for an application to the Board of Education for another assistant, the number of pupils being too great for the best results to be obtained, especially in the higher classes. It is sincerely to be hoped that the request may be granted since children leaving the Home are often located in country districts where they have no further opportunity for continuing their education.



FRANK VICTOR AND NELLIE BEATRICE PLUMMER

Children of Dr. and Mrs. R. F. Plummer.

"Thankie" and "Bea."

IN MEMORY OF MRS. HELEN DOUGLASS

Wife of Frederick Douglass. Who Died December 1, 1903

The following resolutions, offered by Mrs. C. F. Grimke, were adopted at the annual meeting, January 12, 1904:

RESOLVED, That we, the members of the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children, have learned with deep sorrow of the death of one of our most valued members, Mrs. Frederick Douglass, who passed away after many months of suffering, at her home at Cedar Hill, Anacostia, D. C.

RESOLVED, That we deeply feel her loss to the Home in which she was so truly interested, and to this Committee to whom she gave faithful and loving service as long as her failing health would allow. Though unable to be present for some months she never lost her deep interest in the work. Her bright, cheery presence and her sensible and helpful advice will be greatly missed by us.

RESOLVED, That we recognized and highly esteemed her rare and noble qualities in all the relations of life, her unfailing devotion to and helpful and beautiful companionship with one of the noblest of his race; her unflinching courage in great and peculiar trials; her passionate sympathy with the oppressed of every clime and race, and especially with the oppressed colored people of this country whose wrong she made her own, as few have ever done; her faithfulness and warm-heartedness as a friend; her abounding hospitality—all these and many other fine traits of character, endeared her to all who knew her, and make her loss a very great one, not only to her friends, but to humanity in general.

RESOLVED, That this little testimonial to her great work be entered into the minutes of this Association, and that her example may ever be a joy and an inspiration to us in our work.

FIFTY YEARS OF GOOD WORKS
of the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION
For the Relief of
DESTITUTE COLORED WOMEN AND CHILDREN
A HALF CENTURY OF GOOD WORKS
1863-1914

By Winfield Scott Montgomery,

Chairman of Committee on Semi-Centennial Report

The association, whose existence for slightly over fifty years is herein commemorated, had its origin at the time of the tremendous upheaval incident to the struggle between the North and South. Abraham Lincoln, "with malice toward none, with charity for all," was guiding the Union through the most critical period of its life. The land was drenched with blood and covered with mourning as the result of the gigantic contest between Slavery and Freedom. Men had parted garments of the country and cast lots over the vesture of the government, and brought on the greatest war of all history. The reverberations of cannon fired at Sumter still filled the land.

The most striking and tragic result of the fratricidal strife was the breaking up of the relations between master and slave which had under the sanction and protection of the Constitution, continued for nearly two and a half centuries. Thousands of homeless and helpless bondmen fled from the scenes of battle to the Capital of the Nation with the dim hope of succor and protection. And nobly did the government respond to the strange suppliants in the creation and work of the Freedman's Bureau.

Under the direction of the now sainted Gen. O. O. Howard the rescue work went forward, in care, chiefly, of adults. Associated with Gen. Howard was a young Lieutenant, John Eaton, who became, under the banner of peace, "when the war drums throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled," United States Commissioner of Education, and in that

exalted place advanced the cause of learning all over the country, especially in the South where dwelt the great illiterate mass of whilom slaves. To Lieutenant, and General, and Commissioner John Eaton, the colored race of this country owes a debt of gratitude that can only be paid in a development commensurate with the high hopes and faith Gen. Eaton entertained concerning the capacity of the former bondmen.

The pitiable plight of the children, the offspring of slaves, really and truly orphans of slavery and war, and of aged women, worn and weary with the toils and burdens of thrall-dom, appealed powerfully to the noble women who saw them fleeing in throngs to the seat of Government. The sublime spirit of charity shone conspicuously, and for the hapless victims of bondage and war it was poured out unstintedly.

A humanitarian feeling, broad and catholic enough to embrace all God's creatures, pulsated through the Northern heart, and the splendid women, who nerved the arm and fired the heart of husband, father, brother, and lover, to meet the foe upon a hundred stricken fields, or lovingly stood by those



DR. R. F. PLUMMER'S RESIDENCE

"Mount Rose," Hyattsville, Md.

Built by Mr. Everett Tinner, of Falls Church, Va., 1922

who guided the "Ship of State" through the stress and storm of war, inaugurated this charity we celebrate, that for five decades has mitigated human suffering and glorified their sex.

On the Heights of Georgetown, where the surpassing beauty of the surrounding region breaks upon the eye—the majestic Potomac flowing seaward, the National Cemetery at Arlington where "Glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead," the Washington Monument, above all, nightly flashed upon by a beam of white light in token of the veneration and admiration of a nation—here was fittingly laid the foundation of the Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children of a race whose destiny hung in the wavering balances upon the issue of battle.

The place first used as a home had belonged to a man named Cox, a clerk in one of the government departments, who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to the government, and had joined the forces of rebellion. The government had, in accordance with its policy, confiscated this estate, and when the project of providing for the mass of refugees was presented to the administrative officers, quick and ready affirmative response was given by the great Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, whose name and services in those trying times will go down in history to the last syllable of recorded time.

Unfortunately it has been impossible to secure the report embodying the inception of this charity, and so the prominent personages who lent time, influence and money, and, above all, that spirit to rescue the perishing and to lift the fallen, a spirit brought into the world by Jesus of Nazareth, may not all appear in the account. But it may be safely said that quite all whose names are recorded in the Annual Report of 1865, were active in the founding of the Home in 1863.

It should not escape notice that the conception and inauguration of this good work were by the white race. The colored race had then no legal standing in the land, had just dropped the manacles of slavery through the fiat of emancipation from the pen of President Lincoln, and, through ignorance and poverty, was utterly and totally helpless in the face of the destitution and destiny confronting them.

The value and importance of this work was fully seen and realized, and therefore, an "Act of Incorporation" was presented to the Congress of the United States, which was approved February 14, 1863. Thus the corporate existence of the Home had the sanction and approval of the supreme law-making authority, and of the President of the country, and for a half century it has nobly carried forward the basic thought of its founders, help to the helpless.

Sayles J. Bowen, who became Mayor of Washington, and whose fairness in relation to the colored race here during his mayoralty, will be forever cherished by the race, and Daniel Breed, and George E. Baker, by lending their names and influence to this cause as incorporators, have gained immortality. Thus we see that the individual survives only as he links himself with a cause, with an institution or object greater and grander than self. Bowen, Breed, Baker, or the three B's, may well be the three patron saints of the Home, for they stepped forth from the common mass to champion a work from which many shrank at that time.

Although these noble and honorable men stand prominently forward, it must not, for one moment, be forgotten that women inspired and instituted this charity, and for fifty years, through their efforts, it has flourished and accomplished a work unique in the evolution of a race.

The imperishable and magnanimous words, "Let us have peace," from the silent soldier, Ulysses S. Grant, had scarcely been flashed along the wires, when the ante-bellum owner of the place occupied by the Home sought to claim his rights because of the universal amnesty promulgated by President Andrew Johnson who, by the assassin's bullet, had succeeded to the great office sanctified and hallowed by Abraham Lincoln. Powerful and influential friends lent time and talent in combating the efforts of Mr. Cox to dispossess them of their Home. But they lost, and were forced to vacate.

In the report for 1865 the following graphic language relative to the legal battle is found:

"To His Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States.

Sir: Believing that the petition of Richard S. Cox, late of Georgetown, D. C., for pardon, has been presented for your

consideration, we beg respectfully to lay before you the following facts: Richard S. Cox, immediately previous to the rebellion, held a clerkship in the office of the Paymaster General of the Army. In 1861, when the employees of the Government were required to take the oath of allegiance, he refused, and left for the South without resigning his position. Mr. Cox held also the commission of Colonel of the eighth regiment of the District Militia, having been placed there by Secretary Floyd, just before the inauguration of President Lincoln. In the rebel service, R. S. Cox held the rank of Major until the surrender of General Lee. After the abandonment of his property on Georgetown Heights, it was, on a representation of the facts, turned over by the Secretary of War to the lady managers of the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children. Since their occupation there has been expended on the premises nearly \$3,000, while every care has been taken to keep the property in at least as good condition as when it was placed under the care of the Association. In view of these facts, and also remembering the situation of the capital when Mr. Cox deserted it, his position rendering this peculiarly disgraceful without the excuse of State allegiance, which has been pleaded by so many—we beg leave, and earnestly and respectfully protest against the restoration of this property.

Your obedient servants,

Mrs. M. C. Hart, Vice-President,
Mrs. Germond Crandell, Treasurer,
Mrs. W. L. Nicholson, Secretary.

This clear and eloquent plea by women vitally interested in this great task of conservation of human beings so recently released from the woes of servitude, stayed for a short season the restoration of the property, but, as stated, the Association was finally forced to vacate.

In June, 1866, the President, Andrew Johnson, granted a pardon to Richard S. Cox, the antebellum owner of the property occupied by the Home. It is amazing that the Government should have rehabilitated a man with pardon and property forfeited by an act foully traitorous to its existence and integrity. With sword dripping with the blood of the defenders of the country, while the smoke still hung over the

battlefields, red-wet with the blood of patriots, this man was, by executive order, allowed to take possession of an estate, which under the principles of law, had been dedicated to the use of the helpless and hapless victims of slavery which he had sought to fasten forever upon the land.

Let it, however, be stated that the President directed Gen. O. O. Howard, head of the Freedman's Bureau, to provide a site for the Home, and land was purchased on Eighth Street beyond the Northern Boundary, where was erected a building to house the inmates of the Home.

The brutality of the owner of the Georgetown property was shown by his driving from their quarters the inmates, in December, by "dismantling the houses of doors and windows, removing the furniture, and rendering it unsafe for the occupants to remain." Cox, in addition to putting them out, "retained one hundred bushels of corn and hay raised on the farm last summer." To add insult to brutality and cruelty,



NURSE JULIA AND HER MILLION DOLLAR BABY.

Cox "sued the Association for damages to the amount of \$10,000." The Association lives, glorious in the beneficent work done; Cox is dead, and, but for his bad connection with so notable a charity, would sleep unknown. Verily "the name of the wicked shall rot—"

In the report of the Association for 1865 was sounded a note which has been dominant in the land for over a half century, to wit, "The Negro Problem." "No question," say they, "before the public is at present so interesting as the future of the Colored race." We are surely aiding in solving this vexed problem in the only way indicated by Christian love and Charity." Had the spirit of these splendid women endured, spread, and leavened the American heart, the race would have advanced much farther, and achieved a higher and a more honorable place in the nation. Their tribe has decreased, but their names shall be hallowed in the heart of the race till time is o'er!

The word "National," shows that the founders felt that the work was not local, not bounded by the geographic limits of the District of Columbia, but belonged to the whole nation, and so they appealed to all sections to lend a hand.

It is interesting to note the people who became life members at the birth of the Home by the payment of fifty dollars (\$50). In a total of twenty-eight life members mentioned in the report for 1865, we find three men, and twenty-five women, striking evidence that women inaugurated and fostered this work of uplift.

Among the males was Sayles J. Bowen, who was one of the incorporators, and whose great heart sympathized so fully with a people thrown into freedom by the tide of war. Twenty of the women were the wives of men notable in the councils of the nation and in good works, such as Mrs. William H. Seward, wife of the Secretary of State; Mrs. S. C. Pomeroy, wife of the Senator from Kansas; and Mrs. Horace Mann, a name that will glitter an imperishable star in the firmament of the Republic.

A study of the twenty-eight states represented by these members reveals Massachusetts as leading with sixteen names of the best blood of that grand old commonwealth, the home of Sumner, Phillips and Andrews, "a radiant constellation of deathless names." Four were from the District of Columbia,

a fine showing considering the then small population of the city. Vermont, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maine, and Kansas furnished helpers in this work of salvation.

This enterprise was entirely dependent upon charity, in the beginning, and right nobly did the friends in the North and West respond to the appeals for financial aid. The good people of the District gave generously, for their eyes daily looked upon the utter destitution of the victims of slavery who had encamped within the limits of the city. Donations of clothing were numerous, due doubtless, to the sight and thought of the rags of slavery worn by its victims, as well as to the injunction of the Master to "clothe the naked." Food, toys, candy, and books were among the gifts to the inmates, numbering at the beginning of January, 1865, forty-seven children.

One of the first things attempted was the instruction of the children in the rudiments of learning, from which under the direst pains and penalties, slavery had shut them out. The lamp of learning lighted thus early in the Association has never gone out, and today, under the Board of Education, the children of the Home are receiving the birth right of every American child, a common school education.

In 1866 a set of by-laws was adopted by the Association, which for comprehensiveness and working details, have served splendidly the cause, and today remain intact, with scarcely change or addition, as first promulgated. No mere tyros engineered this activity that has ministered unto the poor and needy of a people whose ancestors as bondmen piled high the wealth of individuals and of the nation until by the vicissitudes of time and war they were brought suddenly into the Nation's life, bearing the marks, and wearing the rags of servitude.

Among the notable women who served as presidents during the existence of the Association, no name is so resplendent as that of Mrs. S. C. Pomeroy, the wife of the Senator from Kansas. For twenty-nine years she gave heart and soul to the cause by whose cradle she stood, and only when summoned to reward by the Master did she relinquish efforts to relieve those whose woes had appealed to her amid the shouts and shots of war. Though dead, she yet speaks eloquently and in the midst of us.

Her likeness hangs upon the walls of the Home, an ever present reminder of a woman whose rare service and personality should by all who guide the work of the Home be forever kept alive in the minds and hearts of the beneficiaries of this effort to save, humanize and spiritualize.

The presidency was held by Mrs. Helen Appo Cook from 1908 to November 20, 1913, when God's finger touched her, and she slept. We, the living who worked with her, know the devotion she brought to the cause. Having for ten years acted as secretary of the Association, she was thoroughly familiar with the work and spirit of the Home, and by her zeal and executive force had won the foremost office. Under her administration the scope of the Association was enlarged, and hundreds of children were brought under the care and nurture of the Home. Organized charity, the result of the best, most advanced thought of the age, utilized this plant to care for the innocent children thrown by poverty and neglect upon the city. This recognition of the importance and work of the Association may, nay, must be justly attributed to its earnest, active, and alert president, Mrs. Helen Appo Cook. She, being identified with the people cared for by the Home, felt and exhibited a sympathy impossible to be cherished by those who belonged to another race, a racial affinity, an instinct as deep and lasting as human nature itself—altruism energized by this affinity is dynamic force, worthy of deep thought and consideration in all efforts to save. "The Greeks bearing gifts" are, even in matters of charity and salvation, "feared."

Therefore, because she was a colored woman, because she had deeply realized and felt the woes and sufferings of her people, Mrs. Cook laid upon the altar her talents and services for the uplift of the poor and needy. She needs no epitaph but her connection with this Home. The race will remember Helen Appo Cook as a leading and devoted worker of the Association through many years of its splendid service to God and humanity.

From its birth the National Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children has had many able secretaries whose reports make most interesting reading, embodying as they do the real history, the *res gestae* of the Home. In the beginning and until 1880 the secretaries were white. Then Mrs. Helen Appo Cook became secretary, and for ten years filled

most efficiently and acceptably that important office. In the report for 1880, the very first by Mrs. Cook, is a note that in her ear and in her heart sang while she breathed this vital air, that "the Home helps to make respectable members of society of a class whose only inheritance is the physical and moral infirmity transmitted through years of wrong and oppression, and whose innocent helplessness appeals so strongly to the humane."

Through sympathetic grasp and full conception of the possibilities of the Home, Mrs. Cook presented annually most illuminating reports, which went far towards inducing Congress to increase the appropriation given yearly and finally to make provision (\$20,000) in 1883 for new buildings in lieu of the poor and inadequate ones used by the Association.

Today the fine and commodious brick structure on Eighth Street, Extended, the Home is the fitting monument to Helen Appo Cook, the able secretary for so many years.

Search through reports brings to light the fact that a man, "mere man," filled, for a time, the office of secretary. The reason for so radical a departure from precedent is nowhere given, and the brevity of his term, perhaps, indicates that his incumbency was a *lusus naturae*, or it reveals the thought that the workers in the cause felt that it was "not good for women to be alone" in so important a sociological task. Significance is lent to this view from the increased male annual membership so conspicuous in recent years.

The trusteeship of the Association for many years was solely in the hands of the white race. This fact shows very clearly that the nation or public had not reached the point where belief in and recognition of the ability and fitness of the colored race could justly and safely entrust it with the guardianship of so great and important an interest. For nine years no colored men were among the trustees, but in 1872, Dr. Charles B. Purvis and James Wormley were elected. Dr. Purvis is still alive and identified with the Association. His services have been above price, and his name and memory will survive when brass has corroded and marble mouldered. Through many years Mr. James Wormley, the noted proprietor of Wormley's Hotel in the city, by word and deed was the firm, fast, and consistent friend of the institution. The distinguished orator and leader, Frederick Douglass, be-

came a life member in 1886, and so remained until his great heart ceased to beat. He was a trustee in 1879.

Mr. John F. Cook, the leading citizen of the race here, early connected himself with this noble cause. He gave money, influence and labor, and did much to bring before Congress the worthiness of the Home, doubtless doing more than any other man to secure the Congressional appropriations in support of the Association. Elected a trustee in 1885, he filled that responsible position until called from labor to reward.

The Home has been very fortunate in the notable men who had given labors without hours to preserving, enlarging, and carrying forward its mission. Their services in this cause will enshrine them in the grateful heart of a race struggling from slavery to freedom, and from poverty to independence.



MISS EMMA PETERSON
Our Foster Sister

The Act of Incorporation placed the conduct of the Association in the hands of a Board of Managers as an Executive Committee "to carry into effect the plans and purposes for which said Association was formed." To this body of devoted, self-sacrificing women the Home owes its growth and the fulfillment of its purposes during fifty years.

In the beginning and for twelve years, the wealthiest, most cultured, and philanthropic ladies of the city piloted the affairs of institution. They labored and pleaded for this work of salvation, of turning human liabilities into assets for society. The value and extent of their efforts will be revealed on Judgment Day. All are "under the sod and the dew," except Miss Louise Swann, but their names and memories are hallowed for evermore!

Their work has been left as a sacred legacy to their sisters of a darker hue, who true to the great trust, are administering it faithfully and sympathetically because of that "one touch of nature" which establishes kinship with the beneficiaries.

Gradually the colored race had greater and greater representation on the Executive Committee. The colored women who worked in the Association were the most cultivated and occupied places of leadership in political and social circles. Their white sisters had borne high the banner for years, and passed it on to the hands worthy to prosecute so noble a charity. God buries his workmen, but the work goes on, bringing humanity nearer and nearer to the New Jerusalem, the city of the living God.

In 1878 the Executive Committee elected from its membership standing or working bodies for more definite and efficient accomplishment of its purposes and plans: a Committee on Education, a Committee on Clothing, a Committee on Household, and a Committee on Admission and Dismission. This wise step resulted in placing responsibility, and everybody's business became somebody's business. The smooth expeditious running of the affairs of the Home is clearly and surely attributable to the faithful and conscientious discharge of its duties by each committee. The various needs are fully met by such an arrangement, and the Association welcomes and challenges comparison with like activities.

"The arduous excellence of things done" in prosecuting the work, is fully and fittingly shown in the annual reports

rendered through the secretaries by the Executive Committee. "The very pulse of the machine," the innermost spirit, is herein seen and felt. Most fascinating is it to catch the viewpoint of those in control, the estimate, hopes, and fears through the past years. The grandest thought is the steady unwavering faith in the potentialities of the children. Faith in God and in humanity shines like a star through all the time these rare women administered the affairs. Such a faith surely should cause us of today to have faith in ourselves, in the ultimate triumph of the highest and best so long repressed by conditions beyond our control.

The following excerpts from these reports illustrate the thought before us: "We can but regard this asylum as one of the instrumentalities designed by a gracious Providence to perform an important part of uplifting a race to the dignity and privileges of freemen and citizens." "It gives pleasure to notice that the colored people in the city are beginning to take an interest in the destitute of their own class." These words were penned in the Sixth Annual Report, and eloquently evidence the fact that the race has not, as is so frequently said, stood with open palm and passive chest for the alimony of others. These memorable and cheering words are found in the Eleventh Annual Report: "It is useless to urge here, what they themselves have established, the fact that with proper assistance, the colored race, is capable of great improvement, nay, of maintaining an enviable position, side by side with the dominant Caucasian." Such bold, brave language could not have emanated from any but those who believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man at a time when the mighty schism in the land over slavery had not fully closed, and when the capabilities of the disenfranchised were in darkness and doubt.

"Of the many noble charities which testify to the humanity and Christian spirit of the American people, none appeal more directly to the heart than those which assume the care of little children." The conservation of childhood is greater and grander than the conservation of forests, or water-power, and the sacredness of child was divinely announced by Him who said, "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

For fifty years, true to their course and cause though at times the shadows grew dark, the Executive Committee has stood by the rudder, bearing forward their work of relief,

uplift, and salvation of the destitute of a race suddenly thrust from utter dependence into the most strenuous and complex civilization of all ages.

The Home is a large family and the matrons who have presided over it have by their zeal, assiduity and fitness won the approbation of the Association. Of the many valuable women who have served in this capacity none is more worthy of mention than Miss Eliza Heacock, for twenty-two years the efficient household head, and under whom the Home grew in estimation of the community in the scope of its ministrations. Called to service at a time when faith and hope were most essential she has impressed herself upon hundreds of children who have gone out from the Home with unfading memories of her splendid personality.

The present matron, Mrs. Eva Hood Smith, through peculiar fitness and devotion, is holding up the high standard set by her predecessors. The mothering instinct so necessary in one who daily meets and mingles with the little ones in her is remarkable and contributes marvelously to the remarkable success of the Home.

This brief description of the National Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children is presented "lest we forget" the noble work accomplished, the magnanimous women who inaugurated it, and for a century immolated themselves upon the altar of service for a race despised of men.

By pausing to recall the history of the National Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children we of today honor ourselves. Called into existence by the exigencies of the times to meet a problem put before the nation by the unprecedented changes in the political and social relations of the country, the Association has wrought a good work, not alone for the helpless ones cast into our midst, but also for the moral and spiritual advancement of the land. The heart and conscience of the best men and women were touched by the spectacle of a people set adrift upon the sea without chart or compass. The Home became a haven for the most dependent, and has rescued hundreds from destitution and destruction.

The race is gradually outgrowing the shell of slavery, and assuming the place of self-support in this civilization. To this noble charity in our community is due a tribute of gratitude from the entire race. Without blare of trumpets, quietly, unostentatiously, the rescue work has advanced, first

under the help, guidance, and inspiration of the superb women who inaugurated it, and finally under the control of members of the race for whom it was founded.

The originators of the National Home for Destitute Colored Women and Children, were the bright consummate representatives of the high civilization of the North, and armed with "the sword of the spirit," they waged a war for God and humanity which the present and future generations are pledged to carry on until every vestige of slavery has disappeared.

Indebted to them for countless services and sacrifices, the colored race will never cease to hold them in grateful and honoring memory.



MRS. FANNIE THOMPSON AND DAUGHTER HAZEL
A Beloved Friend,—Nashville, Tenn.

FIFTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORT

of the

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION

For the Relief of

DESTITUTE COLORED WOMEN AND CHILDREN

For the Year 1913

Location of the Home: EIGHTH and EUCLID STS. N. W.,

ANNUAL MEMBERS

Mrs. R. L. Brooks
Miss U. V. Brooks
Mrs. H. A. Cook
Miss E. A. Cook
Mrs. M. V. Datcher
Mrs. C. F. Grimke
Mrs. C. W. Harris
Mrs. I. M. Howard
Miss L. M. Jacobs
Mrs. L. M. Kelly
Dr. H. I. Lamb
Mrs. J. H. Lyons
Mrs. E. P. Messer
Mrs. M. L. Meriwether
Mrs. L. C. Moorland
Mrs. E. R. Montgomery

Mrs. M. N. Waldron
Mrs. L. Warner
Dr. H. L. Bailey
U. S. G. Bassett
E. G. Brooks
R. V. Cook
John H. Cook
Archibald Grimke
Rev. F. J. Grimke
L. M. Hershaw
W. H. Harris
Henry Johnson
Dr. W. S. Montgomery
Aaron Russell, Sr.
Rev. J. M. Waldron

LIFE MEMBERS

Mrs. J. M. S. Williams	Cambridgeport, Mass.
Mrs. Jackson	Newton, Mass.
Mrs. J. M. Forbes	Milton, Mass.
M. S. Putnam	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. R. G. Shaw	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. Huntington Walcott	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. R. C. Greenleaf	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. John Cushing	Boston, Mass.
Le Baron Russell, M. D.	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. William S. Glidden	Boston, Mass.
Miss Maria R. Mason	Boston, Mass.
Mrs. L. K. Lippincott	Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. Clark	Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. J. Curtis	Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. E. P. Bullard	Philadelphia, Penn.
Mrs. Julia Minot	
Mrs. W. Gaylord	New York
Mrs. Margaret Robinson	Germantown, Penn.
Mrs. Lucius Tuckerman	New York
*Mrs. Leland Stanford	California
*Miss Emily Williams	Cambridgeport, Mass.
*Miss S. Hooper	Boston, Mass.
*Mrs. A. Hemmenway	Boston, Mass.
*Mrs. Ann Wigglesworth	Boston, Mass.
*Miss E. P. Peabody	Boston, Mass.
*Mrs. M. S. Pomeroy	Washington, D. C.
*Mrs. Oakes Ames	Boston, Mass.
*Mrs. Lucy Pomeroy	Kansas
*Mrs. E. P. Gurney	Burlington, N. J.
*Mr. W. Gaylord	New York
*Hon. Schuyler Colfax	Indiana
*Hon. Sayles J. Bowen	Washington, D. C.
*Mr. Frederick Douglass	Washington, D. C.
*Mrs. Josiah Lasell	Whitinsville, Mass.

*Deceased

COMMEMORATIVE LIST

Mr. Sayles J. Bowen
Mr. George E. Baker
Mrs. H. L. M. Hatch
Prof. C. C. Cook
Dr. Daniel Breed
Hon. S. C. Pomeroy

Mrs. Ida D. Bailey
Mr. G. F. T. Cook
Mrs. A. M. Purvis
Mrs. Frederick Douglass
Mr. John F. Cook

OFFICERS FOR 1913

President: Mrs. Helen A. Cook, 1118 Sixteenth Street.

Vice-President, Mrs. M. V. Datcher, 1212 Sixteenth Street.

Treasurer, Mrs. R. L. Brooks, 408 B Street S. E.

Secretary, Mrs. L. M. Kelly, 1306 U Street.

Board of Managers: Mrs. M. L. Meriwether, Dr. I. H. Lamb, Miss E. A. Cook, Mrs. E. P. Messer, Mrs. C. W. Harris, Mrs. M. N. Waldron, Miss U. V. Brooks.

Trustees: Rev. F. J. Grimke, Mr. U. S. G. Bassett, Mr. Aaron Russell.

Advisory Board: Mr. L. M. Hershaw, Chairman; Mr. Henry Johnson, Mr. E. G. Brooks, Dr. H. L. Bailey, Mr. W. H. Harris.

STANDING COMMITTEES

Household Committee: Mrs. M. L. Meriwether, 1212 S Street; Mrs. M. N. Waldron, 1334 V Street; Mrs. L. M. Kelly, 1306 U Street.

Clothing Committee: Mrs. C. W. Harris, 1633 L Street; Mrs. E. P. Messer, Howard University.

Educational Committee: Miss E. A. Cook, 1118 Sixteenth Street; Mrs. I. M. Howard, 2221 Sixth Street; Miss U. V. Brooks, 927 Eighteenth Street.

Committee on Admission and Dismission: Mrs. M. V. Datcher, 1212 Sixteenth Street; Dr. I. H. Lamb, 2118 Eighteenth Street.

Superintendent, Mrs. Eva Hood Smith.

Matron, Miss Jennie Edelin.

Teachers: Miss N. A. Plummer; Assistant, Miss E. B. Lucas; Industrial, Miss S. F. Wilkinson; Assistant, Miss Loretta Simms.

Kindergarten, Mrs. A. E. Williams.

REPORT

Washington, D. C., January, 1914.

The President and Members of the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children.

An institution which was founded by women prominent in the affairs of the nation when the nation's history was in the rapid process of daily development; an institution which has adhered rigidly to the ideals and standards fostered by the noble spirits responsible for its creation and early maintenance, the Home is this year commemorating its fiftieth anniversary of an uninterrupted and effective community service.

The traditions of a half century's existence, and the resultant experience in management, the public spiritedness and devotion of the Association's membership, and the individual aptitude and esprit de corps so abundantly apparent among those in immediate supervision and control of the Home, have been unquestionably the contributing factors to its singularly successful operations.

The squalid environment from which the inmates are frequently recruited, and the innumerable possibilities which accompany such conditions render almost inconceivable the complete absence of disease among the approximately one hundred children intrusted to the care of our Superintendent and her assistants who so fully merit and annually receive the Association's expression of unqualified appreciation for the unremitting efforts and intelligent alertness which so gratifying a condition attests. Every evidence of motherly attention, which is a somewhat brief though convincing summary is reflected in the cleanliness, the discipline and in the general demeanor of the children.

The Association is beyond expression grateful to its many charitable friends who each year re-enroll themselves without solicitation, as practical benefactors of its little wards, and to Mr. and Mrs. E. B. McLean the secretary conveys for each recipient our expression of enthusiastic appreciation for the individual gifts tendered at Christmas.

It continues a source of profound regret that the spirit and operation of the Act of Incorporation should have been subverted by the adoption of a system of local procedure

which deprives the Home of its formerly direct appropriation by Congress, and which, instead of extending to the children the advantages of a permanent home and the opportunities for development which are the avowed and specific objects of this institution, converts into mere transient boarders those for whom, during their character forming period Congress so adequately provided "wholesome instructions with a view to becoming intelligent, moral and useful members of society."

The loss of Mrs. Helen A. Cook, president of the Association, on November 20, 1913, removes from our midst the most enthusiastic and active spirit: a friend of friends, loyalty itself in matters pertaining to the Home, her memory will remain an inspiration for her former colleagues to supreme effort and benevolent attainment.

Respectfully submitted,
L. M. KELLY, Secretary.



MRS. IDA PLUMMER-BURKE.—
My "Galeb," in Family and Church Work.

IN MEMORIAM

The embodiment of sincerity and unselfishness, modest in performance and bold in the conception of her philanthropies, gifted with an almost divinely unerring intuition in the distribution of her charities, Mrs. Helen Appo Cook remains to those whom fortune made her associates, an inspiration to benevolent endeavor and accomplishment.

For more than a quarter of a century Mrs. Cook had been peculiarly identified with this institution whose founders were women of national prominence and of whom only the period following a great national calamity and crisis is productive.

Endowed with a prepossessing gentility and yet with vigorous moral courage and assertiveness, with tactfulness and yet with unquestionable candor, cultured and with a highly discriminating intellect, Mrs. Cook was, in the estimation of all most intimately associated with her, one of those rare women in whom God seems to have concentrated many of his noblest gifts for the emulation of her fellows and to more completely impress upon them the possibilities of human attainment.

By the inscrutable summons on November 20, 1913, her wards were in the passing of Mrs. Cook deprived of a loyal and single-minded friend, the Association of a presiding officer of perfected judgment and charming personality, and the community of a life-long and talented contributor to its highest and most noble ideals.

TREASURER'S REPORT

Annual report of Rachel L. Brooks, Treasurer of the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children from January 1, 1913, to December 31, 1913, inclusive.

RECEIPTS

Balance on hand January 1, 1913	\$3,454.67
From Board of Charities	9,794.21
Board at the Home	356.00
Membership dues	19.00
Interest	1,125.00
Returned from Christmas check	3.00
Total receipts	\$14,741.88

DISBURSEMENTS

Salaries and extra services	\$3,708.00
Groceries	811.60
Dry goods	306.86
Meats	1,160.59
Fish	76.50
Washington Gas Light Company	133.85
Current Expenses	120.00
Butter, eggs and cheese	421.94
Vegetables and fruits	348.21
American Ice Company	62.07
Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company	29.13
Bread	593.22
Milk	1,181.76
Shoes	437.62
Home Oil Safety Company	7.48
Coal	645.80
Medicines	55.63
Household goods	93.40
Plumbing	150.30
General repairs	837.94
Printing	32.50
Miscellaneous	165.23
Total disbursed	\$11,379.63
Balance	3,362.25
Total	\$14,741.88

Respectfully submitted,
RACHEL L. BROOKS, Treasurer.

**Report of Attendance from December 31, 1912
to December 31, 1913**

	Boys.	Girls.	Total.
December 31, 1912	57	37	94
Admitted, new	28	17	45
Returned	8	3	11
	—	—	—
On roll	93	57	150
	—	—	—
Discontinued	33	25	58
Escaped	4	1	5
Died	0	0	0
	—	—	—
December 31, 1913	56	31	87

EVA HOOD SMITH, Superintendent.

Report of Public Schools, Grades 1-7, ending Dec. 31, 1913

Whole number taught	118	First grade pupils	20
Boys	70	Second grade pupils	13
Girls	48	Third grade pupils	13
Withdrawn	27	Fourth grade pupils	16
On roll since Sept., 1913	95	Fifth grade pupils	15
Average daily attendance	83	Sixth grade pupils	3
Average age	12.9	Seventh grade pupils	15

NELLIE A. PLUMMER, Principal.

E. B. LUCAS, Assistant Teacher.

Report of Kindergarten for the year ending December 31, 1913

Whole number entered	19	Number in 1st year's work	6
Number of boys	12	Number in 2d year's work	4
Number of girls	7	Number on roll	10
Number withdrawn	6	Number of visitors	11
Number promoted to school			
September, 1913	3		

ANNA E. WILLIAMS, Kindergartner.

**Report of work finished in Sewing Room for the year ending
December 31, 1913**

Dresses	105	Shirts	25
Gowns	28	Chemises	2
Drawers	75	Caps	14
Jackets	182	Bed-ticks	7
Trousers	96		

SARA F. WILKINSON, Seamstress.

**Industrial work finished in the Sewing School
during the year 1913**

Number of sheets	85
“ pillow cases	71
“ towels	75
“ rollers	33
“ wash cloths	31
“ dust cloths	16
“ aprons	14
“ bolter cases (pairs)	2
“ curtains (pairs)	4
“ iron holders	12
“ underskirts	15
“ bed ticks	2
“ candy bags	128

LORETTA C. SIMMS, Sewing Teacher.

Report of Cooking Class for the year ending December 31, 1913

Whole number taught	27
Number of days	31
Number of meals cooked	31
Number in class	15
Simple recipes given by Mrs. Julia Shaw, Director of Cooking in the Public Schools	7
Recipes from Miss Ellis, Secretary of the Home Im- provement Association	2
Donations from Mrs. M. I. Hill, Mrs. L. W. Moore, and Miss Genevieve Thompson.	

ANNA E. WILLIAMS, Teacher.

DONATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. McLean, dolls, games, and Indian suits for all the children.

Howard University Y. M. C. A., Christmas tree, entertainment for all the children.

St. Matthias P. E. Chapel, Rev. R. Jackson, pastor, Christmas tree for all the children.

Mrs. Evans, one lounge and two chairs for old folk's sitting room.

Rev. George Brent, one shad, one-half dozen herring.

Business High School (white), 500 sandwiches, 1½ gallons milk, 1 quart salad dressing, 1 dozen eggs.

Mrs. Martin Gering, 2 hats, clothing, and periodicals.

Dr. Thomas, clothing.

Misses Sarah Moore, Susie Wilder, Lydia Montgomery, and friends, 100 dyed Easter eggs for children.

Mr. A. E. Coleby, 2 caps, and neckties.

Mrs. Robert Jackson, shoes and clothing.

Mrs. M. V. Datcher, and Miss Datcher, 8 pairs of shoes.

Mrs. Anna E. Williams, neckties.

Mrs. Jennie Edelin, 2 dresses, 2 aprons, and handkerchiefs.

E. H. Smith, 3 dresses.

Miss S. F. Wilkerson, 1 hat and hair ribbon.

Miss Loretta C. Simms, 2 dresses, 1 coat, 2 pairs shoes.

Fussells Ice Cream Company, 5 gallons of ice cream for Thanksgiving.

Mrs. Elizabeth Somers, Mt. Vernon Seminary, Christmas tree.

Mr. Walker J. Robinson and co-workers of Mt. Vernon Seminary, \$7.13, 1 box of oranges, and Christmas tree decorations.

Christmas turkeys: Mr. Wm. Hahn, 1; Mr. Ewell Conway, 1; Mr. Lansburgh, 1; Mr. James Lockhead, 1; Maury Dove & Co., 1; Hoover & Denham, 3; Mr. H. C. Coburn, 1; Gregg National Dairy, 1.

Christmas candies: Mr. N. P. Napper, 1 bucket; Mrs. M. V. Datcher, Mrs. Rachel L. Brooks, Mrs. Ursula Hawkins, Miss Meneto, Mrs. Jane B. Sykes, candy wreath for Christmas tree and 13 pounds of candy; Mrs. C. W. Harris, 6 pounds; S. A. Reeves (Co), 6 boxes.

Mrs. M. L. Meriwether, 2 books for boys.

Mrs. J. R. Wilder, animal crackers for all the children.

Friend, 20 pounds of shellbarks.

Rev. J. Henning Nelms, 75 picture books.

Corby Bakery, 25 loaves of bread.

Somerset Waters, 10 pounds of nuts.

Excelsior Market, nuts.

Christmas dolls donated: Mary Diggs, 2; Mildred Eskridge, 2; Louise Robinson, 2; Miss Martha Garner, 2; Miss Ursuline V. Brooks, 2; Sinclair Momas, 2; Miss Loretta Simms, 2; Miss Julia R. Bush, 3; Miss Cicely Dandridge, 2; Rev. and Mrs. I. N. Ross, 2; Mrs. M. Clair, 1; Jessie Campbell, 1.

Miss Anna J. Paynee and C. E. young ladies, 12 dressed dolls.

Mrs. M. V. Datcher, aprons for old ladies, and 10 pounds of candy.

Mrs. Robert Jackson, toys.

Mrs. Ursula Hawkins, toys.

Miss Louise Jacobs, toys.

Mr. Sattlewhite, 1 barrel of apples, 35-pound basket of candy.

Miss Nellie Datcher, \$2, nuts, and small cakes for candy bags.

Mr. Thomas E. Barton, \$1, wreaths, and candy.

Mr. C. W. Harris, 3 dozen neckties, hats, coats, and other clothing.

Mr. U. S. G. Bassett, \$2, decorations, nuts, and candy.

Donations received for the Kindergarten: Miss G. Thompson, Miss N. Jackson, gilt paper, and other kindergarten materials.

NAMES OF INMATES

Boys	Age	Boys	Age
Anderson, Leon	12	Temple, John H.	11
Bailey, Frank	13	Thornton, John	12
Blackston, Charles	11	Tucker, Edwin	10
Beckett, George	10	Tyler, Arthur	7
Briscoe, Edward	11	Tyler, Raymond	8
Brown, Alfred	9	Upshur, Mark	9
Brown, Edward	9		
Butler, Arthur	14	Girls	Age
Butler, Hampton	13	Allen, Adrianna	8
Butler, Samuel	12	Bailey, Annie	12
Clanton, Aloysius	10	Banks, Esterine	11
Clemens, Nebraska	10	Banks, Ruth	10
Foster, John	12	Beckett, Naomi	13
Grant, Albert	10	Brown, Pearl	6
Green, Benjamin	12	Carter, Maud	10
		Clanton, Marie	14



DR. MATTIE V. S. LEE

NAMES OF INMATES

Green, James	13	Croffut, Maud	12
Greenleaf, Wilbert	12	Graham, Laura	13
Grey, Joseph	12	Green, Bessie	15
Griffin, John	10	Grimes, Elmira	19
Griffin, William	12	Jackson, Agnes	13
Hedgman, Edward	14	Jackson, Clara	10
Henderson, Charles D.	12	Johnson, Lillian	15
Jackson, Herman	6	Johnson, Rosa	12
Jackson, Nelson	8	Johnson, Marie	11
Jared, Harry	14	Lee, Bertha	12
Johnson, Harry	10	Lee, Flossie	6
Johnson, Jack	11	Lee, Ethel	11
Johnson, John H.	13	Lee, Odie	9
Johnson, Matthew	10	Mason, Gertrude	10
Lawson, Frank	11	Moten, Louise	12
Mason, Charlie	9	Oger, Grace	11
Merrow, Charles	10	Oger, Louise	10
Morgan, James	10	Simon, Louise	12
Meyers, George	10	Temple, Beatrice	13
Neal, Allen	10	Wilkinson, Beatrice	9
Neal, Thomas	11	Williams, Gertrude	13
Newton, Albert	11	Wyatt, Ida	10
Osborne, Lawrence	12	Wyatt, Martha	11
Perry, Anthony	9	Women	Age
Proctor, Nicholas	10	Gant, Harriet	87
Reed, Edward	11	Stokes, Hannah	80
Robinson, Cornelius	10	Boys	56
Scott, John H.	11	Girls	31
Sewall, Columbus	11	Women	2
Smith, Herbert	8		
Taylor, Clarence	13	Total	89

ACT OF INCORPORATION

An Act to incorporate the National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That Sayles J. Bowen, Daniel Breed, George E. Baker, their associates and successors, being members of the said society, by paying into its treasury the sum of two dollars annually, or life members by paying fifty dollars at one time, are hereby incorporated and made a body politic by the name of "The National Association for the Relief of Destitute Colored Women and Children," for the purpose of supporting such aged or indigent colored women and children as may properly come under the charge of such Association; to provide for them a suitable home, board, clothing and instruction, and to bring them under Christian influence, and by that name shall have perpetual succession, with power to use a common seal, to sue and be sued, to plead and be impleaded, in any court of the United States; to collect subscriptions, make by-laws, rules and regulations needful for the government of said corporation and not inconsistent with the laws of the United States; to have, hold and receive real and personal estate by purchase, gift, or devise; to use, sell or convey the same for the purposes and benefit of said corporation, and to choose such officers and teachers as may be deemed necessary, prescribe their duties, and fix the rate of their compensation.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That the officers of said Association shall consist of a President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, and a Board of Managers to be composed of nine members, the whole to constitute an Executive Committee, whose duty it shall be to carry into effect the plans and purposes for which said Association was formed; all of which officers shall be elected on the fifteenth day of March next, and hold their offices until the second Tuesday of January, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, on which day, and annually on the second Tuesday of January, in each succeeding year, at the annual meeting of said Association, which shall be held on such day, their successors shall be elected, and hold their offices for the term of one year, and until their successors shall be duly elected and in case of a vacancy it shall be filled by the other members of the Executive Committee.

SEC. 3. **And be it further enacted.** That said society may receive into a house or building, to be provided by it, any destitute child or children, at the request of the parents or guardians, or next friend, or the mother, if the father be dead, or has abandoned his family, or does not provide for their support, or is an habitual drunkard, such parents, guardians, or next friend or mother making a written surrender of such child or children. The Superintendent, or other officers in immediate charge may, with the concurrence of the Executive Committee, or of a Board of Trustees, to be appointed by said Committee, and to consist of three persons, citizens of Washington, govern the inmates, preserve order, enforce discipline, impart instruction in useful knowledge of some regular course of labor, and establish rules for the preservation of health, and for their proper physical, intellectual, and moral improvement. The Trustees may, with the consent of the Executive Committee, bind out by indenture such children as may be deemed capable of learning trades or of becoming useful in other occupations, to such persons as will give them the benefit of good examples, wholesome instructions, and other means of improvement in virtue and knowledge, and the opportunity of becoming intelligent, moral, and useful members of society.

SEC. 4. **And be it further enacted,** That it shall be lawful for said Association, by and with the advice and consent of the Secretary of War, to occupy, for the objects of said Association, any lands, not exceeding one hundred acres, and the improvements thereon, which the Government may now own or may hereafter acquire contiguous to the city of Washington, by confiscation or purchase, such occupation to continue for such a number of years as the Secretary of War may, in writing, prescribe.

Approved February 14, 1863.

BY-LAWS

Adopted by the Association, 1866

1. Any person may become a member of the Association by paying the sum of two dollars. At the meetings of the Association ten members shall constitute a quorum. At the meetings of the Executive Committee five shall constitute a quorum for transacting business.

(This By-Law was amended June 10, 1879, as follows:

“Any person may become a member of the Association, upon nomination at a regular meeting of the Association, by a vote of two-thirds of the members present, and by paying into the treasury the sum of two dollars. At the meetings of the Association ten members shall constitute a quorum. At the meetings of the Executive Committee five shall constitute a quorum for transacting business.

(This By-Law further amended October 13, 1891, by inserting after “treasury” the word annually; also, on January 8, 1895, that the annual membership fee be one dollar.)

2. At the stated meetings of the Executive Committee, and at the quarterly meetings of the Association, the order of business shall be: First, minutes of the preceding meeting; second, reports of committees and officers; third, unfinished business, new business, adjournment.

3. The President, or, in her absence, the Vice-President or President pro tem., shall preside at the meetings, preserve order, and see that the officers perform their duties, and all drafts upon the treasury, approved by the managers, shall be signed by the presiding officer at the meeting at which they have been passed.

4. The Secretary shall keep correct minutes of the proceedings of the meetings of the Association and of the managers, and give due notice of the place of all meetings—a notice of the annual and quarterly meetings of the Association to be advertised for at least two days in a daily paper published in Washington City. The Secretary shall conduct the correspondence and countersign all drafts upon the treasury.

5. The Treasurer shall take charge of all moneys belonging to the Association not otherwise ordered by the Board, and shall deposit them in such institutions or invest them in such ways as the Board may direct, and shall make no payment except by its order. All bills ordered by the Board shall be paid by the Treasurer. She shall report in writing at each monthly meeting, to the Executive Committee the amount received and expended during the month, also all indebtedness. She shall keep a list of the contributors and an accurate account of the receipts and expenditures of the institution, which account shall at all times be open to the inspection of the managers. She shall make a written report to the annual and each quarterly meeting of the Association and give bonds in the sum of one thousand dollars for the faithful performance of her trust.

6. At the first stated meeting held after the annual meeting of the Association, the Executive Committee shall elect from their number the following standing committees: A Committee upon Education, Committee upon Clothing, a Committee upon Household, Committee upon Admission and Dismission.

7. Of the Committee upon Admission and Dismission—The Committee, or one of its members, shall visit the Home once each month. To this Committee all applications for admission shall be referred. They shall keep a book of registry, in which they shall enter the name and age of every woman and child received, the date of admission, whence and from whom received. If the woman or child has near relatives, note the degree of kindred and residence of same; ascertain whether the children have had measles, whooping cough or small-pox, and whether they have been vaccinated. These particulars shall be recorded, together with other circumstances which may be of importance to them or to the institution at a future day. If the child be brought by a parent, obtain his or her signature to the form provided for the same. When children are placed out, state particularly with whom, the residence and occupation of master and mistress, and note the date of removal from the Home whether by death or otherwise. When children are placed on trial, if returned they shall be well clothed by their employer, or he be required to pay twenty-five cents for as many weeks as they

have served him. A promise to do so shall be made by him in writing, on receiving the child.

8. The Household Committee, or one of its members, shall visit the Home once a month, and oftener if necessary. They shall see that its affairs are administered with order, prudence, and economy; that proper attention is paid to the habits, manners, and persons of the children, and that peace, harmony, and domestic religion are cultivated; and, whilst obedience is required of the children to the duly appointed officers, no corporal punishment shall be allowed. They also shall keep a book of the records of all gifts and benefits conferred on the institution which do not appear on the Treasurer's record. They shall make a monthly call on the matron for a report in writing of the same.

9. It shall be the duty of the Committee on Clothing to see that the women and children are supplied seasonably with all necessary clothing, including hats, caps, shoes, and other articles of wearing apparel which may be needed, on leaving the Home. They shall report when necessary to the Board.

10. The Committee on Education, or one of its members, shall visit the school once a month, and provide furniture, books, and whatever may be needed for the use of the school.

1. The above named committees shall render monthly reports to the Board, all of which shall be in writing, as well as all resolutions and resignations. The Executive Committee shall elect three Trustees, to continue in office until their successors are chosen. A special meeting of the Association may be called by the Board at any time, due notice being given.

12. The By-Laws may be amended at any regular or duly called meeting of the Association by a vote of two-thirds of those present.

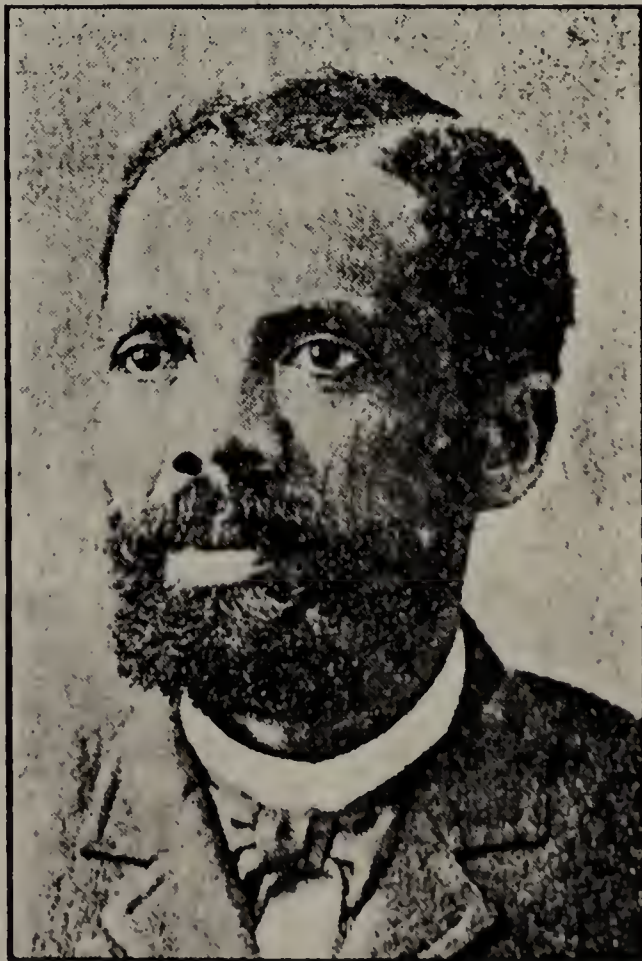
OUT OF THE DEPTHS, OR
AMENDMENTS TO BY-LAWS

13. Children under three years of age will not be admitted to this Home.

14. The Association, at any regular or duly called meeting of the Association, may, by a vote of two-thirds of those present, expel a member, but the vote shall be taken by yeas and nays, and be recorded by the Secretary in the journal of the proceedings.—Adopted June 12, 1870.

15. Members of the Association, other than members of the Executive Committee, shall be eligible to position on any of the regular or special committees of the Association.—Adopted January 10, 1880.

16. The Executive Committee shall have power to appoint matron, assistant matron, and such other officers as may be necessary to carry on the work of the Association, and, further, they shall have power to remove such officers by a majority vote.—Adopted January 10, 1893.



REV. F. G. HALL.—A Friend and Brother.—
Preacher, Pastor, Teacher,—Full of Sympathy, Sincerity, Patience, Loyalty.

THE STORUMS

In the home of father and mother Storum, in Buffalo, N. Y., lived their two children. I have spoken of James, who possessed an enviable character from youth. But his sister, Sarepta, embodied all the joy and sunshine that it is possible for a human being. She knew everybody, everybody knew her, and everybody loved her. One has seldom seen a more devoted daughter than she was. After the passing of her mother, her father made his home with his son, here in Washington. So for years, Prof. Storum at Wayland, and Miss Sarepta at Orphans' Home, they were the delight of school and church and community. I loved her as a beloved sister, until 1895, when she passed away at her old home in Buffalo. Rev. J. E. Nash is still pastoring the church where she used to worship, before coming to Washington.

I think Miss Sarah F. Bullard succeeded dear Miss Storum as industrial teacher at The Home.

From Charleston, S. C., there came into The Home life, Miss Romena Hunter, a graduate of Howard University.

Miss Hunter brought much strength and power to the school, as well as the kindergarten. She was the niece-in-law of Prof. F. J. Cardozo, principal of M Street High School. She was an Episcopalian indeed! Later she married Rector E. A. Jensen, and they now live in Trenton, N. J., with their children. We are still loving sisters, as of Orphans' Home days.

As to Mrs. Anna Eliza Williams, whom everyone knows, I need not do more than mention her name. We thought Miss Storum could fill any place, no matter who was absent, but Mrs. Williams excelled all. For twenty-five years she was our kindergartner. Being short and small, the children must have taken her for one of themselves. I know of no child, from oldest to the youngest that did not love her as their mother. Her consideration of the servants, and her care for the "Old People" (usually twelve old women past work), was equal to her loving care of the children. Her pay in cash was very small. Yet she spent a large part of

it buying combs, brushes, vaseline, handkerchiefs, books, candy, fruit, etc., not only for her kindergarten, but for the graded school pupils, as well as the old women. Scarcely a letter came to The Home from former pupils that did not say: "Give my love to Mrs. Williams." When the children's parents or other relatives came on "Visiting Day," they always found a friend in her, as well as in the Superintendent and Matron. If ever a teacher in the District of Columbia received a pension for more-than-faithfulness to duty, it should be Mrs. Anna Eliza Williams. With such a high character, and such unselfish devotion, I consider her one of the just, being more than glad to love her as one of my "Inner Circle" of friends. As she has given the "cup of cold water" to so many, may she never want. As a community worker, I think she has no equal. If one is sick or dying, there she is to bless.

My long service at The Home blessed me with the influence of O, so many others whose names I'd like to call, but cannot, two of whom I must not omit. There was the boys' nurse, Miss Malinda Grigsby, who held such influence over her fifty to seventy-five boys that it was a marvel to us all, as she was not educated nor trained for the work. With Malinda, it was natural mother-wit. It was hard to tell whether the children loved Miss Heacock or Miss 'Lindy the more. As with the boys, so with the girls, we had Mrs. Lizzie Hutton as nurse for years and years.

While Lizzie was very different from Malinda, still she was a splendid mother. Many were Miss Heacock's cares and anxieties if either nurse was absent.

MISS LORETTA SIMMS

This is intended to pay tribute to every precious child that came under the care of Orphans' Home, but more especially those whom I have tried to influence during my more than thirty-six years there. How I'd like to call the names of every one!

When I entered there that Monday, January 8, 1883, one little boy about 6 years old was not in class because he was sick. That was James Wallace, now an honored citizen of Brentwood, Md.

Then there was a little girl, for whom we all had great sympathy, because she was very lame. She was very slender, having the smallest feet and ankles. So she could walk but a few steps without falling. After years, the ladies secured braces for her and then she could walk much better. She is not tall and is still slender. Her black hair was thick and long. But intelligence does not depend on size nor anything else except the brain. After completing her grade work in the Home School, she was sent to Scotia Seminary. She early showed her ability to govern the girls, then girls and boys. She is very industrious, and loves to sew and knit. She always was extremely kind and thoughtful of me.

Many lonely hours for her and the children were driven away because she learned to play the piano and organ. Though too lame to pump the organ, her will found a way—one of the children was always glad to pump for her. Later years, she was able to teach the children many songs, and rehearse them in their Christmas music, as well as for their every day prayer service.

Scotia Seminary.

Concord, N. C., January 29, 1898.

My dear Miss Plummer:

Yours was received, and you can imagine how glad I was to hear from you. I know you had a delightful time Christmas. Well, I will be with you next Christmas. The smallpox is pretty near Concord, but I hope it will not take place here. I am not feeling like myself today as I have a cold and it makes me feel sleepy. I suppose there is three years difference in the Home since I left. I am anxious to see the grounds, etc.

Have you heard Mr. Lindsay, the fine musician, play? Whenever music started, he started, too. He has given several concerts in town. Thursday evening, he gave one in Scotia, and I must say that words will not express it. He plays the guitar and a ten cent mouth organ at the same time. He made the mouth organ talk to imitate a child from 2 to 5 years. It certainly talked. This is one of the sentences: I want my mother, that's what I do. He imitated the train going from Washington to Baltimore and from Baltimore to New York. I can't explain it to you, but I can only say that if you heard him you would not want to go to bed at all.

We are having spring weather and it is very sickening. I have made myself a whole suit and now I am making another.

My class in arithmetic are working in Compound quantity. I enjoyed Harriet's letter she wrote me a letter some time ago. You can see by the mistake that I am not in a mood for better writing, but if I put it off why it will not get done. It is a part of school life to go through a case of sickness. I haven't had to go to bed for sickness, not since I left Home.

Remember me kindly to your classes. I will have to stop now as my thoughts are wandering here and there.

I had a dream about Miss Heacock last night.

Love to yourself,

Sincerely, Loretta Simms.

She became industrial teacher, in charge of sewing. She had charge of the children's study hour. Today, she is the matron with twenty to fifty children under her care.

Mrs. Meriwether and her family took especial interest in this pupil. But no one could live, day in and day out, with Miss Eliza Heacock and Mrs. Coralie Franklin Cook as did Loretta and not learn how. Hence her ability. We are all justly proud of "Miss Loretta."

Later there came to us a lame boy, Cornelius Bruce. He, too, made good. His penmanship was excellent. After years we lost him. He had splendid control over the boys.

Colored Orphans' Home.

Washington, D. C.

January 3, 1890.

Dear Mrs. Hall:

Our tree was decorated with flags, and a great many more pretty things, which I cannot mention. We had a great many presents hanging on the tree, that it would take me a long time to tell you. But I can tell you a few of the presents, we had around the tree. There were bags of candy, books, baskets, aprons, stoves, and a large basket of apples. We had a great many visitors among whom were Mr. and

Mrs. Pomeroy, Mrs. Purvis, Mrs. Merriwether, Prof. Storum, Rev. Wiseman, Mr. Stewart, who were ministers, and yourself. I mentioned these because I know them. I played a march while the children filed in. After all were seated, we chanted the Lord's prayer. Then the children sang two pieces, after which one of our girls spoke a piece relating to Christ, then all the children sang another song, after which came a dialogue, which was spoken by several children, then the children sang another song, after which came the kindergarten play, after which Mr. Pomeroy gave a speech and Mr. Stewart spoke also. Another song was sung, then the presents were distributed. The children were talking very loudly what they would receive, so there was a great noise in the room, because they were so anxious. After waiting a long time, I received a bag of candy, which I opened and began eating the cakes. Waiting a little bit longer, my teacher handed me my present, which was a necktie, and a blank book. A week before Christmas, Miss Heacock gave me a nice pocketbook. As we had a "Merry Christmas," and hope to have a "Happy New Year," I wish you the same also.

Affectionately yours,

Cornelius Bruce.

Colored Orphans' Home,

Washington, D. C.,

April 23, 1893.

Mr. J. R. Keene:

Dear Sir: Not long ago I was seeking an employment, but got very much disappointed, indeed, that I resolved never to try again. But one day, while sitting on my shoe-bench and thinking of my school days, you came in view. I could picture your coming in our school and of your standing near my desk and asking me about my studies. I immediately thought you would help me to this effect as you might know of so many places that ought to be filled. To any favor which you will kindly show me, will be greatly appreciated by

C. Bruce.

To you, O, my children! Each one is held deep down in the dungeon of my heart! Like Ruth, Miss Loretta, Miss Pauline L. Mack, and Mrs. Maud Johnson-McElroy will not "return from following after me." Every once in a while they will let me know that I am not forgotten.

April 17, 1927

My dear Miss Plummer:

Just a line to you at this glorious season of the year. I was so pleased to see Nellie and another of your nieces at "The Gospel Feast Party," and I am hoping that you will be able to attend. Before when they were here, I only missed one night and I am hoping to do equally as well this time. I understand they are to be here more than a month, beginning Easter Sunday. Then, too, Miss Plummer, I am wanting you to share with me the joys that I have been having since Alphonso has accepted Christ as his personal Saviour. What I have prayed and agonized for ever since my own conversion, more than twenty years ago. I cannot express my feeling but some day I hope to have the sweet privilege of a heart to heart talk with you.

Always your own,

Pauline L. Mack.

My boys remember, too, Mr. Jesse Campbell, who served "overseas," now in Washington, sent me many records for my victrola, while in Pittsburgh.

Orphans' Home,

January 5, 1903,

Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Plumemr:

All your scholars wish you a "Happy New Year."

Please accept, Miss Plummer, from a few of your boys, a small New Year's gift.

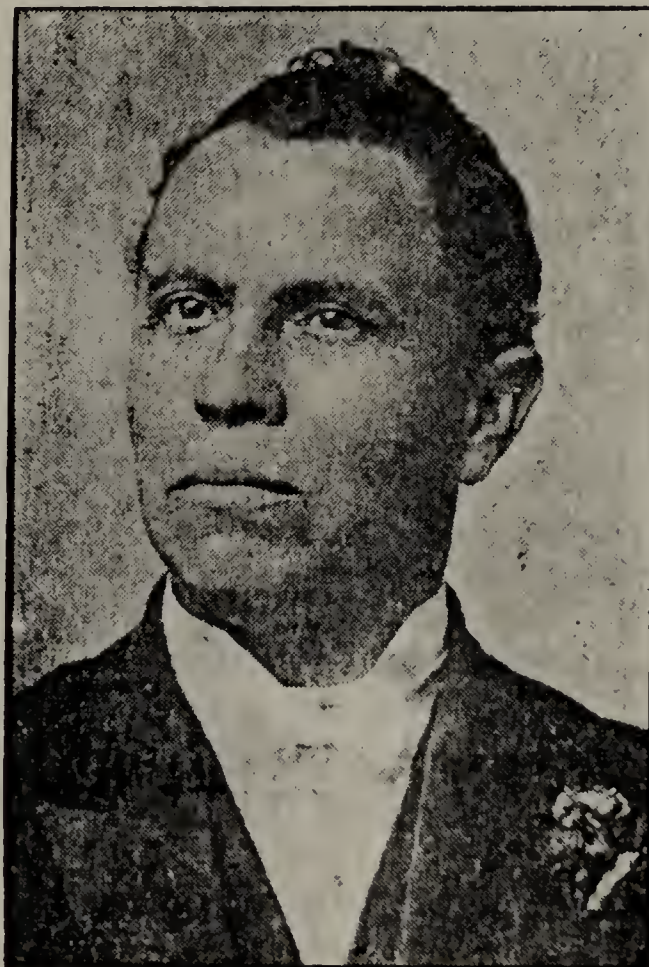
Your affectionate scholars: Abraham Smart, John Byng, Clarence Sligo, George Holmes, and John Wiley."

The above letter is attached to a beautiful white book, written by Charles Kingsley—"Out of the Deep."

It marked the twentieth year of my stay at The Home, appointed by the great W. H. A. Wormley, January 1. 1883, now January 19, '03.

So many of my boys have turned out to be such fine men—Messrs. Jesse Forrest, Maurice and William Drummond, Harry Jared, James Higgins, Clinton Jackson, John H. Johnson, Samuel Butler, Guy Eskridge, Elder Neal, Alston Pierce, Furman Sayels, Alexander and Frank Upsher, Hubert and William Wiley, and Andrew Williams are only a few of the hundreds that I have loved—never forgetting the girls!

So, because of their lameness, no one asked to take them into a family. What a blessing their lameness proved to The Home. They have brightened the corner where they are. It was well for Miss Heacock when Loretta Simms and Cornelius Bruce could govern the rest of the children.



REV. W. J. HOWARD, D. D..

A Friend and Beloved Brother of Humanity.—

A Waylandite, who caught the G. M. P. King Spirit.

CHAPTER XI

Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark

Seeing how hard it was for her to go from place to place, often miles away alone, to build up the church, she married Samuel Clark, September 2, 1868, who had followed the Union Army from his home in Savannah, Georgia. He was most industrious, though not so spiritually-minded, nor could he read or write. One daughter was born to them. Miranda named her "Emily" after mother, and "Jane" after her sister, Margaret Jane. "Emma Jane," as we called her, was born November 2, 1870. We idolized that child, not only because of her intelligence, but because of our great love for her mother. Thus, her boy and girl were sacrificed for others (the church). Her son never showed a disposition to follow his mother's deep devotion, but early showed a desire to be wayward. He died in 1888, aged 34 years. Her daughter, who will be 56 years old next November, still lives with her father in Bladensburg. Sorry to say, they do not attend the church (nor any church), for which the wife and mother gave her life. Although he is one of the seven original members.

Miranda often told us that she never meant to rust out, but to wear out in the service of the Master. This she did literally. Her brother, H. V. Plummer, would have had little success in establishing the Bladensburg Union had it not been for her great sacrifices during the first four years. Miranda was then doing general housework for Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bryan (cooking, washing, ironing, and sweeping), for the sum of ten dollars per month. In June, 1870, she gave her entire month's wages to start the Union. Each person was admitted for \$2.50 each. For the said ten dollars she entered Emma Peterson (a foster sister), Robert Plummer, Nellie Plummer, and herself. Letting the storebill and other expenses go, until she had worked, and worked hard for another month. The half of the sacrifices she and mother made will never be told. That my brother, sister, and I are still members makes me justly proud.

Steadfast, fixed purpose, unmovable, always abounding in the works of the Lord, fidelity, loyalty, love for all, especially her family, with Henry in particular, are but feeble words describing her character. There is no way to describe her until "we know as we are known."

But it was that telegram that we received on February 10, 1905, telling that her brother Henry had passed to the great beyond, that shook the very foundation of her soul. She refused to live without him, who had been so near and dear to her. Dear father was so feeble. We looked to Miranda to sustain us as she had always done. Alas! pneumonia developed. Reaching her 63rd birthday, February 26, 1905, she was very ill. Rapidly did the change come! We stood helpless!

On Saturday, March 4, 1905, nearing noon, she looked steadfastly into the heavens and was no more here, after telling me that SHE was going to the inauguration of Jesus Christ the righteous, while WE were going to Theodore Roosevelt's.

The following Obituary dictated by herself four years before she ceased to be, is a fitting closing for one who had undaunted faith in God; that is, it is her own summary of her life work, written by Rev. G. W. M. Lucas.

The monument that God built through her:

OBITUARY AND HISTORY

Bladensburg, Md.

October 3, 1901.

Beginning of the Baptist Church

Begun by Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark, eldest daughter of Adam F. Plummer. She was carried South in slavery times, 1860, at the age of eighteen years. While away (six years), she embraced Christ, whom she found was precious to her soul. "I was received in the City of New Orleans into the First African Baptist Church and baptized by Nelson Saunders, who was then Pastor, March, 1864. And God blessing and enabling me to get home to meet my relatives and friends again by mother and father sending brother Henry for me. We reached home Friday night, October 19, 1866. It has been thirty four years since this. I feel that I am coming down to the Jordan now. We were eight children. Mother died since. I have many friends over there where I am going, and there is no grieving there. It was revealed to me that my people at home were in the dark. Thus I began. I was received into the Second Baptist Church, D. C., with two converts by Brother Sandy Alexander of Georgetown Church. Then began the work from a family prayer meeting at my father's house. Then in a short time I had seven converts: H. V. Plummer, E. Q. Plummer, Samuel Clark, Camilla Morris, Julia Lomax, Fannie Mason, and Emily Plummer were baptized at the Second Baptist Church, May, 1867. We were eight set apart to worship God in Bladensburg. The eight children, with my mother, were added to the church. Then we went on. We are still going on in that direction. Hence we moved from father's house and rented a little church in the village of Bladensburg. We remained there until we bought this place, 1873, from which I expect to be buried. I want to have a pleasant coming together as though we were holding a pleasant prayer meeting. Then all my conflicts will be over. Then you may sing "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,

From which none ever wakes to weep." Then I leave these words with you: "Go, preach my Gospel, saith the Lord." Select a sermon from the sixth chapter of St. Mathew and the fifth chapter. Fourteenth and fifteenth chapters of St. John to be read, prayers to each. The twenty-seventh Psalm. The particular verse here God reveals to his servant here in trouble. The wonder was, did mother and father know I wanted to see them and could not. The answer: "When mother and father forsake you, God will take you up."

Now, Brethren, I want you to preach Jesus and Him crucified, always without favor or affection. Not for friendship sake; have man to know he must repent and be baptized in Jesus' name, and they shall be saved, every one of them.

Sing "Jerusalem, my happy home," when I am brought in. Have the pastor from the Second Baptist Church, whoever he may be and brother the pastor of this church if it's Brother Lucus it is all right. If the brothers of the family are not home, send for them. Let all come together.

I was born on Saturday, the twenty-sixth of February, 1842. Have the funeral at three o'clock in the evening, right on time. This is the desire of Sarah Miranda Clark.

Brother H. V. Plummer was ordained and became a minister, and the first he baptized in the church were: John Moss, Robert Plummer, Julia Bumbry, and Lizzie Williams. Four should be a unit, even number. But Judas was there and he is here today.

In the struggle with this work, God blessed me with a brother to help me. After Brother Henry went away, he sent me Saunders to help me. And mother was willing to go. The two youngest were fourteen years old and able to keep themselves. God has blessed us with two preachers, one is a farmer and the other is a doctor. He left sister Magg and sister Nellie home with father and with the promise that Emily Jane should have a part. This little sister Nellie was ten years old when she was received and baptized by Brother Thompson of Baltimore. She had a hard time to get in being young. People think little children do not understand. She has proven faithful thus far. As the Spirit said to her: "You shall have a seat among my people and cause many eyes to open."

Our pastor we have now, his father, mother, and sisters were baptized with us at the little church. Then we raised a little church in Montgomery County named Sitka Baptist Church. We started in a family prayer meeting there at Rachel Johnson's house. Hence I moved on down to Ardwich, about five miles from Bladensburg. They are doing tolerably fair there. The minister in charge is Brother Gibbons of Mt. Carmel Church of Washington, D. C.

Death may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home.
Why do my movements move so slow,
Nor my salvation come.
With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battle of the Lord.
Finished my course and kept the faith
Now await God's sure reward.
God has laid up in heaven for me,
A crown that will not fade
The righteous judge at that great day
Shall place it on my head.
Nor has the king of grace decreed
That prize for me alone,
But all that love and long to see
The appearance of His Son.

She never will be forgotten, as the following shows:

IN MEMORIAM

February 26, 1925

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of the 83rd
Anniversary of the Birth of the Founder and Mother
of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.

"LIFE'S RAILWAY TO HEAVEN"

1. Life is like a mountain railroad,
With an engineer that's brave;
We must make the run successful,
From the cradle to the grave.
Watch the curves, the fills, the tunnels;
Never falter, never quail.

| Keep your hand upon the throttle, |
| And your eye upon the rail. |

2. You will roll up grades of trial;
You will cross the bridge of strife;
See that Christ is your Conductor
On this lightning train of life.
Always mindful of obstruction
Do your duty, never fail.

3. You will often find obstructions;
Look for storms of wind and rain;
On a fill, or curve, or trestle,
They will almost ditch your train;
Put your trust alone in Jesus,
Never falter, never fail.

4. As you roll across the trestle,
Spanning Jordan's swelling tide,
You behold the Union Depot
Into which your train will glide;
There you'll meet the Superintendent,
God the Father, God the Son;
With a hearty, joyous plaudit.
"Weary pilgrim, welcome home."

Chorus

Blessed Savior, Thou wilt guide us,
Till we reach that blissful shore;
Where the angels wait to join us
In thy praise for evermore.

SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-HOWARD-CLARK,

Born February 26, 1842 | Founder, October 19, 1866

Died March 4, 1905

Henry Vinton Plummer

Because Henry did one thing—went to New Orleans, found Miranda and brought her home, we thought he could do anything! However, he did do many, many things for others. When two and a half years old, he was critically ill. While others watched for him to breathe his last, father put him into a warm bath in which life-ever-lasting was steeped. Needless to say, he recovered. Once grandmother couldn't get the door open. He said: "I'll open it for you, grandma." Although but three years old, he pushed a chair to the door, climbed on the chair and lifted the latch for her. During his lifetime he was ever opening doors for people.

July, 1867, he married Miss Julia Lomax, of Virginia. Eight boys and one girl were born to them. When their father drew near the close of his life, he reviewed the characteristics of each of his children, in a letter to me, beginning with the eldest. He so desired them to be great and useful, that he named them for the great people of his acquaintance. First born, Adam Francis. Thaddeus Stevens, Charles Henry. Charles Sumner, Henry Vinton, Anna Bumbry, Ulysses Grant, Ferdinand Hall, and Hanibel Lincoln, all Marylanders except the last two. They were born at Fort McKinny, Wyoming.

On running away from Col. Thompsons' in the early spring of 1862, his Aunt, Mrs. Margaret Tyler, kept him until he enlisted in the U. S. Navy. He served there for three years. In 1865, he became coachman and gardener for B. F. Guy of Hyattsville, Md. In 1866, he went to New Orleans for his sister, Miranda.

Mrs. Guy's relatives lived in Washington. She did not need the cars, for she had a beautiful carriage, drawn by two fine horses. One snow white, the other jet black. With Henry to drive those horses she had nothing to fear. As I now write, I see the Guy house. Every Sunday on my way to

church I pass the street which was their driveway, where I've seen Henry guide those horses into the Maryland boulevard, heading for Washington.

Remained with B. F. Guy until he received an appointment as watchman in the U. S. Post Office, Washington, D. C. (1871). He held the same until he received his commission as Chaplain in the U. S. Army from President Arthur. He went west to Fort Riley, Kansas, August 6, 1881. It was a dark day for us when he left us, having no other leader in sight, either in church or state. He was pastor of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., 1876-1881. Was pastor of Mt. Carmel Church, Washington, D. C., 1882-1884. He lost his commission as Chaplain in the U. S. Cavalry in 1895. He became pastor in Wichita, Kans. Now his life work was nearing its close. I shall never forget the visit I made in 1893, to my beloved brother while he was stationed at Fort Robinson, Nebraska. It was there I met Col. Chas. Young. Of all the joys blest memory shall bring to me that summer's joys excel all!

In the summer of 1899, H. V. Plummer visited his old home, having been sent for, to preach the 28th Anniversary of the Bladensburg Union, of which he was founder.

It seemed we were never so happy. It was well that he came then. For one other anniversary would have been too late for him to have seen his choicest friend, Rev. Ferdinand G. Hall, who passed away December 25, 1899. Our family group was taken in honor of his coming. In August, Henry returned to Kansas City, Kansas, to labor and to wait.

On the morning of February 10, 1905, a wire brought the saddest news—our Henry was no more. It would take volumes to give you a faint idea of what he was to us here, in the home, in church, and in state. I close with a quotation from one of his letters: "He saved others. Himself he could not save."

"Thou Judge of quick and dead,
Before whose bar severe,
With holy joy or guilty dread,
We all shall soon appear;
Our cautioned souls prepare
For that tremendous day,
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray."

Elias Cupid Quincy Plummer

E. Q., as we call him, was twenty years old the day after Henry's arrival from New Orleans with his sister, Miranda. He was baptized May, 1867, and became one of the seven original members of St. Paul's Baptist Church. He was the first to teach us to sing by "note," our first chorister. He taught school and did much church work at Leesburg, Va. He left us and joined the Methodist Conference. He still has charge of a church, although in his eighty-second year.

He has been four times married. About 6 years ago he married Mrs. Lucy Jane Lucas-Pinn. It is needless to speak of the love and respect we all have for this last wife. He has two sons and two daughters—Robert, Dr. Harry V. were born to Mrs. Clara Plummer, and Mabel and Bessie were born to Mrs. Martha Plummer. Dr. Harry V. Plummer works in the Post Office, Washington, D. C., having finished a course in pharmacy two years ago. He is a splendid character, and is fond of music. The other children live in Hutchinson, Kansas. Mrs. Bessie Plummer Evans, whom I've never seen, communicates with me. Her little daughter plays, or is organist for her mother who is leader of the choir. This is the son (E. Q.), mother yearned to see just before her death. Being left at "Three Sisters," he was reared away from mother from the age of five years until 1862, eleven years!

Mrs. Pinn was the widow of the great James Pinn. They have two sons, Rev. J. Luther Pinn, the beloved pastor of the First Baptist Church of Georgetown, and an instructor in the School of Religion, Howard University. Mr. Paul Calvin Pinn is an employee of the Government.

Elias was a good scholar at Wayland and Beloit, Wis. He could have easily excelled Henry as a speaker, other things being equal.

Julia Ann Caroline Maria Plummer-Ruffin

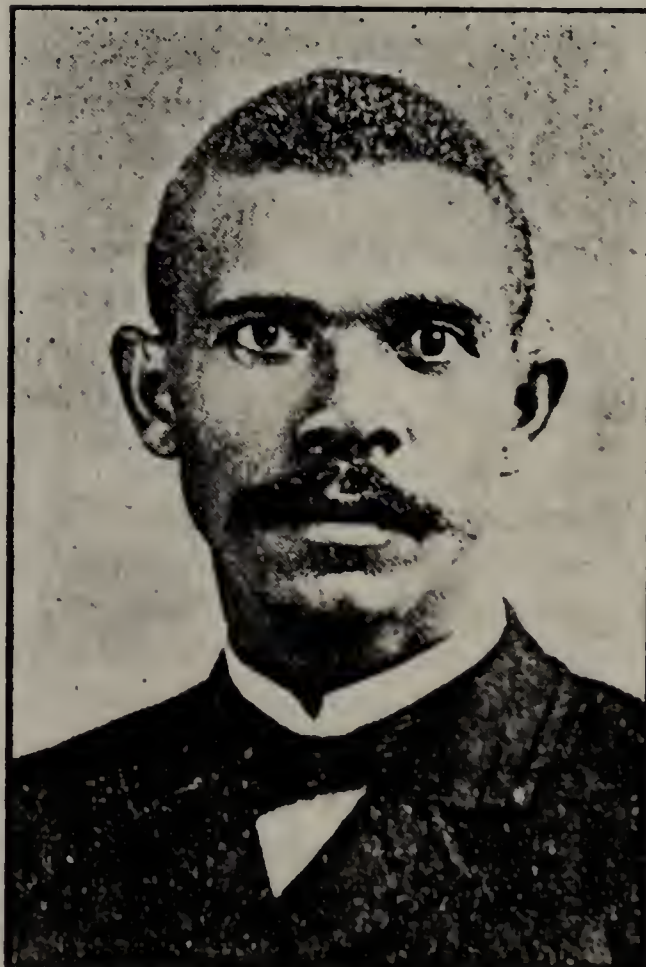
At the age of seven, Julia was taken into the "Great House," to be trained as a seamstress, in particular, and many things in general. When we were born, she claimed me as hers. So for these sixty-five years, I haven't been long out of her thoughts. At the age of fourteen she was

hired, December 18, 1863, as was mother, at the Hyatt mansion, remaining about two years. Next she was employed by Mrs. B. F. Guy, as a nurse (we bought our land from the Guys).

She was with the Guys when Lincoln was shot, and saw his funeral train on its way to Illinois. That same year she went to work in Washington, being sent in the care of an acquaintance, Mrs. Ann Dotson. This is why she was not home when sister Miranda came, October 19, 1866.

Thus at the age of 17, Julia was learning to read, spell, and write her name, by attending night school at Lincoln Memorial Church, corner 11th and R Streets N. W., Washington. Her text book being the old John Comley speller.

Julia joined Ashbury Church in 1866. Two years later she was converted to the Baptist faith through the influence of her sister, Miranda, and joined Second Baptist Church in



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
(As sent to me, December 30, 1885.)

1868. On April 18, 1871, she was married to Lewis Toliver Ruffin, a deacon of that church. She left Hon. Charles Summer's where she was employed as maid to be married. Rev. Sandy Alexander baptized her and married her. Till after her marriage, she never had a doctor. Her health failed her year after year.

Her suffering had become so acute, she thought she heard mother say: "Go, and see if something can't be done for you." Although she had been gone nearly ten years, Julia went to Columbia Hospital. Staid three months. Was so improved as to give encouragement, although Dr. Murphy thought an operation would be dangerous. Home again, the cares of housekeeping were too much for her. Since her marriage she was taught dressmaking, having learned under Mrs. Ellen White. She became quite a seamstress with a large run of work.

Finally they both agreed to separate for the sake of her health. He loved her dearly until the day of his death, April 18, 1916, which was the 45th anniversary of their marriage. No children were born to them. Although Mr. Ruffin obtained a divorce in 1890, neither ever married again. So, after sixteen years of hovering between life and death at times, the doctors said she would recuperate in the country. Then she made her former home in Hyattsville, her home. During the years 1886-87-88-89-90, she supported herself by working for Col. and Mrs. B. F. Bingham, doing general house work, nursing for Dr. and Mrs. J. O. Adams, and Gen. and Mrs. Anson G. McCook.

All the while Julia was studying to be a nurse. Her invitation and certificate show with what success she labored.

The Trustees and Faculty of the Washington Training School for Nurses, invite you to be present at the Graduating Exercises of the Tenth Class of Trained Nurses, to be held at the Columbian University Building, corner 15th and H Streets, on Thursday evening, June 16, 1892, at 8.30 o'clock.

All the while ill health threatened her. In 1895, her life was despaired of. Being nursed by Mrs. Catherine Everett, she improved sufficiently to go to Dr. Francis' Sanitarium, where an operation was performed by Dr. Stone. Dr. Wiliston administered the ether. After twenty-four years' suffering, she was now going to be well! Having suffered so

much herself, she determined to alleviate the suffering of others. Hence she became a nurse. How well she performed her duties, I shall ask several doctors whose patients she nursed, to testify. Also the following ladies:

Doctors J. O. Adams, S. S. Adams, Charles A. Wells, Richardson, Cuthbert, H. D. Frye, and others.

Mrs. J. O. Adams, Mrs. A. G. McCook, Mrs. Lampton, Mrs. Rexford Smith, Mrs. Mary Wells Fuller, Mrs. Vandoren, Mrs. Joseph Aman, Mrs. Addie Smith Holden, Mrs. George Evans and daughter, Mrs. Gaither, Mrs. F. S. Nichols, Mrs. Chas. Earl, and Mrs. Emmons S. Smith, and many others. They all say: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

As to our family, if there was any sewing to be done, or any one sick, "send for Sister Julia." While "Brother" Ruffin and "Sister" Julia kept house, none who went to visit them came away hungry. Whenever Julia was too sick, I've known Mr. Ruffin to buy the food, cook it, and serve it. He was more than fond of Robert and me. To me, it seemed he loved me more than my father or brothers. He was a good man. O, so proud of his office in the church. They both were very kind to Henry, and to every member of the Plummer family. It could easily have been said that I had two fathers, beside Dr. King. During these fifty years that our mother has been gone, this sister-mother has more than kept her promise to mother to "care for me always!" There is no way that I can describe my appreciation for her loving care and devotion during all these years. Although she is twelve years our senior, she could even now do without me, better than I could without her. She has always trusted me. And that trust I have sacredly kept. Yet, not I, but the Spirit of the Lord that is within me.

Thomas Moore said:

"Oh ! let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee;
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me."

I know of no one whose sterling christian character exceeds that of this beloved sister. "Her people shall be my people. Her God (doing right), my God. Where she dies, I will die, and there will I be buried."

Nicholas Saunders Plummer

This brother was sold in mother's arms when he was six weeks old. Thursday, November 25, 1851, the day that father and mother never forgot. When mother went to Woodlawn, Saunders was left with Misses Eliza and Priscilla at Mt. Hebron. I love to call their names again because mother often said she could not have stood the sorrow and loneliness with father so far away, but for these two maiden sisters—the daughters of Judge Dorsey.

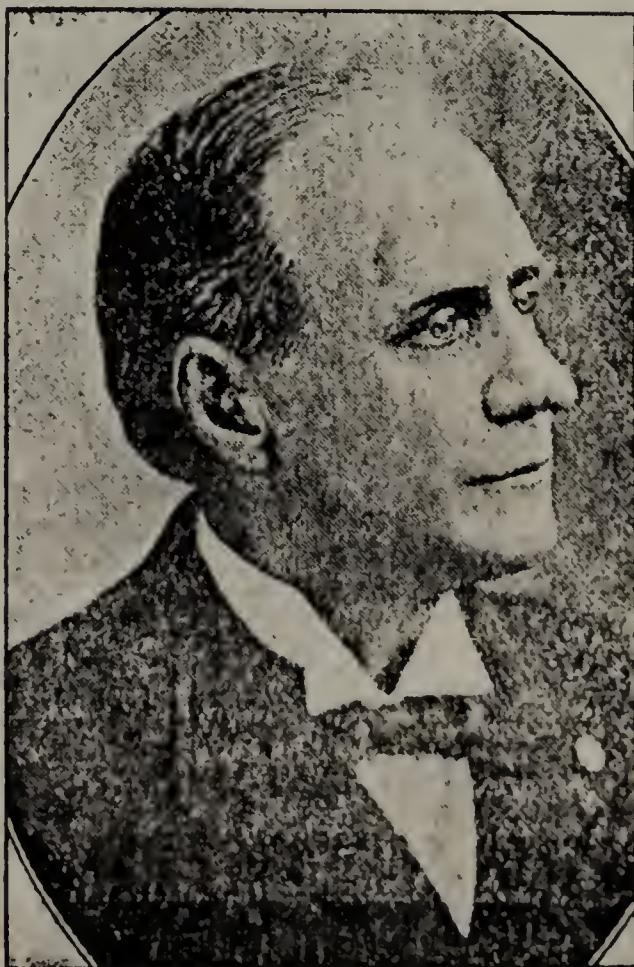
From babyhood almost, Saunders was unusually fond of horses. He carried a scar to his grave, where he was kicked in front of his left ear by a horse. Although so small as to walk between the animal's front and hind legs, his life was spared.

He was an obedient boy to both parents alike. He received his first wages in March, 1861, having been hired to Mr. Clark Hyatt in February. He was then twelve years old, and his pay was three dollars. But he was working with mother. That was everything. Soon it was said Saunders could manage any horse, no matter how full blooded. He was next employed to be coachman for Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Bryan, Marion Street, Hyattsville, is the driveway down which Saunders guided his beautiful bay horses. The First National Bank, Prince Georges Bank, all the churches and schools with hundreds of homes are now built on what was then the Bryan farm.

Within one month of his twenty-second year, September 4, 1873, he was married to Miss Frances Ellen Harris, at Second Baptist Church, Washington, by Rev. Madison Gaskins. Fifteen children were born to them. To me it was a beautiful sight to see father and mother and five boys and five girls seated at their table. But fate had a terrible blow in store for us. In less than two years we had lost four of those children, Alfred, Nicholas, Charles, and Grace. We are still asking "Why? Why?"

They named their first-born Sarah Miranda, born (Thursday, July 23, 1871.) She, as did all her sisters and brothers, entered the church while very young. Sadie attended our county public schools, and graduated from the Washington High School, June 21, 1893. She has been

church clerk more than thirty years. She was the idol of her parents for her steadiness, lady-like bearing, and her great influence for good over every sister and brother. Instead of sending Saunders to school, 1863-1873, father had to take practically all his wages to help secure our homestead. His family grew so large there was little time for study after his marriage. No wonder that he could do little more than sign his name, or read a simple text. But referring to Sadie, he would say: "I may not be able to count or understand that, but I have some one home who can." In June, 1905, she married Mr. Frank Johnson. No children were born to them. She was widowed one year ago, June 13, 1925. That large Johnson family in which she married has always helped us as a church. We love to think of Sadie as a deaconess, because we know she will seek to know the truth, then decide on its merit.



COL. BENJAMIN F. BINGHAM,—
The Friend of Humanity.

She has taught both public and private schools. She is still teaching. Her word is her bond. She is our Naomi.

Catherine Rebecca was born February 25, 1876. She was a great home body. She was named for her grandmother, Catherine Harris, and for her mother's sister, Rebecca. She grew to be very tall and slender. She loved to go to school, but did not finish because she was not well and vigorous. She early learned to sew, and became expert at dressmaking. Owing to the death of their children, the parents became despondent, especially her father. She was their mainstay and comforter. She was superintendent of our Sunday School. In June, 1910, she was married to Frederick J. Oscar of Kenilworth, D. C. Three children were born—Frederick J. Jr., Gloria, and Jewel. In April, 1910, she was widowed. But she is fighting bravely on, sending her children to school, providing for them physically and religiously, her needle being her principal support. My prayer is: Katie, that each child shall be a jewel to you, not only in name but in deed and in truth, as a recompense for your faithfulness to your parents during their great sorrow. I know you have their blessing. You are a defender of our family.

Ida Saunders Plummer-Johnson-Burke

Their third daughter was a twin. So ill was the mother that the little boy, the larger and livelier of the two was lost in the effort to save the mother, while the little girl so very small and lifeless was laid aside. It was her Auntie Miranda who discovered that she was alive, and thus saved her life. This happened November 26, 1877.

Ida went to Bladensburg public school, also attended M Street High School.

She is never so happy as when doing something for some one else. As an agent she did many acts of kindness for the sick and the needy. I am afraid we all impose upon her. If one reaps what he sows, she cannot miss her reward.

February, 1905, she was married to Paul Jeremiah Johnson, the brother of the late Frank Johnson. Five children were born to them, of whom Dorothy Plummer and Paul Jeremiah, Jr., survive. Their father died March, 1910.

Ten years later, November 17, 1920, she was married to William E. Burke, a deacon and trustee of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg. For twenty-one years she was an agent for the National Benefit Association of Washington. So faithful did she perform her duties that Mr. Rutherford did not hesitate to employ her daughter, son and sister. But her monument will ever be the faithful, loving care that she is taking of her mother. She has been assistant organist, and organist for the church, Sunday School, and endeavor for years. She is known and loved by everybody.

Their Henry Vinton died in 1883, nearly four years old. Alfred was 22 years old when he passed away in 1904. Next was Nicholas Saunders, Jr., aged 17 years. Then Charles Ellsworth, in his 19th year. Grace Frances, aged 14 years, was the last of that sorrow.

Robert Francis, born September, 1884, married Miss Florence Glascoe in January, 1908. Three children were born to them—Ray Frances, Florence, and Robert F., Jr.

He early showed a taste for music. So diligently did he study that he is now leader of Quinch Orchard Band, himself being cornetist. He has been employed at the Government Printing Office for years, while his wife is at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

Their eldest, Ray Frances, fifteen years, graduated from Dunbar High School June 21, 1926, and is very proficient in music, in which she plans to perfect herself. Both parents are loyal to their church.

Rudolph Lincoln, born May 21, 1890, was married to Miss Minnie Daily, a daughter of Rev. John H. Dailey, January, 1908. Three children were born to them—Elaine, Frances, and Justin, their father being employed in the Government. He is a deacon in his parents' church, beloved by all.

Marie Plummer-Davis

You know how parents feel toward their youngest child, "that's my baby," they say, although the "baby" may be fifty years old. Well, Marie is the baby, born January, 1895. She went to Bladensburg public school, then finished at Armstrong Manual Training, Washington, D. C.

Before joining that great body of workers, known as agents and clerks for the "National Benefit," she was a Maryland teacher. She married J. Hayden Davis. Two children were born to them—Saunders Plummer Davis and Cleopatra Davis.

In 1920, the court restored her maiden name. Thus she struggles bravely on alone with her children. She is now a teacher in the Sunday School.

Saunders and Fannie Plummer were baptized in March, 1874, before a child was born to them. Because they early sought God's favor, He poured out a special blessing upon them and their family. They were able to so influence every child that, like them, their chief delight is in the law of the Lord, in which they meditate day and night. Every child sought the Savior and sought Him early. They were early taught that a pure heart (right motive), leads to an undefiled soul, and that a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. God and His Church first, was their motto.

When H. V. Plummer left for the west on August 6, 1884, Rev. F. G. Hall, as minister and teacher, was naturally looked upon as his successor, but having poor health, Brother Saunders had to take the lead under his guidance. Whether we went north, south, east, or west, from that day to the day of his death, we had no fears for the Church or Union, knowing "Brother Saunders is there." He was a deacon for many years.

Knowing that the death of his children had struck him such a cruel blow, we could not see that subtle disease was creeping upon him.

On July 28, 1911, just after 4 p. m., he went Home to be forever with his Lord. As he was always home, scarcely if ever away over night, from 1851 to 1911, it is hard to describe how we miss him.

For there were very few prayer meetings ever missed by this deacon and his children, all of them, not one child.

Who said Deacon Nicholas Saunders Plummer's name is seldom if ever called, although he was faithful and upright.

Being denied an education, he appreciated it all the more in his children. Every time our church clerk performs

her duties after an exceptional manner as she has all these years, he speaks. For she is his first-born, Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson.

Every time Mrs. Katie Rebecca P.-Oscar, a widow, cares for her family as she is doing, he speaks. He speaks when Mrs. Ida Saunders P.-Johnson-Burke shows such patience and perseverance in the rearing and schooling her children and the care of her mother. For ten years more or less did Ida and her children live with her mother, and it would be hard to tell that the husband and father had passed away, so well kept and beautiful was their home. This, too, speaks for him. Thus he speaks through the organist, the president of the Church Aid, and what-so-ever her hands find to do.



MARY ALDEN.
(Aged 83 years.)

Every time Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Plummer (his son), come to our services, or give a band concert, they are his representatives. His granddaughter, Miss Fay Plummer, though very young, is destined to be a great pianist.

Deacon Rudolph Plummer fills his seat and counsels with the brethren as often as possible, his father speaking through him to the deacons still.

Mrs. Marie Plummer-Davis is speaking for her father as a member of the choir, and a teacher in the Sunday School, to say nothing of her daily work at the National Benefit—striving to rear her two little children as her parents reared her, to love and serve the Lord.

Brother Saunders was faithful, sincere, grateful, upright, being morally good, he loathed falsehood and hatred as being the most immoral of all immoralities. Such a character will continue to speak for itself.

Those of his children that he “loved and lost a while,” had spoken for him in heaven before his arrival.

This story of John Maynard describes Saunders—at home, at work, and at church, better than any I know. He staid at the helm, and died there.

JOHN MAYNARD

John Maynard was pilot of the steamer Ocean Queen which plied on Lake Erie between Buffalo and Detroit. He was well known as an honest, intelligent man; and now the time came when he was to prove himself as true a hero as ever lived.

One bright midsummer day, as the Ocean Queen was steaming toward Buffalo, smoke was seen ascending from below. The captain at once directed the mate, Simpson, to go down and see what caused the smoke. Presently the officer returned, his face pale as ashes, and whispered, “Captain, the ship is on fire!”

The terrible tidings quickly spread among the passengers, of whom there were more than a hundred. “The ship is on fire!” they uttered with blanched lips. “The ship is on fire!”

The captain was a cool, self-possessed man. Having called up all hands, he issued quick, sharp orders. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire; but as the steamer carried a large quantity of rosin and tar, the flames spread so quickly that all effort to extinguish them was vain. To add to the

horror of the situation, the lake steamers at that time seldom carried boats. The Ocean Queen had none.

The passengers rushed to the pilot, and anxiously asked: "How far are we from Buffalo?"

"Seven miles."

"How long before we can reach it,"

"Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed."

"Is there any danger?"

"Danger here. See the smoke bursting out! Go forward, if you would save your lives!"

Passengers and crew, men, women, and children crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the wheel.

The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose.

The captain shouted through his trumpet: "John Maynard!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you at the helm?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"How does she head?"

"Southeast by east, sir!"

"Head her southeast, and run her on shore!"

Nearer, and nearer yet she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out: "John Maynard!"

The response came feebly: "Ay, ay, sir!"

"Can you hold out five minutes longer, John?"

"By God's help I will!"

The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp; one hand disabled, his knee upon the stanchion, and his teeth set with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock.

He beached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took flight to its God.—John B. Gough.

Saunders's wife, who has been in failing health for the past five years or more, is just waiting. She will be seventy-three years old July 5, 1926. She has been a great wife and mother. To her husband's people she has been a real sister.

Many of my readers must know of her good brothers, Mr. Samuel Ellsworth Harris of Washington, and Mr. James Harris of Rhode Island.

Margaret Jane Plummer-Brown

I had two sisters—mothers. “Sister Magg,” or “Smagg,” as “Little Brother” and I affectionately called her, was one of them.

Hers was a peculiar kind of love. She loved like the genuine mother that she proved to be. She was the second child born on Meridian Hill, Washington, D. C., where dear old Wayland once stood. She was “baby” six years before we were born. It is said that all spoiled her. This I do know. All loved her. She was christened by Bishop Wayman, at Union Bethel (now Metropolitan, M Street between 15th and 16th Streets N. W.), as was Saunders. When freedom was declared, she was not nine years old until October 17th following. While father and mother were straining every nerve to bring Sister Miranda home (1866), and to pay for our ten



ALDEN-TINKER HOME, HYATTSVILLE, MD.

Descendant of John Alden of "The Mayflower."

(Place of my first inspiration.)

James Wallace, a boy from Orphans' Home, holding the horse.

acres of ground (1868), Robert and I and Tom had to be left largely to Magg's care during the day. Mother could have hired no nurse, nor detective, who would have guarded and protected us as Maggie did. She would have faced an army at the risk of her own life, for our sakes. She died possessed of that love. When we lost mother, January, 1876, Maggie was all the housekeeper father had. How we clung to her!

From the time she entered the church (1873), until the end, the church, in all departments, was her chief delight, as many now living can testify.

In 1880, she was married to John Preston Brown. He was the son of Henry and Mary Brown of our mother's acquaintance at "Three Sisters." In the six years they were married, eight children were born to them. At the second birth triplets were born (1882), all girls, all lived three days. One lived nearly a week.

Their first born was Mabel Vaughn, April 21, 1881. She grew to be a very lovable character. She graduated from Wayland Seminary in May, 1899. She possessed a deep and rich contralto voice. As a baby she used to sing "Sweet violets, sweeter than all the roses." She grew tall and interesting, being a favorite, especially at school.

Then the inevitable happened. On October 15, 1900, just fifteen months after graduation, she exclaimed: "O how beautiful it is over there!" Thus she left us in her 20th year. We still grieve after her, as the sweetest, fairest, and best.

Irene Emily was born June 24, 1883, at the homestead. We remember her babyhood as dimples, always plump and good natured. She is an expert in the culinary art.

In October, 1906, she was married to Walter R. Davis. Six children have been born to them. She shows her love and appreciation for those who cared for her by her many acts of kindness. Indeed, her mother passed away in her house. Their children are Anita (step-daughter to Irene), Elsie, Emily (all three now married), Walter R. Jr., Kenneth, Margaret, and Reginald. May they ever be as loving and obedient as their parents. Lord, bless their little flock.

Elizabeth May, born at the homestead, July 4, 1881, was named by Mrs. Lizzie Lee Bowles, the sister of our great friend and brother, Mr. William O. Lee, of Bladensburg. Mrs. Bowles was a great friend of "Bessie's" mother. As a

child no one could be more happy than she, if her mother were near. But please don't separate her from her mother, and expect any happiness. She wouldn't allow her father to carry her to or from church, even if asleep.

Like her cousin (Mrs. Katie Oscar), Bessie early showed a desire to sew, to cut, to make, to do. Today, I think she would tackle anything pertaining to needle-craft.

In 1909, she married William Luke Beaman, the son of our beloved brother and friend, Mills Beaman, who is much respected and beloved by all. His only faults are that he is faithful, honest, and industrious. Against these there is no law. His son, William, as do all his children, seems to follow in his father's footsteps. It is one of our chief pleasures to visit our niece in their beautiful home in Takoma, Park, D. C.

She is faithful to church and Sunday School, where she is the superintendent. I know she is beloved by her neighbors in Takoma just as she is by her relatives and friends here. "For the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but Truth and Righteousness, and Joy in the Holy Ghost."

Nellie Plummer Brown-Moss

The last children born to Preston and Maggie Brown were a boy and girl, December 6, 1886, here at the homestead. In January, 1887, the boy, John Preston, Jr., died of measles. From the time she was two weeks old, she and I became dear to each other. If it were possible, I'd say I loved her dearer than her mother did. I sent her to school, and she was with me, and about me all the time, whenever possible. At the age of twelve ill health set in. Many were our cares and anxieties for her health and very life. Every friend, or acquaintance, or relative sympathized with me, on account of the bond of love between us. Her great determination to finish high school, it seemed was what kept her alive. In her last year, I think, she had to say "Good-bye, little desk at school." Later she finished millinery at Armstrong under Dr. Bruce Evans.

Every teacher loved her, and inquire for her till today. Miss Park, Miss Riggs, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Jennie M. Spears, and others, still remember her.

On July 15, 1908, she was married here, where she was born, by that never-to-be-forgotten minister, Rev. Wm. J. Howard, to Clarence Bumbry Moss. Two children were born to them—Louise Plummer, April 30, 1909, and Harriette Elizabeth, July 20, 1909. As I write now, I can't believe they are both now in Dunbar High School. They spent one year, 1924-1925 at Hartshorn Memorial College, Richmond, Va.

Their father is a deacon of our church, and was president of The Union. He works for the R. R. Co. Their mother has worked for nearly ten years at the Bureau of Engraving.

May God bless them and may nothing ever separate them from His glory.

But all the life of Preston and Maggie Brown was not roses. Shadows and sorrows early crept across their sky. The year 1887 was noted for an epidemic of typhoid fever. On July 4, 1887, Maggie took her five children to Bladensburg to the picnic in Spa Woods. Susan Mathews carried the little boy while the mother carried the little girl. Mabel, 7, Renie, 4, and Bessie, 3, trudged along. Preston having worked a half day, called for them in the P. M. Before they started for Melrose, having moved from our house, Renie and Bessie seemed to be getting sick. No one then suspected what awaited us. From July 1 to August 11 it did not rain. The heat was intense. Many springs, wells, and streams went dry. The two children were so critically ill, that each day seemed their last. By the middle of July, Preston began complaining. By August 1, he was a sick man. As soon as he became ill, I took all the children home, here, with me. Dear little Mabel went through the heat every day to bring milk to the babies. On August 9, word came by Brother Saunders that there was no hope. That I must take the children down at once. At 11.30 A. M., Dr. Chas. A. Wells called. He said: "Preston, Preston, didn't you say you wanted to see Nellie?" (Calling as loud as he could). Preston answered: "Yes, sir!" I stepped to the bedside. With his last dying breath he said: "Your kindness—will—never—be—forgotten!" Before I could reply, he had breathed his last. I brought the children back home with me; also their mother.

They lived with me until they married. Just before 3 P. M., on the 11th of August, The Union brought his body here, where the funeral was held. We buried him in our private lot. So wasted was Bessie (3 years old), that I had to carry her on a pillow to the burial spot. Renie was nearly as bad off. After a week, Maggie was taken. For weeks she hovered between life and death. I went to Washington to get a nurse, if possible, and to bring a piece of meat for beef tea. From sheer exhaustion, I collapsed, and did not get back home for six weeks. When I did, I scarcely knew my sister, who couldn't take a step. The babies were sitting on the floor, O so changed. I didn't know the little girl, supposing her to be the neighbor's child that was washing. Dr. Wells told me not to weep, it was cooler now, and that he expected all to recover. When I saw the pitiable condition of my sis-



MISS LEWIS.—a Teacher.
(The Bruce School Beauty.)

ter and her five children, I was so aroused that I forgot how weak and sick I was. I saw that God had called me to bear that cross of being "father" to those helpless children. From that day until they were married, I did all I could for them. I never upheld them in the wrong, nor was there ever a wrong example set in this home. All the pay I ask is their love and respect.

In January, 1888, the twin boy died. I think my sister grieved more for that child than all else.

During the summer, 1888, our new house, six rooms and cellar, was built by Mr. J. B. Ruffin, under Prof. George William Cook of Howard University. Thus financial burdens increased, but health slowly returned. During the struggle, the children's grandmother and aunt, Mrs. Mary Brown, and her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Brown-Redd, never ceased to help their son and brother's children. So did Misses Eliza and Jane Heacock, Miss Storum, Miss Bartlett, Mrs. George Evans, a white neighbor, risked her health, and that of a large family of children to come to our relief. She brought her baby, and placing it in the middle of the kitchen table, would give Maggie her medicine, feed the babies, otherwise administer and leave. We'll never forget Mrs. Evans!

As if we didn't have children enough to care for, we took two children (12 years old), from Orphans' Home. These we cared for till they were eighteen years old. Today they are honored citizens of North Brentwood, Md., owning their homes. I refer to Mr. James Wallace, his good wife and eight children, and a grandchild. The other is Mr. Chas. Weedon, who has two children. Both boys became members of our church soon after coming to our home.

Sweet is the promise: "I will not forget thee." Nothing can molest or turn my soul away; E'en though the night be dark within the valley, Just beyond is shining one eternal day."

That the Lord did not forget us was proven in the many kindnesses of Mrs. George Evans. They still live in Washington. Long may they live and prosper!

Then there had come to Hyattsville a Miss Addie Boyce, for whom my sister had done day's work. Miss Boyce and her mother were the "Good Samaritan" to us for more than

seven years. More sympathetic persons never lived. My sister's cow, on which she depended for milk for the children, died about six months after her husband. Miss Boyce solicited from others and gave herself enough to buy another cow. We shall not soon forget Miss Addie Boyce, and her "good-will."

No one can run into Melrose, Hyattsville, without admiring a beautiful building and spacious grounds. It was built by the Lewin family for a young ladies' boarding school.

The Lewins were an aristocratic family, consisting of the Misses Nelie, Annie, Rachel, and Sallie Lewin, and one brother, Mr. William Lewin, a noted lawyer. They were the son and daughters of an Episcopal minister or rector. They were all excellent people. Miss Annie, who later married Mr. J. B. Burnside, a widower with five children, was a saint if there ever was one on the earth. I happen to know every one of those children loved her as they would have their own mother. One son, J. B. Jr., was born of the second marriage. Although he was so precious to her, Mrs. Burnside seemed to have given him to the Lord, like "Hannah of old."

My sister, Maggie, and her husband rented a small house near the Melrose Institute, and moved about the first of March, 1887. Their twins were then three months old. As I've stated, about July 1, they were stricken with typhoid fever.

The Misses Lewin sent many a meal from the Institute to that stricken home. Within a week of the husband's death, they sent meals all prepared twice daily.

On August 10, 1887, the day before the funeral, they sent mourning for the four of us sisters to wear—veils, skirts, and waists. We wore them, and returned them. (The Lewin sisters were in mourning for one of their parents.)

After Mr. Burnside died, Mrs. Burnside never changed her mourning, until Thursday, April 5, 1923, when Anne Wood Lewin-Burnside "Crossed the Bar." That was how she loved. All have passed now except the brother, Lawyer Lewin, and Miss Sallie Lewin.

Col. B. F. Bingham selected Lawyer Lewin as a legal advisor for our family to succeed himself.

Out of grateful hearts we pray that each one of that great family shall hear the King say: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

So things went for six years. I went to school March 17, 1893, when I returned my sister had taken the children and gone to Washington, where she married John Garner. It has taken until now for me to get over the shock, surprise, and loss of companionship of my sister that I loved dearer than my life!

Two children were born to them, Harry and Helen. In 1896, she was divorced from Garner. But she held on tenaciously to the children, worked day and night for them until 1916, when her health began to fail. So, for seven years, her daughters did every thing in their power for her comfort. Little Helen, who is a fine young woman, was passionately fond of her mother. Too much could not be said of her sons-in-law, Messrs. William Beaman, Walter R. Davis, and Clarence B. Moss, as to their loving care of her. On December 4, 1923, 4.50 P. M., her voice was stilled. Needless to say, her funeral was held in the old church where she had made so many sacrifices, even to being sexton. Good-bye, till resurrection morning, when the just shall be made perfect.

Emma Peterson, our Foster Sister

In 1869, Miss Emma Peterson came into our lives, by our Miranda working with her sister, Bertie, in Washington city.

Ever seeking to win souls for the Lord Jesus, Sister Miranda persuaded Bertie to let her younger sister come to Hyattsville, under the care of our mother. Thus began a real sister friendship that never changed until that day in July, 1912, when she went to be forever with the Lord, whom she had loved so faithfully since 1871, forty-one years.

She and I were baptized May 7, 1871. I think my own sisters never loved me more than she. She was probably born in 1854, as was our sister, Maggie. Being about the same age they lived and died the dearest of friends.

Our foster sister became a superior cook. As she had to work in Washington, where she could get good wages, she withdrew from our church and The Union in 1881, placing her membership in 19th Street Baptist and The Household of Ruth, respectively.

For years, she was employed by Senator and Mrs. Justin Morrill. Miss Swann, Mrs. Morrill's sister, thought they could not manage without "Emma," as did Mrs. John R. McLean, of Friendship, D. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Rodman Wanamaker, of Philadelphia.

The only person our father ever thought could take mother's place was this "Sister Emm," as we called her. Somehow she did not reciprocate, and for (30) thirty long years he lacked a wife's companionship.

It would be impossible, here, to tell the good that Emma Peterson did in helping all who were in need. "In as much," etc., will surely be her crown. She was a happy, joyous christian. Had sister Miranda had no other child in the gospel, except her, her labors were not in vain.



DR. ROBERT FRANCIS PLUMMER, MISS NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER

Dedicated to Miss Nellie A. Plummer

Mourn not the Plummers, they have done their work well. These lines are in memory of the sad incident of four deaths which occurred in the Plummer family, following one after another in rapid succession, as follows: October 11, 1904, Brother Saunders lost his oldest son, aged 22 years; he lost his third son January 11, 1905, aged 17 years; February 10, 1905, they lost a brother, Henry Vinton, he died in Kansas City, aged 60 years; his remains were brought on and placed beside his sainted mother. March 4, they lost their oldest sister, Mrs. Miranda Clarke, aged 63 years.

1

Mourn not the Plummers, they have done their work well,
Consult old church record, their history 'twill tell;
How they went through as christians by day and by night—
They walked through temptation to the city of light.

2

Mourn not these friends who are now midst the bowers
Where bloom is eternal with undying flowers;
They are safe in those mansions of rest in the sky
Mixed in that joy which never can die.

3

Don't call them back to the city of pain—
To go through a life of suffering again;
But, leave them in glory with our Lord and His Son—
Through out of His Kingdom His will's only done.

4

Yes, we love these our kinsmen, we loved them most dear,
At times we imagine their spirits are near;
Do they hover around us to accompany us home?
Yes, The Lord will protect us, for we are His own.

5

Each day in its travels we are nearing our rest,
The Lord calls His children when ever it's best;
Be on the watch tower to answer His call—
We can not conjecture just where we may fall,

6

Mourn not the righteous who's gone from our shore,
They are safe in God's Kingdom to come out no more;
They have fulfilled their mission—they walked in the light,
Now reside in a city of perfect delight.

7

Forsaking the old building now gone to decay,
Notwithstanding so careful you laid it away;
While their souls are with Jesus who pardoned their sins—
They have entered that city where all may go in.

8

Mourn not relations who've gone on before,
It makes us fell sad—we will see them no more;
But remember we've been dying since the day we were born—
Each hour of each day some dear one is gone.

9

Can we name all our people whose gone from this life?
As brothers, as sisters, as husbands and wife?
Uncles, aunts, cousins, with intimate friends—
If you'll begin now to count them, O, where will you end?

10

Turn where you will, "O, my mother's dead;"
"In yonder's cold grave my sister is laid."
Look, Comes a new funeral—some dear loving son,
We will say as of others, "The Lord's will be done."

11

Open that letter, a dear friend is gone,
Open another a new soul is born;
Kindred, relation, old acquaintance and new—
Neighbors, church members, is gone from that pew.

12

Mourn not these pilgrims who have kept the straight way,
Whose journey has ended in a triumphant day;
Who hath passed through the gates of that city above,
And now realize the power and force of God's love.

13

Mourn not the travelers, they have gone through the sky—
Traveled through earth to God's Kingdom on high;
And bathed in that fountain which never runs dry—
When our lives here are ended we'll meet by and by.

14

Be free from all sorrows, temptation and grief—
Away in the kingdom we there find relief;
Join with our kinsmen who died years ago—
There we'll rejoice and praise ever more.

15

Mourn not the conquerors whose victories are won,
Whose warfares are ended, whose conflicts are done;
Through grace they have conquered, and have won the great
prize—
Escaped from destruction—and gone through the skies.

16

Mourn not God's soldiers who hath fought the good fight,
They battled against darkness, and contended for right;
New decked in bright garments which will not decay,
Where a million of years will seem as one day.

17

Mourn not the Plummets, God calls them to rest,
We bow to His Sceptre -He knows what is best;
Where a God-serving people, faithful in prayer,
Yes, they are in glory, I feel they are there.

18

May the rest of that family live nearer to God,
So manage to be faithful and receive that reward;
And let love with communion run through the whole flock—
With their faith in Christ Jesus as firm as the rock.

This memorial verse was written for and read at the
memorial service held in honor of the deceased, Sunday,
June 18, 1905, First Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., by
SOLOMON G. BROWN.

Richmond, Va.
October 12, 1916.

My dear Friend:

Yours of yesterday came this morning, and I must assure you that my heart will be with you the 22nd, but the house it inhabits must be here.

Let me tell you a little about how I fell toward your church and all its members. I knew the old meeting house, where you have your new one now, before there was a Baptist known in the town. For months I used to worship with half a handful of Presbyterian brothers and sisters in that house. This was when I had charge of the English department of the Agricultural College.

How well I remember the Calvert family—father, mother, sister, and four brothers, who were in my classes at the College. For several years I knew little of the town, but in 1867 I began to gather up the threads that tied me to Bladensburg. Since that time I have known the Plummers, the Moss family, and that good man, Brother Hall, Brother Wigginton, whose death seemed to come all too soon. There were other friends whom I knew as helping to give character to the Baptist Church. The Redd family and others.

If you were to ask me to give you the names of those who have left the most abiding impression upon me, I should name your mother, Emily Plummer, and your sister, Miranda. Your mother was a God-made woman. I can never forget the chapters she gave me of her life, as a slave. It seems only yesterday, that we talked together, while the great, big tears coursed down her tired cheeks. After a long talk she fixed her impressive eyes upon me, and said: "I can't tell you any more about it, for it tears my heart so." Then it seemed to me that I could almost hear her heart's strings break, as she pressed both hands upon her heart that seemed submerged in sad memories.

If extremes follow each other, and they often do, what joys have filled your dear mother's soul, as she has been dwelling where not a wave of trouble rolls across her peaceful breast.

Your mother was made of the material to be worked into a strong church. She knew the sure foundations upon which to build an abiding hope. I feel sure that her influence has been felt in all the joys and sorrows of the church. I see her, even now, looking down from the heights upon the church and rejoicing in all the memories of the good and true that have marked your progress. I kept saying to myself, after meeting her: "Let me help to make some return to Mrs. Plummer for her long, weary years of care, sorrow, and suffering." And I had an opportunity to aid more of her family than any other in all the Southland.

You remember that Mrs. King and I had your sister, Miranda to care for us, month after month, and the stories she used to tell us of her separation from home—of what she endured, and of how her brother found her, would fill a book. She seemed to have learned in her suffering to walk and talk with God, and so many of the darkest pictures in her life were translated into a sad light.

But I must not keep you so long, though I do wish to refer to a baptism I enjoyed with the church down by the riverside. There were a good number (40) of converts. Brother Hall was then pastor. Your sister, Miranda, had been the leading spirit in planning and preparing for the service. Even now, I can see her directing—cheering—helping the converts. And can't you still hear her sweet voice in those old hymns she sang so well? I wonder how many present that day still remain? Numbers and numbers. I can count up, who have gone where "the weary are at rest."

As a church, you have had varied experiences, but what victories you have won.

If I could have come to you, I should have talked to you from Ps. 77:20—"Thou leddest thy people like a flock."

No church can prosper that is not divinely led. And can't you see how the Divine has led you as a church?

Sometimes the Shepherd has allowed you to feel the cold, the storm, perhaps the absence of a shelter, but this experience has served its purpose, in helping you to have a keener appreciation of a warm shelter and the good care of a faithful Shepherd. And with what gracious care and helpfulness you have been led! Even in the darkest hours you have found comfort and joy in the unseen presence.

Never a moment, when the Shepherd's voice has not sounded out to you: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Sometimes you have been in the deep, down valley, but it was that way that loving care was to lead you to the larger, richer joys, and to the heights from which you have caught the broader and more glorious visions.

I am sure you will remember, in these anniversary days, all the way the Shepherd has led you, and that His purpose has always been good, wise, and kind.

I wish I could reach out to you all my hand of christian fellowship, but not now. Won't you bear to the members of the church my congratulations and sympathy, while I express the hope that:

"If on a quiet sea
Toward heaven you calmly sail,
With grateful heart you may
Own the favoring gale.
But should the surges rise
And rest delay to come,
Then with grateful hearts,
Learn trustingly to live by faith alone."

Excuse this long talk, and the haste seen in writing.

Yours truly,

G. M. P. King.

P. S.—If I write on this bluish paper you will not think I am blue at all, for I am living in the sunshine of Him, who said of himself: "I am the light." My cold has troubled me rather seriously, but it has made me more careful of the number of my words, and this perhaps is a good thing. Your letter enclosed with this, was written in my lecture room between times, and in looking it over, I wish I had taken more time, but it was a sort of heart to heart talk. How much of your life as a family I remember, but somehow I want to put a halo on your mother's and Miranda's head! Dear Souls! how much they suffered, but now we can say what delectation is theirs!

I am busy with classes and looking after individual students. I have two brothers of dear McQuinn's family, two brothers of the Henry family, and three of Thomas Wright's sons. I "sort of feel" as if these brothers are my grand children, for were not their fathers my sons?

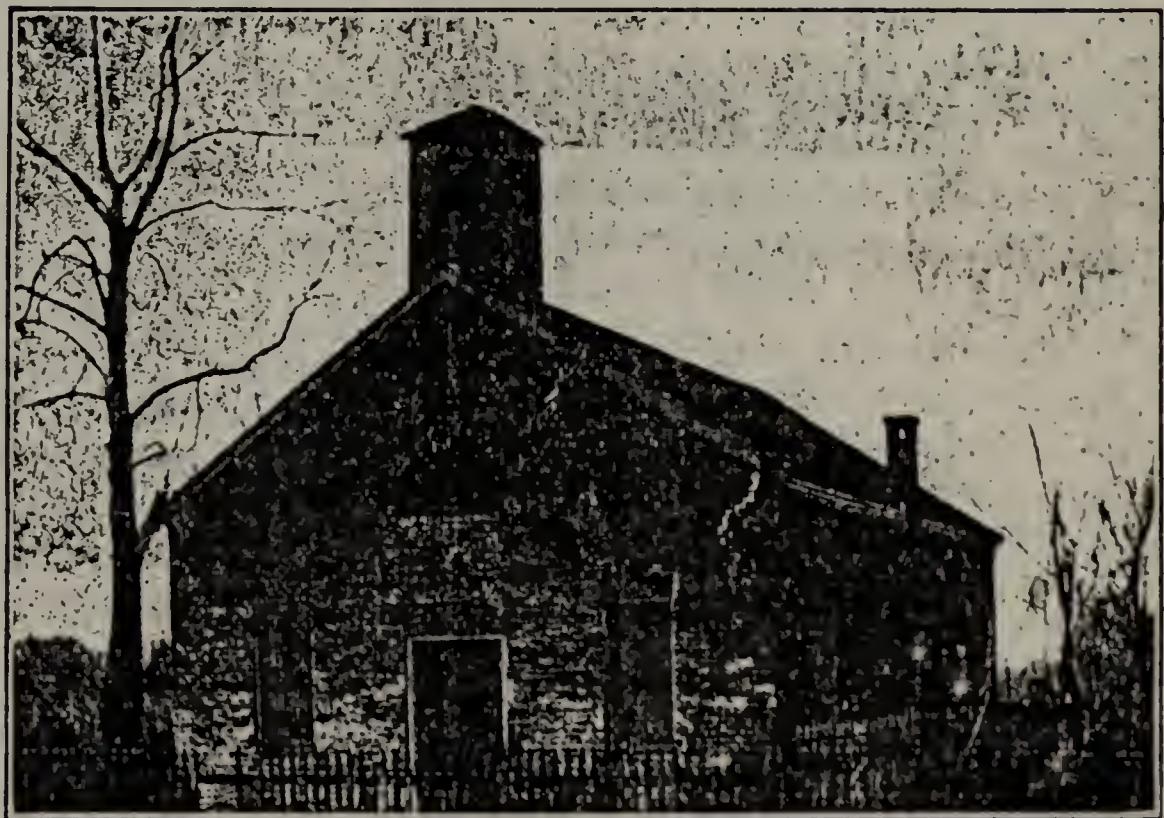
I have my good Martha to take care of me, she has been with me three years and knows exactly how to manage me. Isn't she fortunate to learn this?

You do not know how I mourn over dear Ernest's going from us. I can hardly bear to think of Washington, and how can I ever be happy again in the city.

What a grand time you are having! Again I say: go-on-still-on-up-still up!

Write me more about your exercises, for I am listening and seeing you in these anniversary days.

G. M. P. King.



ST. PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH,
Bladensburg, Maryland.
Old Church—Built in 1718.

Worcester Academy Bulletin, June, 1914

John Harvey Wigginton, one of the three graduates of the class who no longer answers to its roll-call, but who is remembered so well and so affectionately by his associates, entered the Academy at the beginning of the junior year, coming from Bladensburg, Md., where he was born Dec. 8, 1864. Already a man in years, he combined with unfailing dignity and courtesy a cheerfulness and amiability that made him, though of another race, a favorite of all. Every issue of *The Academy* is full of his name. The issue of October, 1888, contains a contribution by him on "The Permanence of Literary Fame," full of fine appreciation and sentiment. He became a monitor, played second base on the nine where he had a high batting average, was somewhat of a hurler, and a leader in Lego's debates and public exercises. He was graduated with oration rank.

He entered Yale, and was graduated in 1893. Then followed two years at the Yale Law School, rewarded with the degree of Bachelor of Laws. He was admitted to the bar in Maryland, and entered upon the practice of his profession at Bladensburg, where he remained until 1897. He then practiced for a year in Chicago, after which he was called to the teaching staff of Selma University, an institution devoted to the education of his race, at Selma, Ala. He was elected dean of that institution in May, 1905, and continued in that capacity until the early part of 1909, when failing health compelled him to abandon his work.

On Sept. 26, 1906, he married Miss Mahalath Frances Jackson, a graduate of Wayland Seminary of Washington, D. C., and shortly afterward bought a house at Brentwood, Md., thus realizing a long cherished hope of establishing a home for his mother, to whom he was devoted. He returned to this home when his health failed, and died there, May 21, 1909. The *Yale Alumni Weekly* says: "His associates at Selma University and elsewhere esteemed the work he performed at that institution as of great value, and regarded his untimely death as a serious loss to the University and to his race."

His widow lives at Brentwood, Md., and through her kindness we have secured the accompanying photograph. It is a good face to look upon; it was the face of a good and useful man.

Dr. Robert Francis Plummer

When our brother, Henry, objected to our coming into the family on that 7th day of September, 1860, to allay his fears, mother predicted that the boy would be a doctor and the girl a teacher. How sorry we are that we have not made her desire more true than we have.

But mother did not know that when her babies were two years, three months, and twenty-five days old, they, and all would be forever free. Nor did she know that in attempting to reach father, all would have to spend 60 days in jail! In jail with Freedom in sight—"Happy Day," to runaway slaves even!

As a boy, Robert was joyous, and happy, and is to this day. His playmates, John and Reuben Moss, Robert Miner, William Redd, Will Harris, Albert and John Alexander, and many others love him to this day. Of all their sports, Robert loved to throw a stone best of all. He seldom missed his target. We were never separated until I went to Wayland in 1875, aged 15 years.

Father kept him on the farm until he was twenty years old. He remembers Dr. King excusing him to go home to vote for the first time. After leaving Wayland he went to Howard University, graduating in pharmacy in the First Congregational Church, March, 1890. While attending Wayland and Howard he worked for his sustenance.

As Dr. Robert's certificate is written in latin, we call your attention to the eminent Doctors who signed it, on page 4, of the following programme of exercises, of Howard University:

Commencement Exercises
of
Howard University
Medical, Dental and Pharmaceutical Class of '90
at the
Congregational Church, Washington, D. C.
Friday Evening, March 14, 1890
Doors open at 7 Overture at 7.30

Officers of Medical Class

James J. Story, President; Walter P. Napper, Vice President; Ellis D. Whedbee, Secretary; Joseph A. McDuffee, Treasurer.

Officers of Dental Class

Isaac C. Edington, President; George A. Thompkins, Vice President; William T. Jefferson, Secretary; Arthur T. Cooper, Treasurer.

Officers of Pharmaceutical Class

William W. Purnell, President; Charles H. Deans, Vice President; William P. Phelps, Secretary; Philip B. Brooks, Treasurer.

Class Reception Committee

PROGRAMME

Overture—"Une Bonne Fortune" Adam
Selection—"Said Pasha" Stahl
March—"The High School Cadets" Sousa

Invocation

Ballad—"The Song that Reached My Heart" Fordon

Address to the Graduates

Prof. Charles B. Purvis, A. M., M. D.

Patrol—"Southern" Vaelkler

Conferring of Degrees

By Hon. John W. Noble, Secretary of the Interior

In Medicine

Cornet Solo—"Dorothy"—Aronson Mr. Walter F. Smith

In Dentistry

Piccolo Solo—"Electric"—Dason Mr. Henry Jaeger

In Pharmacy

Pipelaphone Solo—"Chimiry"—Melker, Mr. Samuel Johnson

AWARD OF THE "HOOD" PRIZE

Address

J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D., President of the University

Song—"O'Rielly's Kettledrum" ----- Sousa

Benediction

Galop—"Cozette" ----- Wannemacher

Music by the Marine Band

Mr. John Philip Sousa, Conductor

Decorations by Mr. Fred R. Reh.

Graduates in Medicine

Allen J. Alston, W. R. Arthur, George W. Cabaniss, Thos. D. Campbell, Alfred C. Dungee, Wm. H. Fields, Wm. E. Harris, Lucius J. Holly (A. B.), John H. Holmes, Norman R. Jenner, Frank G. Johnson, Benj. F. Jones, Chas. W. Keyes, Jerry F. Lucas, Joseph A. McDuffee, Samuel M. McMillan, Chas. H. Marshall, Winfield S. Montgomery, Geo. H. Richardson (LL. B.), J. Frank Sawyer, A. C. Schwartz, Wm. L. Sherrett (LL. M.), Seaborn C. Snelson, Jas. J. Story, Carrie H. Thomas, Chas. D. Trice.

Graduates in Dentistry

Wm. M. Ash, Arthur T. Cooper, Isaac C. Edington, Jas. H. Holsey, Rob't J. MacBeth, Geo. A. Thompkins.

Graduates in Pharmacy

Philip B. Brooks, Chas. H. Deans, William P. Phelps, Rob't F. Plummer, Wm. W. Purnell.

Faculty of Medical Department

Thos. B. Hood, A. M., M. D.—Dean, Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine and Clinical Lecturer on Medicine at Freedman's Hospital.

Charles B. Purvis, A. M., M. D.—Secretary and Treasurer, Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children, Surgeon in Charge of Freedman's Hospital.

Neil F. Graham, M. D.—Professor of the Principles and Practice of Surgery and Clinical Lecturer on Surgery at Freedman's Hospital.

Daniel S. Lamb, A. M., M. D.—Professor of Descriptive and Surgical Anatomy.

William H. Seaman, A. M., M. D.—Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.

John E. Brackett, M. D.—Professor of Materia Medica, Therapeutics and Clinical Lecturer on Diseases of the Throat, at Freedman's Hospital.

Robert Reyburn, A. M., M. D.—Professor of Physiology and Medical Jurisprudence and Clinical Lecturer on Surgery, at Providence Hospital.

John F. R. DuFour, M. D., D. D. S.—Professor of Principles and Practice of Dentistry.

C. R. DuFour, M. D., Phar. D.—Professor of Pharmacy and Botany.

F. J. Shadd, A. M., M. D.—Assistant to Chair of Physiology. Resident Physician and in charge of Dispensary Clinic at Freedman's Hospital.

Henry L. Yeatman, M. D., D. D. S.—Lecturer on Mechanical Dentistry.

J. Melvin Lamb, M. D.—Lecturer on Microscopy and Histology.

G. N. Perry, M. D.—Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Thomas Miller, M. D.—Assistant Demonstrator of Anatomy.

Walter S. Over, D. D. S.—Demonstrator in Dentistry.

T. Ellsworth Lee, D. D. S.—Demonstrator in Dentistry.

J. E. Rankin, President

J. B. Johnson, Secretary

The seal on the certificate states that Howard University was incorporated March 2, 1867, not a year after our church was born.

It does not state, however, that Gen. O. O. Howard planned the school in a prayer meeting. This was told by Dr. Patton, an ex-president's son.

On May 26, 1904, Rabbi Abram Simon addressed the Teachers' College. He asked: "What is society?" We are the soul of society. Teachers, go out, touch others. Make my soul better. Teach not only the three R's, but the three H's also: Head, Hand, and Heart.

God's image on ivory is no greater than God's image on ebony."

The Board of Supervisors in Medicine and Pharmacy
of the
District of Columbia

To all whom these presents shall come, Greetings:

Whreecas, Robert Francis Plummer was on or before the seventh day of May, 1906, registered as a pharmacist by the Commissioners of Pharmacy of the District of Columbia, as shown by the records of said Commissioners, he is hereby, in accordance with the provisions of the Act of Congress entitled "An Act to regulate the practice of pharmacy and the sale of poisons in the District of Columbia, and for other purposes," approved May 7, 1906, licensed to practice pharmacy in said District.

In witness whereof, we have caused the names of the President and Secretary of this Board, and of the President of the Board of Pharmaceutical Examiners, to be subscribed and the seal of the District of Columbia to be affixed hereto.

Witness our hands, and the seal of the District of Columbia, at Washington, this first day of March A. D., 1907.

J. B. Glynn Curtis, M. D., President.

Leo C. Ober, M. D., Secretary.

Frank C. Henry, Phar. D.

License No. 475.

SEAL

— District of Columbia.

Besides possessing a loving disposition, Brother Robert inherited the power to sing from our mother. He possesses a deep, rich bass voice. From the time Elias trained us to sing the songs of Zion, 1871, until today, we are thoroughly interested in sacred music, especially. Dr. Robert has sung in many choirs. 19th Street, Berean, and everywhere he has lived. Has sung in many concerts, been associated with Prof. J. T. Layton, Prof. J. Henry Lewis, leader of the Amphions, Mr. Nalle, Mr. Will Cole, and many others.

He was never too busy to help his home church whenever possible, and many sacrifices has he made for us.

In 1889 he married Miss Katie E. Cook, of Herndon, Va. Four children were born to them, three of whom survive.— Frank Victor, born Dec. 10, 1889. Nellie Beatrice, Oct. 17, 1891, and Emily Lucille, July 15, 1895.

All the children received an equivalent to a high school education.

Frank, after graduating from the high school in Washington, took the four-year college course for A. B. at Cornell University. Instead of returning to make up the one subject in which he failed, he took the four-year medical course at Howard. He then went to Chicago, took a two-year post-graduate course and hung out his shingle on March 22, 1922.

On Sept. 28, 1920, he married Miss Carriebel Cole of New York City, who was a teacher of Washington, D. C. They have one little daughter, Jewell Isadora, born Jan. 17, 1924. They live in Chicago where Dr. Frank is practicing. Good luck to the three.

After finishing school, Nellie Beatrice married Arthur F. Chinn of Hyattsville, Dec. 12, 1912. One daughter, Emily Jeanne, was born Nov. 27, 1913. Bea was named for me. I loved her dearly. I have her shoe that she wore when 3 years old—mud still on it.

E. Lucille, after finishing school, worked for the Government at Bureau of Engraving and Printing. On July 12, 1915, she married Warren S. Walker, a teacher, public schools, Washington, D. C.

All the children of Robert and Katie Plummer are members of our beloved church, as well as themselves. Mrs. Chinn is director of the choir, a deaconess, and a promoter of the Aid and the Federation of Women.

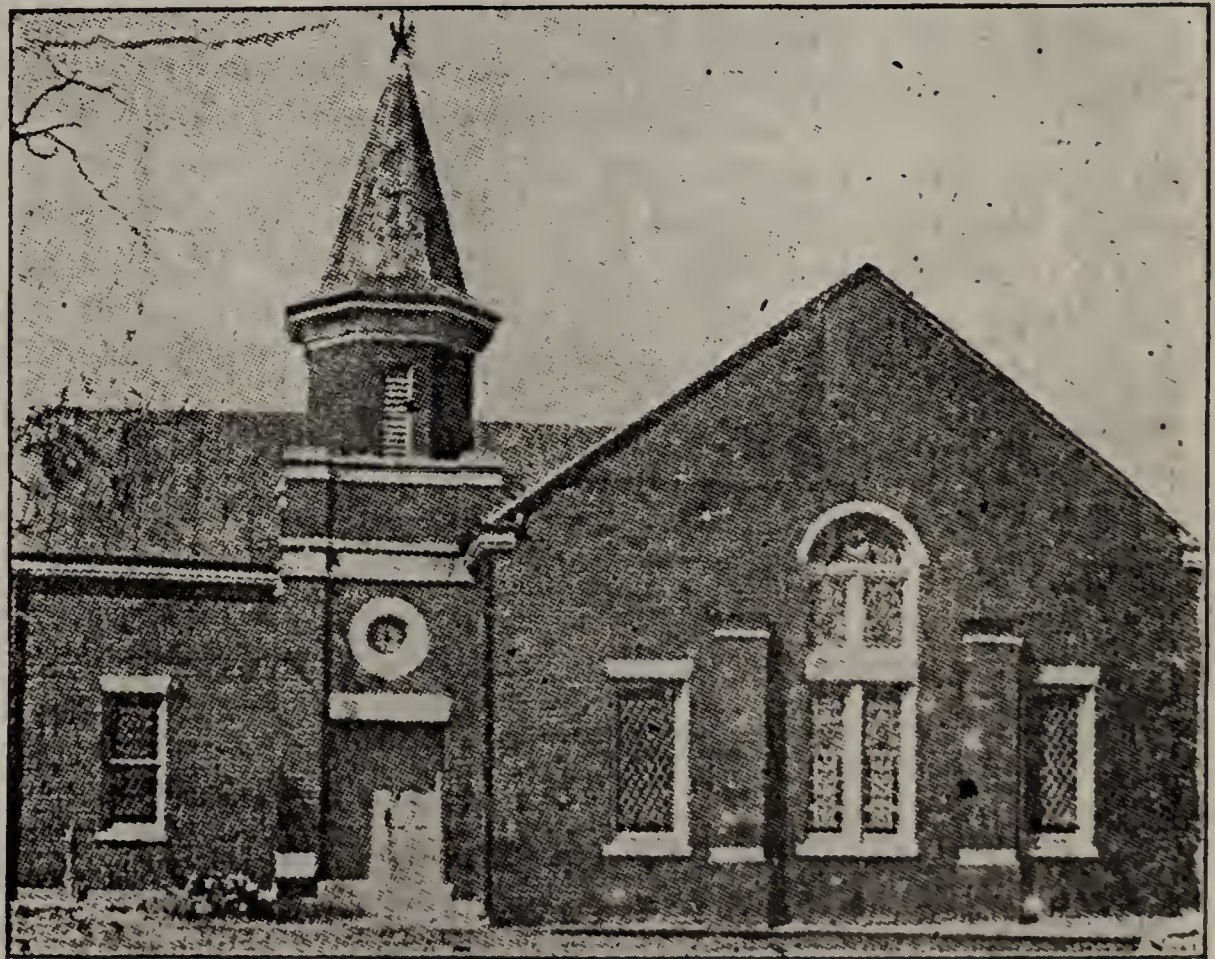
Mrs. Walker helps everywhere in the church work, and is President of the Federation of Women. She has been loving and kind to her father's two old sisters.

During the twenty years Dr. Plummer has practiced pharmacy, his wife has been his loyal supporter. She is most industrious, a faithful wife, and a good mother. To me she has been a loving sister until 1920. All her family, especially Mrs. Cassie Vine, have loved and respected all her husband's people. We have loved and respected them. The dream of my life came true when my brother and family decided to come home to the Old Homestead to live. He has been a communicant of St. Paul's Baptist Church ever since May, 1876, when he was baptized by Rev. H. V. Plummer, his brother, as the first candidate he had ever immersed,—fifty years!

May the holy bond of love and friendship between us emerge into eternity.

We much desire that his son-in-law, Arthur Chinn, shall make and even surpass the enviable record made by his father, Mr. Benjamin F. Chinn, who is an honored citizen and business man of Hyattsville. Arthur seems to be thoroughly interested in all activities of the church, being an associate trustee. Warren S. Walker, who is reliable, quiet and thoughtful, is a trustee of our church.

Such as his position warrants. Good luck to Warren and 'Cille.



ST. PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH,

Bladensburg, Maryland.

New Church—Remodeled in 1908.

Nellie Arnold Plummer

A tribute of respect paid to a life-long friend,

by Rev. G. W. Lucas.

When I was born, the subject of my sketch was in her thirteenth year. But so closely have the Plummers and Lucases been related, that I do not hesitate to "speak that I do know, and testify to what I have seen." Only this—"The half will never be told."

From a record kept by her father, I learn that Miss Nellie, as we love to call her, was born on a large wooded hill called "Woodlawn," Ellicotts Mills, Howard County, Md., Sept. 7, 1860. She was brought to Hyattsville-Riverdale by her parents, Dec. 9, 1863, where she has made her home ever since. When she was six years old she was learning the songs of Zion from her sister, Miranda, who had just returned from New Orleans. "O for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by every foe; That will not tremble on the brink Of my earthly woe," etc. A deep subject for a six-year-old child. At seven she was presented to the deacons (H. V. Plummer and Edward Miner, were two of them) for baptism, but was rejected, because no child so young could give a reason for the faith within her. The brethren didn't know that a child so young could love, and love was what God wanted. Then Mother Miranda spoke in the meeting: "Brethren, you will be sorry for this. Jesus says, 'suffer the little children': you are rejecting them." But the deacons would not yield. They said, "If she keeps this mind until she is ten, we will baptize her." She was ten in September. The following May she was again presented to the church. She was received, and was baptized by Rev. Thompson of Baltimore. So short and small was Rev. Thompson that the deacons had to hold a chair on which he stood while baptizing the six candidates. When he came to Sister Nellie, he asked, "Little Sister, how old are you?" She replied, "I am ten years old." Then he baptized her. "In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

Mother Miranda had a great shout all to herself. Everybody gave way to her rejoicing. By the time our little sister

reached the shore her sister threw a blanket about her, snatched her up in her arms, and carried her next door to the "Rabbit Gum" (as the church was called) to be dressed for communion. What a day to Sister Miranda! What a day to our Little Sister! We know now, that it was the beginning of a long and honored church career of more than fifty-five years!

How many times has Mother Miranda Clark related these church sayings to me while pastor of St. Paul's Baptist Church, of Bladensburg 1899—1905!

Four years after her baptism, her mother, whom we all called Aunt Emily, entered her in Wayland Seminary. After the mother had told Dr. King that 1851-1855, she had been a slave on that very spot, and used the same wells, etc., he decided to take little Nellie, although she seemed too young. In three years she was graduated from the Normal Department, came again in 1878-79 for one year in the Academic.

This is the sword of the spirit which entered her soul, that enabled her to fight life's battles,—and which she later caused others to receive.

WAYLAND SEMINARY

This is to certify that Nellie A. Plummer has completed with credit a three years' course of study in the Normal Department of this Seminary, and is entitled to this Certificate.

Washington, D. C., May 29, A. D. 1878.

G. M. P. King, President. —

James Storum, Julia M. Bartlett, Teachers.

She graduated in Kindergarten, May 29, 1884, with Miss Bessie Cook (John F. Cook's daughter), Misses Perry, Lake, and Hunt being white ladies.—

Mrs. Anna B. Ogden, Kindergartner.

Summer School of Pedagogy, Washington, D. C.

This is to certify that Nellie Plummer has pursued the following studies during the Session of 1907.

Subjects	Character of Work
History of Education	Good
Principles of Education	Good
General Method	Good

Given at the School, August 2, 1907.

L. B. Moore,

Dean of Teachers College, Director, Howard University.

Wayland Seminary

This is to certify that Mabel Vaughn Brown having completed with credit the prescribed course of study in the Normal Department of this Seminary, and passed the examinations, is entitled to this Certificate.

Washington, D. C., May 31, A. D. 1899.

George Rice Hovey, President.

Board of Education of the District of Columbia

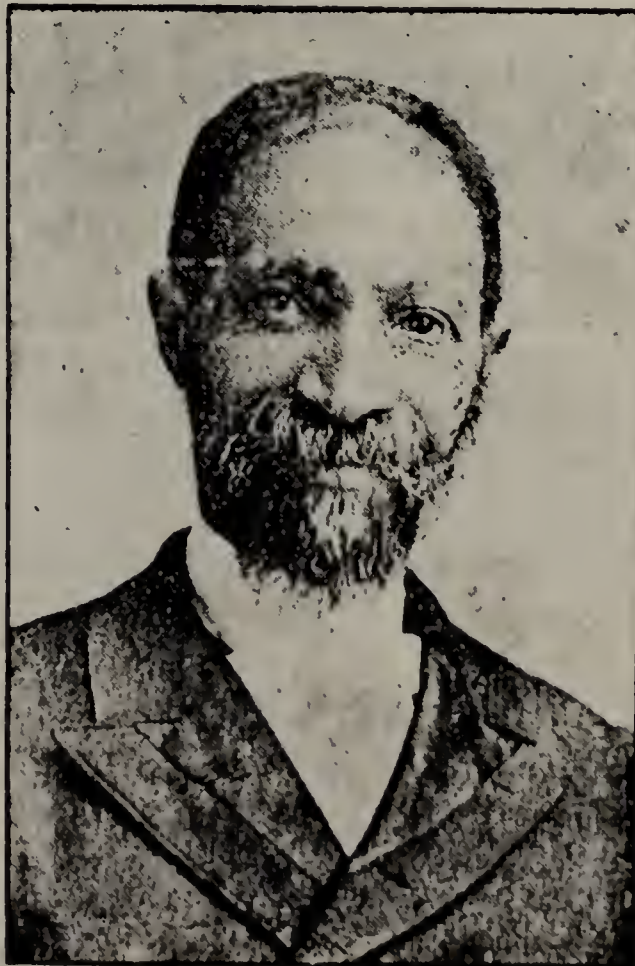
This is to certify that Nellie Brown was a student in the Armstrong Manual Training School from October, 1904, to June 15, 1906, and satisfied all the requirements of this school in the following studies for the period named—Millinery.

J. A. Chamberlain, Director.

W. B. Evans, Principal.

I. Holesworth Gordon, President.

William W. Conner, Secretary.



REV. WILLIAM ROBERT ARNOLD.
Brother of Emily Plummer.

Although not a theological student she sought every opportunity to listen to their discussions, and hear them recite. Wherever the Bible was read there she was if possible,—in devotion, in prayer meeting (early morning). Now you will not wonder, why she is so well versed in the Scriptures. Then there was another art in which she was to excel,—church music. At the time of her tutelage in Wayland, a Prof. T. H. Williams of St. Augustine (Catholic) Church, who was an associate with Madam Agnes Smallwood, had charge of the music. Here that which was born in her was developed. She was selected to travel in 1880, as a Jubilee singer to raise funds for the building of Parker Hall, annex to Wayland. From then on, she was as it were skilled in sacred music. This accounts for the unusual manner in which she conducted the music of her beloved church, in every department, excelling in the Sunday School. As teacher and principal of Orphans' Home School, she had a wonderful opportunity to develop her power in sacred song. Wherever she went her church was well represented in this particular as well as in prayer, and power to exhort and teach.

I am more convinced than ever that the half of what this unique soul has done can never be told. How often "Mother" Miranda has told me of a dream Sister Nellie had, in which she was told that "She should have a seat among the righteous, and cause the eyes of many to be opened." How glad I am Mother Miranda lived to see her little sister about her "Father's business," in the fulfillment of that dream. She has played the organ, and led the singing in numberless funerals, as well as anniversary occasions. Gratuitously did she render such service for Church and Sunday School, thus going "one mile," but never hesitated to go "two miles" on all other occasions.

In 1879-1880 she taught at Forestville, Md. It was here that she boarded with Mrs. Rosetta Douglass Sprague, who lived in a large and beautiful farm house. Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Sprague had six interesting children,—Annie R., (who became the wife of Rev. Chas S. Morris of Norfolk and Portsmouth. She was a skilled musician, every inch a queen), Harriet, Estelle, Fredericka (named for her illustrious grandfather), Herbert, and Rosa. On week-ends, running up to

Washington to visit her sister, she would return by way of Anacostia, meeting the Sprague family at their father and grandfather's,—the Hon. Frederick Douglass. Often the grandfather and grandson (Mr. Joseph Douglass) played their violins together. She remembers "Seeking For Me," in particular.

In 1880, she taught at Cross Roads, Charles County, Md. Remained until Jan. 1, 1882. Here Mrs. Lettie Diggs-Posey with a large family of children, make up some of her dearest associations. Mrs. Angeline Carroll, Mr. Willie Carroll, Mrs. Margaret Carroll Hancock, Mrs. Hannah Posey-Ward, Miss Katie Skinner-Swann, her brother, Thos. Skinner, Mr. Joseph Dunnington, chairman of our Trustee Board, etc., are just a few friends of precious memory. September, 1882, found her at Round Hill, Va. On Jan. 1, 1883, she received an appointment to the public schools of Washington, D. C., by Mr. W. H. A. Wormley.

When school opened in January, the first week was spent at Benning, D. C. On Jan. 8, 1883, she entered Orphans' Home school, where she was to remain thirty-six years, one month and three weeks. She was then transferred to the B. K. Bruce School, (because of the temporary closing of Orphans' Home), where she remained four years, retiring Dec. 31, 1922, at her own request. Thus ended five years teaching in Maryland and Virginia, and forty years in the Washington school. During all these forty-five years her zeal for and interest in the church never abated, but grew apace.

To my personal knowledge as her pastor, she has written hundreds of eulogies, notices, programs, and thousands of letters. She has said again and again that The Union owes all of its original Constitution and By-Laws to the thought and pen of that good man, a friend and brother in deed, Rev. F. G. Hall. Since his passing, our Constitution and By-Laws have been revised twice (1900, 1926). I venture that our Sister had walked in Brother Hall's footsteps, and helped the committee to bring us up-to-date in this last revision, as well as the 1900 one.

I might say just here, that our Union has had but three treasurers during these fifty-six years of her existence,—Rev. H. V. Plummer, Rev. F. G. Hall, and Sister Nellie A. Plummer,

who succeeded Rev. Hall, Jan. 8, 1900. On anniversary Sundays, she has often said, "We have met every obligation, not owing a postage stamp, and yet have more than three thousand dollars in the bank." She has guarded our treasury as a most sacred trust!

When our sister had been at The Home School twenty years, Mrs. Helen Appo Cook, and Miss Bessie Cook, the wife and daughter of Mr. John F. Cook, for the Association, presented her a most beautiful vase, of exquisite coloring. Sister Nellie often tells us that she received the vase in honor of her "china wedding."

Then Solomon Brown, the poet of Anacostia, complimented her on "Twenty Years a Teacher." It is as follows:



MRS. MARY HAILSTOCK ARNOLD.
An Excellent Mother,—an Ideal Minister's Wife.

"TWENTY YEARS A TEACHER"

Lines congratulatory and complimentary to Miss Nellie A. Plummer, of Hyattsville, Md., who has taught the little ones at Orphans' Home for twenty years, by Solomon G. Brown, Anacostia, D. C. "I have noticed her work and rejoice over her success."—Brown. September, 1903.

For twenty years, she's a faithful creature,
 For twenty years, she's a faithful teacher;
 How many errors she's removed
 How many dear ones she's improved
 Time alone will answer.

For twenty years she'd go and come
 For twenty years explaining sums;
 For twenty years close to her race
 Till she's come to learn and know each face
 And read each separate mind.

In twenty years how much she's said
 To those passed out to earn their bread;
 Who hold her picture in their mind
 How much she's taught they can't define
 While engager in life's fair duties.

In twenty years what she has seen
 Since twenty years hath passed between;
 'Twould be a volume if written out
 To tell just what she's been about,
 In all her daily movement.

Some worthy praises she's received,
 From those who could her worth conceive;
 In this they notice every mark
 Which plainly shows out in the dark;
 Her zeal is known to many.

It must have been to her great joy,
 A peace of mind with no alloy;
 To know that she's been doing good
 Her mind and work's been understood
 By those most interested.

We praise the Lord for all He's done
 The glorious gift of His dear Son;
 Who suffered death for you and me
 Who groaned, died upon the tree
 To save a sinful people.

Our sister says she began to travel in 1880, before she was 20 years old. Her first trip was going as a Jubilee Singer with a company of others under the leadership of Dr. G. M. P. King, raising funds for Parker Hall, annex to Wayland (1880). Saratoga, several times, Gay Head, Newport, R. I., Milford, N. H. (1890), Ithaca, N. Y., several times, Fort Robinson, Nebr., Wyoming, South Dakota, Chicago, Ill. (World's Fair, 1893), Buffalo, Niagara Falls (visited Shredded Wheat home), Nashville Centennial, Atlanta, Tuskegee, Hampton, and Jamestown Exposition. She wants to visit California then she will be ready to go abroad.

In 1924, a testimonial was tendered "Sister" Nellie by her church, community, and school friends of Washington, D. C.

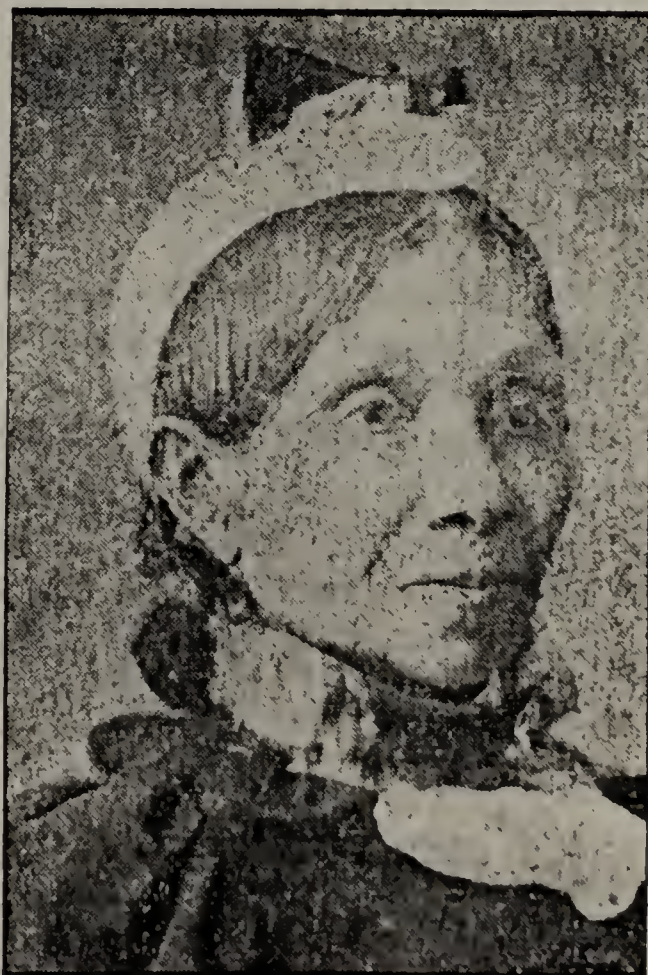
Mrs. Mahalath Frances (Misha) Jackson-Wiggonton-Brown was the first to mention the testimonial at a meeting of "The Federation of Women" in Bladensburg. It was but natural that the church should take the lead as the recipient has been one of its members for more than a half century. Many who, like myself, could not be present that night, remembered her later. Mrs. Rosetta Lawson, with her grandson, made a pilgrimage to Hyattsville, the next day (June 7, 1924), and in person showered her congratulations and gifts. So, for these two years, our sister has been remembered, the last being July 5, 1926, when Mr. and Mrs. Monroe Richmond did as so many others had done, by calling in person, and presented a beautiful statuette of a woman in flowing robes, chiseled out of pure white marble.

If you have never visited "Mount Rose," the Plummer's homestead, at Hyattsville, you have missed something. Water is supplied from a well 35 feet deep. It is ice cold on the hottest day, and has never run dry.

Her library, the family portraits, and the many interesting things that she can tell about them will, indeed, repay anyone who cares to make the visit.

I am told Mr. Adam Plummer named their homestead "Mount Rose" in 1868, because of the hundreds and hundreds of rose bushes that he planted. At the proper season there were bowers of roses, hence the name.

"Sister" Nellie and my own Sister, Mary, are nearly the same age. They became life-long friends from the first, and to this day they are steadfast friends or "sisters," without ever a break. I know of no one more welcome in the home of Mrs. Mary Lucas Ross-Fickling than Nellie Arnold Plummer. It was not my privilege to be present as much as I desired to be. But I received a copy of the proceedings, as published in the "Tribune," by Mr. George G. Waters, a near neighbor to the Plummers. Knowing just how true is every statement and that the half can never be told, I shall copy largely from that:



MRS. HENRIETTA BROOKS,
Sister of Emily Plummer.

**GLOWING TRIBUTE PAID MISS NELLIE PLUMMER BY
BLADENSBURG, MD., CITIZENS**

I am proud to say I have been a neighbor of Miss Plummer for years and had I been asked to sum up this matter, I would have said: "Her work speaks for itself." But on receiving my invitation I find the object expressed in so unique a manner that I wish to repeat it here:

On Friday, June 6, 1924, 8 to 10.30 P. M., A Testimonial to Miss Nellie A. Plummer will be given at Bladensburg, Md.

St. Paul's Baptist Church, of Bladensburg, Maryland, has honored itself by tendering a Testimonial to Miss Nellie Arnold Plummer, who has been a faithful member for fifty-three years, and a loyal teacher for forty-five years.

As we endeavor to give due recognition for the unusual, unselfish and broad-spirited services rendered church, home, school, and community, by our sister for a life-time, we urge you to join us in cheering her with your presence.

Especially do we invite any who have been under her influence at Orphans' Home, her pupils in our Sunday School, and as co-laborers with her in the Bladensburg Union. The officers and teachers of the Public Schools of the District of Columbia, need no invitation as she belongs to them. We firmly believe that the time to present flowers is when one can see them, and inhale their fragrance; that we should speak worthily when one can hear, and the heart can feel. For this reason all who know our sister are cordially invited to be present, thus doing your part to help us "render honor to whom honor is due."

Mrs. Hattie Moss Fortune, Chairman of Testimonial Committee. Mrs. Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson, Church Clerk. Rev. Hampton T. Gaskins, Pastor.

Surely St. Paul's Baptist Church has honored itself. For I've heard members and friends who have worshipped there twenty-five, thirty or forty years, say they never saw anything so grand there before. I doubt that even Miss Plummer who remembers the church in its nearly fifty-eight years of existence, ever saw before the like there.

When I tell you that The J. H. Small's leading Decorator, Mr. Henry Wheeler, who has been almost a life-long friend of Miss Plummer's, was in charge, you will know how perfect the decorations were.

The Guest of Honor sat in the center of the stage under the palms. To her right sat Mrs. M. F. Wigginton-Brown, mistress of ceremonies, and Rev. Hampton T. Gaskins, the pastor. To her left sat Rev. Dr. W. J. Howard; Rev. Loving, of Wayland Seminary; Rev. Chas. Cushingberry, former pastor; Rev. E. Q. Plummer, one of the seven original members of the church, and Dr. Robert F. Plummer, her twin brother who sat next to the Guest of Honor.

The Program

1. Anthem—"Beautiful Garments! Why not put them on!"—by the choir, Mrs. Nellie Beatrice Plummer-Chinn, Directress.

2. Scripture—Prov. 31:10, 25-31, read. Prayer offered by the Pastor, Rev. H. T. Gaskins.

3. Duet—"All, yes, all I give to Jesus." (By special request of Guest of Honor.) Mrs. Carrie Broome and Miss Marie Plummer.

4. Introductory Remarks by Mistress of Ceremonies who closed with the Wayland Motto—"Be all you seem to be, Aim to be more than you seem to be,"—Declaring that the Guest of Honor had lived up to that motto better than any one else she knew.

5. A Bevy of Little Children's Tributes. Fifty-three children marching in line mounted the stage, the first one bearing a beautiful basket which was given to the Honor Guest, in which every child placed a rose. When all had passed the basket was over-filled, and all about her feet lay the children's tribute. Little Miss Louise Plummer Moss recited three verses about the Home, the Church, and the School. Miss Plummer responded by telling them ("Ye are better than all the ballads that ever were sung, or said—For ye are living poems—All the rest are dead.")

6. Tribute from the Church.

Beginning with the pastor, the head of every auxiliary of the church was called to the platform, as was also the Bladensburg Union, and the Federation of Women.

Miss Eliza B. Wheeler, who is so well known for her elocutionary power, and her Christian integrity, was spokesman. She was never better, but could it have been otherwise with so much inspiration all about her?

7. Poems Dedicated and Letters Read by Rev. G. W. M. Lucas, ex-pastor. In the absence of Rev. Lucas, Rev. Gaskins kindly and graciously acted in his stead.

First he read a short sketch of Miss Plummer's life. There was a poem written, dedicated, and read on June 18, 1905, by the late Solomon G. Brown, the Bard of Anacostia, entitled "Work Well Done." In 1903, Miss Plummer had been at Orphans' Home twenty years, and Mr. Brown made his theme "Twenty years a Teacher." Then he said: "I have noticed her work and rejoice over her success." What would the poet have written could he have seen the close of forty-five years of SERVICE by her in the school room?

Upon receipt of her invitation, Miss Bessie E. Clay of 1906 Third Street Northwest, composed a poem of twelve verses. Its preface is—"Original poem, dedicated to Miss Nellie A. Plummer and presented to her at a Testimonial given by her friends, June 6, 1924, in St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md."

Miss Clay had the extreme pleasure of reading her poem, and then presenting it in person. I hope I may be permitted to publish the entire poem later. Rev. Gaskins exhibited many tokens of good will—One an unusually beautiful china vase selected and given by the late Mrs. John F. Cook, in honor of, as Miss Plummer says—"Her China Wedding stay at the Home." A loving cup standing on an ebony base, was presented by her church in 1912 for persistent and arduous efforts in paying off the cost of rebuilding.

Our late, but great, Dr. Mattie V. S. Lee caught the inspiration and saw that the cup was presented at a suitable banquet. There were many other tokens from family and friends, especially from her former pupils at the Home.

A beautifully illustrated poem—Longfellow's "A Psalm of Life" that had been presented by Mrs. Sarah E. Gaskins (Mother of Rev. Gaskins), who was present. I must quote one more. (Could you see these tokens you'd think they were selected for occupants of the White House—so beautiful are they.) "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," an illustrated poem by Reginald Heber, just the top lid of which would describe Miss Plummer's entire life work. Inside I find this inscribed: "Miss Nellie A. Plummer, Christmas, '93.

'If we work upon marble, it will perish; if we work upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumple into dust—but, if we imbue them with principles with a just fear of God, and love of our fellowman, we inscribe upon these, something that will brighten to all eternity.'

The Home,

Miss Coralie Franklin, Supt."

The same Miss Franklin is now Mrs. Carolie Franklin Cook, and is at present a member of the Board of Education, Washington, D. C. Now as great and busy a woman as is Mrs. Cook, she was not too great to see Miss Plummer's worth back in 1893.

As to the letters from those who could not be present, there are scores of them. I'm so sorry each one of them cannot be published, for each is a testimonial in itself.

What a prize Prof. G. C. Wilkinson's letter is, on her retirement, January, 1923; also Miss Laura G. Arnold's. Rev. G. W. Brent, wrote May 27, 1924. "Say it with dollars ought to be as commendable as 'Say it with flowers.' I am glad that the church agreed to honor you while you are yet alive. God rewards you this for your unselfish devotion and patient endurance in Jesus' name, and just for His sake! And let me say—this is only the beginning of good things wherewith he will surprise you, and comfort your soul! It is better further on!"

Rev. Brent was an inmate of Orphans' Home, 1867-1870. No one knows of the real influence for good that went out from Orphans' Home, who does not know of the Quaker sisters, the late Misses Eliza and Jane Heacock. Their sister, Miss Annie, wrote: Wyncote, Pa., May 28, 1924—Dear Miss Plummer: We are interested in the project of your friends to show you honor, for we feel sure you fully deserve it. My sisters were your good friends, and I'm sure, were they living, they would heartily sanction it.

You have lived a quiet, simple life of duty, and you are blessed to live to see that others think so. I know it is what you wanted to do. I hope June 6th will be a beautiful day for you, and were it possible, my sister and I would like to be near you."

Mrs. M. L. Meriwether, vice-president of Orphans' Home Board, wrote June, 1924—"An exemplary life has its rewards. It must be very pleasant for you to know while you live, how your labor has been appreciated. I shall take pleasure in reading your note and invitation to the ladies, at our next meeting, June 3rd."

On Fore-fathers' Day, December 21, 1922, at the reception tendered Miss Plummer (upon her voluntary retirement from the public schools, Washington, D. C.), by Prof. M. G., and Dr. Marie Lucas, Mrs. Meriwether was present and presented a handsome picture of Jesus, and John the Baptist. The picture was selected by Miss E. A. Cook (only daughter of the late John F. Cook.) Vice-President of the Home Board, in honor of the more than thirty-six years of service at the Home by Miss Plummer, and because of her love for little children. She allows no one to visit her home without seeing the beautiful rocker given to her by her beloved teachers at the B. K. Bruce School.



“LADY” ELIZABETH PLUMMER-CARPENTER,
Born February 8, 1821,—Died December 11, 1925,—nearly 105 years old.
Sister of Adam F. Plummer.

"2110 14th Street N. W.,

Washington, D. C.

My dear Miss Plummer:

Accept my thanks for the invitation to be present at your Testimonial. I am glad to add my word of commendation of one who did faithful, loyal service as teacher in the schools under my administration. I believe in saying the good words when one can hear them.

Your influence over the boys and girls in the Home cannot be measured. You were not only the teacher, but the mother.

May there be many years before you to enjoy the fruits of your labor. Sincerely your friend,

Marion P. Shadd."

Milford, N. H., June 2, 1924.

Miss Nellie A. Plummer,

Dear Friend: The Testimonial to be tendered you June 6th, is quite appropriate, and indeed ought, and must be a very enjoyable occasion for all concerned, especially so for yourself.

It must be satisfactory for you to look back to your life's work as teacher, and benefactor; and to have left with you today so many appreciative friends. You certainly are to be congratulated. Sincerely yours,

Wendell Phillips Tarbell."

Mr. Tarbell who has a brother, Julian, is a nephew of Miss Julia M. Bartlett, known to every Waylandite, and an associate teacher with the great Dr. G. M. P. King, and Prof. James Storum.

8. Test Work, by Rev. Chas. Cushingberry. He said: "I have made great sacrifices to be here tonight, and must hurry away. After paying strong and warm tribute to the worth and character of Miss Plummer, Rev. Chas. Cushingberry thought she was duly tested by the thorough manner in which forces everywhere were rallied, when the church burned in 1907. She enthused and encouraged us so much until within five years every dollar of the \$5,500 was paid, and our remodeled church stood free of debt. She cashed a life insurance policy for \$500, and gave the entire sum toward the rebuilding.

"Had she kept that policy until the time was out, it would have meant more than a thousand dollars to her. It was just such sacrifices that endeared her to us. And she gave largely at every rally also. I believe that through her we set up the example of paying off church debts, for many of the churches in Washington rallied and paid off large debts, thus saving much interest, after seeing what a little church could do, under proper leadership." Just here a pause was made in the program to allow a former pupil from Orphans' Home to honor and cheer her teacher; say a word before leaving. On coming to the stage, Mrs. Maud Johnson McElroy told how she determined to come, although not very well. During her remarks she paused again and again to say: "May God bless her," until the hearts of all were touched even to weeping.

9. Home life by Dr. R. F. Plummer was next in order. It is seldom that any brother pauses to pay such a high tribute to his sister. How I'd like to include his every word. He said in part: "Considering the close relation between the one for whom this Testimonial is given and myself, I heartily join in showing the family's appreciation for her great work home, here, and at school.

"You can't have this great demonstration without including me, for we are twin brother and sister. My first great sorrow came when she went away to Wayland School, for we had never been separated.

"While we were yet very small, I composed my first song. 'Little Sister's got the "moestess," but I don't care.' I sang these words making a tune as I went along with tears streaming down my face. Her piece was always smaller but I thought otherwise.

Now, according to this demonstration, she is still getting the "moestess." Then I did care, but now I don't care. For I am glad from the bottom of my heart that you see fit to give her her flowers now while she can see, and realize your love, and loyalty, and faithfulness. Keeping her word has been a tower of strength to her.

I will trust her anywhere, under all circumstances, for she has never failed us.

No matter how hard or dark seemed the way, she always found a ray of light leading to safety. Her three strong points are: first, Do Right; second, Never Forsake a Friend; third, Have the Spirit of Forgiveness.

Nothing can, and nothing will ever separate us but the inevitable—Death. Our father was exactness itself. His motto was “To do right is no more than your every day duty, but when sister paid the last dollar on our new house to Hon. Frederick Douglass, father said: “Well done, good and faithful servant.” No other has ever pleased her as much as those words coming from our firm, strict Sire, unless it be this wonderful demonstration here tonight. You think many good things of her, but I know. I also know the half can never be told. My sister, may this great gathering of friends with all said and done here, cheer you through your remaining years, and may you remember them, even to the gates of Heaven. For I love Mother, Home, and Heaven. They shall include you forever!”

Terse Sayings:

“You are worth your weight in gold here, Miss Nellie.”—Mr. F. H. Smith.

“What if you had not been educated and tempered with the love of Christ?”—Dr. G. M. P. King.

“Did you ever shake hands with her?”—Mr. J. R. Moss.

“Miss Nellie, you are a choir in yourself.”—Rev. J. H. Dailey.

“Fame does not count—but what begets fame—Truth, Love, Others!”—Rev. G. W. Moore.

10. Address on Miss Plummer's love for humanity, as shown by her loyalty to her own race, and showing her special fitness to inspire others to patriotism, was to have been made by Mrs. Julia Mason Layton, who could not come.

11. Remarks by invited guests were made by Rev. Dr. W. J. Howard, his good wife being present, Rev. Loving, Mr. Maxfield, and many, many others.

12. Church Summary by the pastor, Rev. H. T. Gaskins, was indeed eloquent. But the pastor excelled himself in the climax of his remarks when he declared that Miss Plummer's zeal and fitness, and faithfulness, and work—logically made

her the Mother of the Church, succeeding her sister, Sarah Miranda Plummer-Clark, and thus making her eligible to all the Women's Auxiliaries. Then Rev. Gaskins honored himself by calling her Organist Emeritus, for the long years of service as organist and leader of the Church Music.

13. Presentation was then made by the pastor—A large victrola costing \$150 was given to Miss Plummer as a token of the great service rendered in sacred music for the Church and Sunday School, indeed every department of Church service, especially the prayer meeting. The family presented her a gold watch, and chain symbolic of the fact that she is as good as gold to them.

A large basket of roses and peonies was presented by Mr. Henry Wheeler, the decorator. The basket of flowers stands nearly as tall as the recipient and was larger than she! The flowers will fade, but that basket will be kept as long as she lives.

A large bunch of peonies with verses attached was given by Mr. and Mrs. William Fountroy. Mr. Maxfield presented three books, Mrs. V. B. Holmes, and many, many others made presentations. Dozens and dozens had "said it with dollars" until the committee was fully satisfied."

14. Response by Guest of Honor. For several moments Miss Plummer sat speechless with joyful gladness, and when she could speak she said "Such a demonstration never was!" She made it plain to her hearers that it was useless for her to try to thank them for all she might say would fall short of expressing the joy and gladness in her heart.

She poured out the contents of a thankful heart, and to-day she stands, and will ever stand deeply grateful. Grateful to all. Even to those who could not come she feels grateful for their good wishes, and even the smallest token sent or given she shall lock forever in her heart-chest of appreciation, and girdled with the love and sympathy of all who know, or who know of her, she will "carry on," serving mankind and glorifying God!

Speaking further, Miss Plummer said, "The hardest thing an old teacher has to do is to keep from forcing lessons on unwilling ears. A lawyer before Judge and Jury must prove his point.

First, If all that is being said, and done here tonight is not for the Glory of God, and to the honor of this, His Church, then a terrible mistake has been made. I shall prove that none of this honor belongs to me.

My parents more by example than precept taught us that a good name is more to be chosen than great riches, (that was father), and loving kindness than silver and gold—(that was mother).

Sister Miranda (founder of this church) literally acted out her Faith in God.

Brother Henry had a Word, and what ever he promised, was as good as done.

Then came the Alden-Tinker family, and Col. Bingham. Then Dr. G. M. P. King and those four glorious years of preparation at Wayland. Then the Quaker Heacock sisters at Orphan's Home, not forgetting our great friend, teacher, and pastor, Rev. F. G. Hall, Brother Edward Minor, Jesse Bumphery, Richard Holland, my loving twin brother, and a host of others. I wanted to be like all these. Hence if anything was said or done here, it was they who spoke, and acted through me. I've proven my point! Namely: the honor belongs to them and not to me.

Now when only seven years of age I dreamed that I was told that I should have a seat among the righteous, and cause the eyes of many to be opened. From then until now, I've tried never to forfeit my "seat," nor to lessen my opportunity to "open the eyes." Tonight I find myself seated among the righteous, and my heart is filled with His glory! Mother led in singing "Happy New Year"—and for these forty-eight years that she has been gone we've sung it as best we could. One verse—"I come to tell you the Truth of my heart, I'm married to Jesus, and never hope to part." When seven years old I took that vow that married me to Jesus—that is to my fellow-man through His Church.

Now why my Mother, this church and you have delayed my "Wedding Reception" for fifty-six years, is a guess you must answer for yourselves, unless it was to test me, to prove me.

Two of my bridesmaids, faithful these fifty-six years, are with me tonight. I refer to my sister-in-law, Mrs. Fannie Plummer, and my own mother-sister, Mrs. Julia Plummer-Ruffin.

In the year of 1887 I lost a brother-in-law whose dying words were: "Your kindness will never be forgotten"! Thus changed the whole trend of my life. I gradually came to the conclusion that I was indeed married to Jesus, and that my task was the begetting of immortal children. I'm tonight to report to heaven that many of my children, and grand-children, are all about me here tonight, and that I have always done the best I could under the circumstances. I may be pardoned if I report also that during these long years of service I have never been late nor reprimanded at home, nor church, nor school. Must I say "Thank You" from the youngest child here to the oldest person? O, how small "Thank You," is for this great ovation?

Above all things I have cherished my freedom? Free to do as I choose! Tonight I give up my freedom, and willingly and gladly become your grateful slave!

THANKSGIVING

Not for the wealth that men may count
Do I give thanks today,
But for the truth I've chanced upon
As I went on my way.
I'm glad for tears which showed me need
Of human sympathy,
For failure and for foolishness
Which taught me charity.
I'm glad my work has let me know
How other workers feel,
That my own wounds have made me wish
All other wounds might heal.
I'm glad through poverty I've learned
The falsity of things,
That in my needy night I've heard
The rush of deathless wings
Which swept my spirit up and up
To peaks where I could see
The trail to peace that ready waits
For all humanity.
For I have found this truth at last,
In all life's troubled span
There is no greater good than this—
To love your fellow-man.
For only as you share his lot
With generosity,
Will you grow fit to break your bonds
And set your spirit free.
So, not for wealth that men may count
Do I give thanks today,
But for the truth I've chanced upon
As I went on my way.

Scores of relatives and friends can now testify that her untiring efforts and zealous influence helped them to see the marvelous "Light of the Gospel." A public servant does not always get praise. One sometimes becomes very great, but for some trifling thing is dropped out of our memory. So it is significant and worthy of notice that this sister has, through long years, rendered such service that home, church, school and community really appreciates her efforts as is evidenced here tonight.

After the benediction an impromptu reception was held and many congratulations given. It would take an extra reporter to describe the beautiful repast that was spread in the lecture room. Surely every member of the church and community must have worked together for success. The church, through its committee, Mrs. Hattie Moss Fortune, chairman, deserves unstinted praise for the perfect accomplishment of so grand a Testimonial. Too much credit could not be given to the mistress of ceremonies, Mrs. M. F. Wigginton-Brown, whose dignity in presiding was success in itself. As she was responsible for the invitations, I most heartily agree with her that the Church has more than honored itself by tendering this Testimonial to one who has given "full measure, pressed down, and running over."

In a few last remarks, Miss Plummer said: "To my beloved Church I want to say ;forget everything else but do not forget the influence of Dr. King that has brought us up to where we are. To forget that influence would be ingratitude.

"My object in retiring before being entirely broken down in health, was to be able to write the story of my father's life, which means the History of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md."

And Miss Plummer stepped forth with renewed vigor, and with a still stronger determination to follow fast the straight and narrow path hewn by her Sires, and with her will go the multitude who have come up under her guiding influence, holding high the Cross of Christ, and chanting ever as they go on and on—"Lift Him Up."

GEO. G. WATERS.

Hyattsville, Md.

Next I quote "Original Poem," by Miss Bessie Clay: ;

ORIGINAL POEM

Dedicated to Miss Nellie A. Plummer, and presented to her at a testimonial given by her friends, Friday, June 6, 1924, in St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Maryland.

1

In this dear church where she has stood,
And rendered service full and free,
A fitting testimonial should
Be given her, by you and me.

2

How better can we show our pride,
In one, who to her friends are dear;
One who has labored side by side
With many who are gathered here.

3

Unselfish, true to life's demands,
She never falters in her task;
With loving heart and willing hands
She works; What more can duty ask?

4

Straight forward in her dealings, she
Has won our confidence and love,
Leading a life of chastity
Strengthened by power from above.

5

For church, community and home
She always does her level best;
Her aims for high ideals alone
Is true worth's sure and valid test.

6

With youthful minds to train at school
She labored on from day to day;
Assuring them the "Golden Rule"
God wishes each one to obey.

7

How glad we are dear friends tonight
That our beloved one is still
Within our midst to our delight
Her future mission to fulfill.

8

Flowers of praise, we give her now,
While she, their fragrance can inhale;
Her fondly cherished hopes we vow
For church and school shall never fail.

9

We hope to merit to the end,
A privilege, we all hold dear;
To know her and to call her friend,
With true and loyal hearts sincere.

10

How much we love her, only those
Who know her value, can acclaim;
Her many virtues, calm repose,
Inspire reverence for her name.

11

May future years bring naught but peace
And may she reap, as she has sown;
Her sorrow lessen, joys increase,
Prosperity surround her home.

12

And, when her daily course is run,
May she go forth her Lord to greet,
And hear Him say: "My child, well done!"
Enter thou into life complete.

Compliments of the Author.

Bessie E. Clay,

1906 Third Street N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Following is one other Testimonial Letter:

Takoma Park, Md., June 6, 1924.

Mrs. Hattie Moss Fortune,

Chairman of Testimonial Committee at St. Paul's Baptist
Church, Bladensburg, Md.

My dear Mrs. Fortune:

I regret so very much of my inability to be present tonight at the testimonial service. Owing to the illness of my wife and other engagements prevent me and my wife from being present. Even if I were present, I am mindful of how inadequately would be my power of speech to give expression to the profound esteem, worth, and nobility of character I entertain for this good sister who hath been a faithful member and follower of our Lord Jesus Christ for 53 years and a loyal teacher a trainer and instructor of the uninstructed mind for 45 years, even though I should choose the best words in my power and cloth them in the most choice language, at my command. We should appreciate the honor of witnessing a testimony that may be given to the life and work of Miss Nellie Arnold Plummer, the distinguished servant of God in whose honor you meet tonight.

My attention was first directed to Miss Plummer more than thirty years ago at the Second Baptist Church one second Sunday after a communion service a voice from the rear of the church said: Dr. Johnson, just a word! There was a pause, and a lady with much eloquence filled with the Holy Ghost began to speak of Jesus and his love. Her words were like a flame of fire within our hearts and when she had arrived at the pulpit, women were shouting, men clapping their hands. There was almost a spiritual revolution in the church. Some time later when I inquired of Dr. Johnson who this lady was with so much spiritual power, he said it was Miss Nellie Plummer. That impression has never left me. As I observe her she is one process with shining qualities which are builded securely on the strong foundation of substantial moral character and thorough reliability.

Her splendid personality commands the respect and admiration of all those with whom she comes in contact. She is indeed a true woman with fixed purposes, unflinching but loyal. In my judgment no church ever had a truer member, no cause a nobler champion, no principle a purer advocate

than she. To my mind she hath done her duty and did it well in every sphere of work in which she has labored. She impresses me as one process with fine moral character, which has appreciation for its relationship of its duty towards God. By her example she teaches the way to the Saviour of souls. She impresses me as one who hath within all these spiritual forces that brings inward happiness and are sustained and guided with the strong arms of faith the eternal hope of the soul, and a love which faileth not. As I observe her she is committed to the great principles which are promulgated in the gospel of the Son of God, and is the subject of His will. Her endeavors seem to be to develop all that is purest, noblest, and God-like, in the soul, knowing that these fit one for the highest service. I could go on and multiply words without numbers but would get no further. We should thank God for such noble christian characters and loyal followers of the Lord Jesus Christ as Miss Nellie Arnold Plummer. And when it is hers to lay down the cross and take up the crown, those who know her best can truly say hers was a christian race well run, hers is a christian work well done, hers is a victor's crown well won.

Rev. William A. Parker,
Pastor of the First Baptist Church,
Takoma Park, Md.

Very respectfully and cheerfully yours,

G. W. M. LUCAS,
Ex-Pastor.

CHAPTER XII

ST. PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH

Bladensburg, Md., 1876-1926

This story was written primarily to show how a Church of God, the very Gates of Heaven to our souls, grew out of the most severe trials and tribulations.

Our founders went "By Way of the Cross," in poverty and want, toiled and suffered and died that we, their children, might inherit the "promise." "O, Brethren, don't you want to go to the Gospel Feast—that 'Promised Land' where all is Peace?"

The following table will show our illustrious pastors, all good men save one:

1. Rev Chauncey Leonard	1867-1871
2. Rev. Augustus Watts	1871-1876
3. Rev. Henry V. Plummer	1876-1881
4. Rev. Wm. M. Alexander	1881-1883
5. Rev. Ferdinand G. Hall	1883-1894
6. Rev. Broadus A. McDonald	1894-1896
7. Rev. Thomas P. Houston	1896-1897
8. Rev. Robert L. Simmons	1897-1899
9. Rev. George W. M. Lucas	1899-1905
10. Rev. Joseph S. L. Burke	1905-1906
11. Rev. Charles Cushinberry	1906-1915
12. Rev. George G. Mills	1915-1917
13. Rev. Hampton T. Gaskins	1917-1926
14. Rev. John T. Brooks	1926-

After Rev. Houston left us in 1897, Rev. S. J. R. Nelson, although duly elected pastor, served us not quite six months. Ill health caused him to give up. He was a graduate of Howard, and quite a scholar. When it came to reasoning, few ministers could equal him. He was preacher in charge of Mount Hope Baptist Church, Charles County, Maryland, in 1880, while I was teacher at Cross Roads. He had a large interesting family. His children survive him in Washington, D. C. His wife was the sister of Mrs. Belle Mebane of Norfolk-Portsmouth. Mrs. Nelson died in 1895, February.

Had Rev. and Mrs. Nelson been my own brother and sister, we could not have respected each the other more than we did. I lost a sister, when I lost Mrs. Nelson. They were so cultured and refined.

"If only I may know the joy,
When nearing life's journeys' end,
Of clasping hands with those I love
As friend doth welcome friend;
If only I have learned to love,
When on death's face I look;
If I only may see my name,
Inscribed in Friendship's Book!"

OBITUARY

Howard's Oldest Alumnus Passes Away

Enoch Homer Grasty, Howard Academy, 1872

Enoch Homer Grasty, who enjoyed the distinction of being a member of the first class to graduate from Howard University, died at his home in Culpeper County, Virginia, on Thursday, January 31, in his seventy-eighth year. His illness was brief and almost painless. He was laid to rest in the family plot, located not far from his home, which nestles among the beautiful Virginia hills which he loved so well.

As evidence of the high regard in which he was held as educator, minister of the gospel, and a citizen of worth and influence, his funeral, which occurred Sunday, February 3, was attended by approximately one thousand people, representing every class, creed and color. In church, in school, and in community life, Mr. Grasty wielded a strong and wholesome influence with which he wrestled with the problems of the education and social betterment of our group which had to be met in Virginia—nay, everywhere in the South—during the period from 1875 to 1890. That he was highly successful in his efforts is attested by the fact that he inspired scores of young people to strive to higher achievement, was the beloved pastor of two churches, and was held in the highest esteem as a counsellor by all his fellow-citizens.

His attachment to his Alma Mater was deep and vital. His love for Howard grew with the years. It would be difficult to find any one more highly surcharged with the Howard spirit. As long as he was able to travel, no year passed by in which he did not honor the University with a visit. He made frequent contributions to the institution, always without solicitation. The bread for the alumni dinner, during the commencement season, 1921, was made from a barrel of flour which was milled from wheat produced on his farm and which he so thoughtfully presented to the University for that purpose.

The editor, who as one of his pupils, found Mr. Grasty a teacher of unusual charm, tact and inspiration, takes pleasure in reproducing the following discerning account of his life, written by a member of the editorial staff of *The Record*, which appeared in the commencement issue, June, 1921, under the caption, "Howard Alumni You Ought to Know:"

"There is something fascinating about the pioneer. We sit in rapt attention at the narration of one who witnessed the beginnings of things. Such persons seem to speak with authority because they saw and felt and heard those things concerning the rest of us are informed only through tradition or the written word. One of the editors of *The Record* had the delightful experience recently of interviewing a man who knew Howard University in its earliest days, who came under the immediate influence of its devoted founders, who saw the farm transformed into a university and who helped in that transformation.

"Mr. Enoch Homer Grasty was born in Mt. Airy, Pittsylvania County, Virginia, March 1, 1846. He was immediately associated during his early life with General Coleman of the Southern armies. On March 4, 1886, he was married to Miss Fannie Davis of Frederick, Virginia, who had come to Danville as part of the general migration from Northern Virginia toward the South at the approaching collapse of the Confederate armies. The wedding date was selected secretly in honor of the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln, and the ceremony was attended by General Coleman and other distinguished officers of the Southern army.

"At the close of the war, he left Danville and came to Washington seeking employment and to better his condition. Realizing the need of an education in order to face the new responsibilities, he dreamed of attending Wayland Seminary during the spring of 1867. While engaged as superintendent of the Sunday School of the Second Baptist Church, he met a Miss Evans, a christian philanthropist of Philadelphia, under whose influence he decided to enter Howard University, then in the process of organization. At that time, according to Mr. Grasty's own account, the main building had just been erected, but still sat empty and unoccupied. Miner Hall was in course of construction and Clark Hall had not yet been begun. General Howard's residence, now a dormitory of the University, had just been completed and was occupied. The medical building was still in course of construction.

"The first class assembled for instruction in Howard University met in an old red frame building on what is now Georgia Avenue, approximately one hundred yards southeast of the corner of W Street. Mr. Grasty assembled with that class. According to his recollection, the class received its first instruction from Professor A. L. Barber, who was so intimately connected with the early history of Howard University. Professor J. M. Gregory, who for many years was Professor of Latin in the University, was at that time a student-teacher, and from him Mr. Grasty received instruction during those early days.

"The upper rooms of the original building served as dormitory accommodations for a large number of the young men who attended the University. Many of these earned a living while going to school by aiding in the work of clearing the grounds of the University, setting out trees, constructing roads and in the general improvement of the landscape. Mr. Grasty states that he brought with him, on entering the University, no other credentials than a brand new pick and shovel, with which he later dug in person one hundred and fifty holes in which to set out trees now forming such an important feature of the campus. The compensation was 18 cents for each hole. When the main building was ready for occupancy, Mr. Grasty was among the first group to receive instruction.

Miss Laud was the teacher of his class. Shortly thereafter Miner Hall was completed and thrown open for the accommodation of students. The young ladies occupied the south end and the young men the north end of the building, pending the completion of the boys' dormitory. When Clark Hall was finished, Mr. Grasty was one of the pioneers of that long list of Howard's sons who as the years have gone by lived in that historic old structure.

"After studying in the University for five years, Mr. Grasty was graduated from the preparing course in May, 1872, the exercises taking place in the old chapel at the west end of the third floor of the main building, General O. O. Howard at that time being President of the University and conducting the graduating exercises.

"On leaving the University, Mr. Grasty engaged in teaching first in Kent County, Md., but after two years returned to his native state and took charge of the school in Culpepper County, Virginia. For forty years he was engaged in the work of education in that vicinity and was retired ten years ago as a state pensioner.

"Howard University considers it a great honor that as a result of this half century of service Mr. Grasty has received the very highest official commendation for his professional services and the highest expression of personal esteem from the citizenry of the community where he has labored so long. For in addition to teaching school he has been pastor of three churches, thereby ministering to the spiritual as well as the intellectual welfare of his contemporaries."

Rev. Leonard received honorable mention November, 1925, by Prof. G. C. Wilkinson, at 19th Street Baptist Church, as a teacher of persons of color in those early days. Being very busy he only pastored us until we could find a minister.

Rev. Augustus Watts, who succeeded Rev. Leonard, was a graduate. He was a lovable character, being large and heavy, a good man, and a good speaker. He left us for a larger field. We remember Rev. Watts because he was our pastor when we lost mother, that 17th day of January, 1876.

How the Lord has cared for us, disobedient though we have been. He has remembered mercy!

--

Moses and Jane Lucas were baptized in 1872, by Rev. Augustus Watts, while we worshipped at the "Rabbitt Gum." Brother Watts did not know what worthy parents he was starting on their way to heaven, nor what their large family of children were destined to be—"Faith is the Victory."

Rev. Henry Vinton Plummer became our pastor after being our deacon, friend, advisor, and protector for ten years. He was most industrious. He watched at the Government Post Office, Washington, D. C. (alternating with Rev. Jas. L. Jasper), studied at Wayland Seminary (on the spot where he had been a slave, 1851-1855), graduated in 1878, worked his farm of 13½ acres on which he planted the choicest fruit trees and bushes, grape-vines, etc., he and father digging the ditches with their own hands. Still he found time to pastor our church, building it up as never before.

In May, 1876, he performed his first baptism. The candidates were John H. Moss, Robert F. Plummer, Lizzie Addison-Williams-Gant, and Julia V. Bumbry (the four of whom "Sister Clark" speaks in her history). Brother Henry said: "I will try my hand first on my brother, Robert." So, he baptized him first. (Henry had taught Robert to swim). It is impossible here to tell how the church grew and prospered under his leadership. He was all energy! A thought, a word, an act! No minister was ever given up more reluctantly. People came from miles and miles to worship with us.

In 1877, our pastor suggested that we not only be known as the "First Baptist Church" in Bladensburg, Md., but that our name should be "St. Paul's Baptist Church." This he did, being so enthused over the teachings about St. Paul, the Apostle, by Prof. G. M. P. King. Read "The Acts of the Apostles" and St. Paul's "Epistles" if you would know of the danger, toils, and snares that the greatest human preacher had to endure for Christianity's sake, then to die! It was St. Paul who remembered that Jesus said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive," Acts 20:35.

Now, Henry Plummer had just been released from that terrible demon, the accursed American slavery, that had held God's children for two hundred fifty years, and so he could sympathize with St. Paul.

As we study the New Testament today, we do not wonder at the young preacher's enthusiasm. For what would we do without the marvelous insight of St. Paul, added to, and explaining the "Four Gospels?"

I am so proud of our name, for we must never cease to strive for "Higher Ground," if we would in the least be worthy of our name. Long live the Gospel of Jesus Christ!

Henry Plummer suggested to the church that they license Brothers Charles Taylor (brother of J. Anderson Taylor of Shiloh and Trinity Baptist Churches, Washington, D. C.), and Charles Jackson, that they might exhort us to good works, when we could not get a minister.

Beginning with Rev. Plummer's pastorate, the Mother of our Church, "Sister Clark," as she was then called, opened a mission at Sitka, Montgomery County, Maryland (probably 8 or more miles away). She, with her praying band often walked that distance, held prayer meeting, returned and did a hard day's work the next day. That mission became a church in 1881. I visited Sitka, Sunday, July 11, 1926. What memories! I could but exclaim: "Where is now the merry party I remember long ago!" Our ministers from 1876 to 1900 gave us preaching two Sundays in a month, and Sitka two Sundays. Our church of now can never know of the sacrifices made then, that we might inherit now.

In 1873, before we moved on the hill where we are now, the parents of Rev. Emmett M. Burrell now of Takoma Park, D. C., were baptized in their old age by Rev. A. Watts. In 1880, Rev. Burrell was baptized by Rev. H. V. Plummer. The Burrells then lived at Sitka, Md. Most all candidates from Sitka were immersed at Bladensburg. It was the usual thing to see Rev. Burrell follow Rev. Hall into the pulpit. More than seven years ago, Sitka called Rev. Burrell as pastor. Through his efforts the church has been kept alive, although fire destroyed their building as it did ours, and about the same time. Rev. Burrell is a graduate of Howard Theological Department.

Mills Beaman, who was baptized by Rev. John H. Brooks, of Vermont Avenue Church, was married by Rev. H. V. Plummer. (Brother Mills said he was baptized at the 6th Street Wharf, and had to ride in his wet clothes back to the church before changing). Mr. and Mrs. Beaman are the proud parents of Rev. Joseph N., Edward, William L., Prince S., and Mary Beaman-Stewart. It was while Prince Stubbs, a member of our church was helping at Sitka, while living there, that Mr. and Mrs. Mills Beaman named their son "Prince Stubbs." Thomas Stewart, Isaac Adams, Mills Beaman, William Lewis, the Burrells, the Berrys, and others were Sitka-ites. Bladensburg Baptist Church is proud of her relation to Sitka. Rev. Hall said of Isaac Adams, that he was a most consistent Christian.

Sitka brought another blessing to her mother-church. Throughout Montgomery County, rich persons like Hugh McCulloch, the Jacksons, and the Hutchins were the support of Sitka Church, by the employment they gave to their help.

With McCulloch lived Frank and Ruth Cole, who came into our church life, 1896 to 1914. Mr. and Mrs. Cole were baptized by Rev. Lucas, 1900, with thirty others. They joined at Bladensburg, because it was just as convenient for them to drive here, as to Sitka, for they had fine conveyances to carry them anywhere.

After Rev. Lucas left us in 1905 for Cumberland, it is hard to say what St. Paul's Baptist Church could have done without Frank Cole and his good wife, especially just before and after the church building burned in 1907.

Once Mr. and Mrs. Cole took me on a Sabbath day's journey to Marassas, Va., to visit his relatives. There I met his aunt, Mrs. Lucy Robinson. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson had a beautiful daughter, named Beulah, who married Mr. Sidney Jetter. Mr. and Mrs. Jetter had one little daughter, Marguerite, whom I named "Merry-Sunshine," because of her abundance of golden hair, and happy disposition. I know of but one child who won my heart more than did my "Merry-Sunshine!" Miss Jetter is now a Washington teacher. I lost a true sister when Mrs. Cole passed away in 1909.

"Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening,
When it floats among the trees."

It was while on that visit that Sunday that I saw and heard Rev. Wilbanks. His text was: "The Hand-writing on the Wall."

The winter that we lost Miranda and Henry was so terrible the country-folk could not attend their funerals. So we held a memorial to the Glory of God, and in their memory in June of the following summer (June 18, 1905). Their friends came from everywhere! Many came from Sitka. One of whom I wish to quote. Brother William Lewis said: "I love Brother Henry Plummer. He married us, and he baptized us. I love him in his grave." I could but think if he loved our brother that much, how much ought we, his family, and his church, love him—that is, the memory of his good works, the sacrifices that he made that we might today inherit!

Washington, D. C.

April 22, 1927.

Miss Nellie A. Plummer,

Kind Miss:

It is with pleasure that I drop you a copy of the family letter that was read at Mr. William H. Lewis' funeral at Sitka Baptist Church, Sunday, April 10, at 2 o'clock.

"William H. Lewis was born on July 4, 1854, in Petersburg, Virginia.

Died on April the 7, 1927, at his daughter's residence, 40 East 132nd Street, New York City.

He leaves to mourn his loss, 4 daughters, one son, 6 grand children, and eleven great grand children.

"His voice is hushed, his hands at rest
Life's burden all laid down:
But over there his sweet reward,
A mansion and a crown.

By his Family."

I hope this will find all your folks well, as this leaves me well. Hoping I shall have the pleasure of hearing from you in the near future.

Yours truly,

(Rev.) Joseph N. Beaman,
907 Westminster Street N. W.

Our father, Adam Plummer, was a home-body. We depended upon Henry for all outside protection. How he loved Edward Miner, R. C. Moss, Jesse Bumbry, Ferdinand Hall, and all who were for progress.

Rev. Plummer resigned here to become pastor of Mt. Carmel, Washington, D. C. Two years later, 1883, he resigned to become Chaplain in the 9th Cavalry of the United States Army with Charles A. Young.

VETERANS TO ESCORT BODY OF COL. YOUNG

Plans Completed for Funeral of Colored Soldier

Friday, May 30, 1923

Arrangements are now complete for the funeral of Col. Charles Young on Friday. His body will arrive in Washington tomorrow evening and be received by a committee of colored veterans. It will remain at Union Station until 11:30 a. m., when it will begin its final long journey to Arlington Cemetery.

During its sojourn at the station, the body will be in charge of a guard of honor composed of colored veterans who will serve in several reliefs. The floral offerings may be sent to Union Station not later than 10 o'clock Friday morning and received by a committee of veteran auxiliary members.

Friday the cortege will move out from Union Station, sharp at 11:30 a. m.

The troops composing the escort will be massed opposite the east entrance to the station. Veteran organizations will form in the streets east of Union Station by 10:45. Unaffiliated veterans are expected to assemble on Union Station plaza opposite east entrance at 10:30:

The route of the cortege will be from the Union Station plaza to Delaware Avenue, Delaware Avenue south to D Street, D Street west to 1st Street, 1st Street south to Pennsylvania Avenue, west along Pennsylvania Avenue to Georgetown, to Key Bridge, to Fort Myer and Arlington.

The children of the colored public schools will be dismissed in time to see the cortege. 6-1-1923.

November 12, 1926.

COLORED CITIZENS HONOR MEMORY OF COL. YOUNG

Monument to Officer Is Dedicated at Arlington Under

Direction of Walker Legion Post.

A monument was dedicated to the late Col. Charles Young, United States Army, yesterday, scores of colored citizens journeying to the grave in Arlington Cemetery, where the program was under the direction of the James E. Walker Post, American Legion.

Eulogistic addresses, paying tribute to the life and character of Col. Young and calling attention to the fact that he held the highest rank ever attained by a member of the colored race in the Regular Army, were delivered by Maj. O. J. W. Scott, retired, former Army Chaplain; Col. John T. Axton, Chief of the Chaplains' Corps, and Dr. Emmett J. Scott, secretary-treasurer of Howard University. The program served the double purpose of according honor to Col. Young and marking an appropriate observance of Armistice Day.

"Through the years of the future, Charles Young will be recalled as the officer who made it possible, by his high character, patriotism and devotion, for other men of his race to achieve high station as officers of the United States Army," declared Dr. Scott, "and we shall only venture to hope that the youth of his race may catch some portion of his undaunted spirit."

Col. Young's son and other members of his family were guests of honor at the ceremonies, which were attended also by Col. Benjamin O. Davis, Maj. John E. Green, Harry E. Davis of Cleveland, member of the Ohio State Legislature, and members of the Walker Legion Post. Lieut. Frank Coleman, chairman of the Young Memorial Committee, presided.

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

Memorial to Founders, June 18, 1905

Hymn—Lead, Kindly Light.

Prayer.

Hymn—Jerusalem, My Happy Home.

Roll Call.

Hymn—Thou Judge of Quick and Dead.

Installation of Officers.

Remarks by President.

Solo—

Treasurer's Report.

Duett—Saved by Grace.

Address by Master of Ceremonies, Rev.
G. W. M. Lucas.

Song—Will There Be Any Stars? By the Choir.

Address—By Rev. Dr. W. J. Howard.

Chorus—When I Get Home—By Choir, Children and Con-
gregation.

Address—By Rev. Dr. W. Bishop Johnson.

Song—The Beautiful Beyond. Choir.

Address—By Rev. Dr. W. M. Alexander.

Song—My Mother's Prayer. Choir.

Annual Offering.

Chorus—No Dark Valley.

Solo—Sleep Sweet Within.

Good-Bye! God Bless You.

Few extempor remarks by distinguished guests present.

Recitation—Miss Eliza Wheeler—

Alabaster Box. Resurgemus.

Closing Remarks, Etc.

Closing Chorus—Looking This Way.

Benediction.

Born February 26, 1842 — Died March 4, 1905

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of
SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER CLARK

Founder of Bladensburg Baptist Church, October, 1866

Born July 30, 1844 — Died February 10, 1905

To the Glory of God and in Loving Memory of
HENRY VINTON PLUMMER

Founder of the Union in 1870

The Union Association of Bladensburg and
First Baptist Church cordially invite you
to be present at their

THIRTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

which will be a Memorial to their Founders,

H. V. PLUMMER and S. M. P. CLARK

on Sunday, June 18, 1905, at 2 o'clock P. M.

First Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.

He is known all over the United States as it were for his great work with the Lott Carey Home and Foreign Mission Society!, as well as one of the most successful pastors of Baltimore.

Rev. Wm. M. Alexander of Baltimore, was a student at Wayland Seminary, from which he graduated in 1882. While a student there, he pastored us. After graduating, he went to Baltimore, but preached for us until 1883, when he resigned for the field in Baltimore, where he was to become a great and influential man, not only in Baltimore, but in many cities besides. I cannot now tell how many thousands were at his funeral at Sharon Baptist Church. As God gave him strength to rise above the world, he never forgot Wayland, and he never forgot the church at Bladensburg—his first charge. This, however, would not be complete, if I did not speak of Mrs. Ellen Alexander, his good wife. They were two beautiful people, beautiful physically, and beautiful, beautiful characters. It has been my great privilege to visit them in their home, a home of prayer.

Rev. Ferdinand Gustavus Hall was also a Wayland graduate. Had he been in good health, he would have probably been our pastor from 1876 until his death (December 25, 1899). He so studied his case that he scarcely needed a doctor. Still there were times when he dared not leave his house. Notwithstanding this terrible handicap, few, if any ministers, excelled him in work. He taught the public school at Bladensburg for years. He was a pastor, indeed. He loved all, especially the children. He visited the sick and cared for all. The Bladensburg Union owe all their rules and regulations to him. No minister was ever more welcome at Sitka Church than he. Dr. King prized him as a grammarian. He always had a thought for us, whether in the pulpit, the Sunday School or the day school. After H. V. Plummer left in 1884, he had to lead the men politically, because so few could read and write.

He held a political position in Baltimore for four years—going and returning each day, during President Harrison's administration. He owned two acres of ground (on the Coleville road), on which he had built a neat little house.

Our church clerk, Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson, loves to state that she was one of Rev. Hall's pupils. She was also one of forty that he baptized in May, 1886. He was so appreciative of the least help given to the cause of the Master, whether here or at Sitka.

We were, indeed, bowed down in sorrow that Christmas morning when he went to be forever with the Lord. He went as the angels were singing for joy at the birth of Christ. As we lamented over the fact of his passing, our Father said: "He is not dead. He is not alone. God shall watch his very dust, till He shall bid it rise." Thus passed a leader, teacher, pastor, friend, and brother, indeed. There was much evil surrounding F. G. Hall in his childhood and youth. But none ever swerved him from the right, proving that God puts His Spirit in whom He chooses. He was most particular in his manners and dress and appearance. A sister, Mrs. Anna Ruth Hall-Bradley, and two daughters, Mrs. Fannie Hall-Randall, and Mrs. Nellie Adams-Lancaster, still survive him. He had other brothers also. Mrs. Bradley and Rev. Hall loved each other dearly. Even now after twenty-six years, she calls Fannie, then comes for me, and we make our way by auto to Fairview cemetery, and sister, daughter and friend

meet in memory of him who loved us. Mrs. Bradley's home, 412 U Street N. W., Washington, D. C., is extra beautiful, where she lives, as do her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Monroe.

If Miss Fannie Hall were my own child, I don't see how she could be more loving, kind, and considerate of my sister, Julia, and me.

In 1874, Rev. Hall married Miss Sarah Elizabeth Scott, the second daughter of Lorenzo and Fannie Scott of Riverdale. Two sons and two daughters were born to them. Mrs. Fannie Scott and Mrs. Anne Hodge were our mother's bride's-maids. Her son, Alexander Scott, was marshal for the Union for years and years, being a particular friend of Saunders Plummer. Of all that large family of Scotts, Mrs. Elbertine (Teny) Scott-Parker, is the only survivor. At the time of his death, Rev. Hall was conducting a grocery store with which to help support himself and family.

Over and above all we can hear Rev. Hall singing "Close to Thee," "Thou my ever-lasting portion. More than friend or life to me. Gladly will I toil and suffer, Only let me walk with Thee, Close to Thee."

We are loath to close this character, knowing what he was to church, state, community, and home. (Psalms 37:37), "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

Outline of Sermon—1895—F. G. Hall:

Peculiar Promise Fulfilled. To March Straight, Etc. Jos. 6:5.

- (a) God's full knowledge of the work which He gives to His people to do.
- (b) Unqualified obedience necessary to the accomplishment of the work.
- (c) Hardships to be endured—Long Marches—Tent Life—Far from home and friends—Danger and death facing them. Friends may turn their backs upon you, but if Jesus is your friend, all will be well. Life and Death.
- (d) Brilliant Victory—Complete. Phil. 1:13—"I can do all things through Jesus Christ which strengtheneth me." The heart a Jerico, and Sin a wall.
- (e) Lasting Honors.
- (f) The Immortalized Leader.

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior which is Christ the Lord."

AGAIN

Bladensburg Baptist Sunday School
Invite their Many Friends to Join in their

CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION

Sunday Morning, December 24, 1899.

There will be Preaching. In the Evening at 7:30 o'clock a

SACRED CONCERT

will be given by the School. Admission Free. All are Invited.

THE USUAL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

will take place

Wednesday, December 27, 1899, at 7 P. M.

A Varied Programme will be given. Plenty of Refreshments.

December 27, 1899, Rev. Hall's Funeral Day.

Mr. Geo. G. Mills, Superintendent;

Rev. G. W. Lucas, Minister in Charge.

Admission 10 Cents.

Rev. Hall died at 4 o'clock, Monday morning (Xmas Day).

The above "Entertainment" never took place, for Wednesday, December 27, 1899, was the funeral day of our friend and brother, Rev. F. G. Hall. Sermon by Rev. Alexander.

Though dead, yet he speaks through Rev. J. N. Beaman, whom he baptized.

SERMON BY REV. JOSEPH N. BEAMAN

ENTITLED

SONGS OF JOY AND PRAISES TO GOD

Delivered in Commemoration of the Laying of the Cornerstone at Bladensburg, Maryland.

TEXT

"When the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the priest in their apparel with trumpets, and levites the sons of Asaph with symbols, to praise the Lord, after the ordinances of David, King of Israel." Ezra. III:X.

Dear Christians and Friends:

Indeed it affords me a very great pleasure to be present this morning and to speak words of cheer and consolation and endeavor to inspire you to push forward the great cause of Christ.

I deem it a very high honor to be privileged to preach the initiatory sermon on this memorable occasion, the laying of the corner stone of the First Baptist Church in the old historic town of Bladensburg, Maryland, which has been and is now standing high in the scale of churches. In view of this fact and there are so many able divines in the city of Washington and Baltimore and elsewhere, who would consider it an honor to preach to you on this occasion. But, however, I am glad that the blessed Lord has put it in your hearts that I should be the preacher.

I now invite your attention to my theme "Songs of Joy and Praises to God." The basic thought of my subject is deduced from the text: "When the Builders laid the foundation of the temple of the Lord, they set the Priest in their apparel with trumpets, and Levites the sons of Asaph with symbols, to praise the Lord, after the ordinances of David King of Israel." Ezra III:10.

In the winter of 1904, the month of February, a great fire broke out in the city of Baltimore, and for several days, the destruction of the whole city was threatened by the angry flames of that fire, hundreds of buildings were guttered and consumed in the flames, thousands of people turned out of shelter, millions of dollars worth of property destroyed and the excitement wrought to the highest pitch. Oh! what an awful sight! It is beyond expression. The people in the whole state of Maryland sympathized with the sufferers of the fire, in fact the people of the whole country shared their sad condition.

Oh! after the destructive fire had abated, the debris had been removed, the traffic became normal, and the burden of fear from the hearts of the people had been lifted, O, what joy and happiness the people of Baltimore experienced.

And so it was after seventy years of captivity in Babylon, a very small portion of the children of the children of Judah returned to Jerusalem, the holy city, that once beautiful city of Zion, with it's magnificent edifice of worship, the sacred and sublime temple of Solomon, the most splendid and costly building in the history of the world, built out of the best parian marble and many parts of it were decorated and lined with pure gold and adorned with most precious diamonds; and it's curious workmanship was extremely exquisite, and calculated to excite the wonder and admiration of all succeed-

ing ages. This temple was erected to the true and living God and dedicated to the memory of all his true followers, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, David, and all his prophets and holy men of God, and as a reminder of God's ever glorious display of his sovereign goodness and providence over all his creatures.

The cause of the captivity was disobedience. After the death of Solomon, the children of Israel disagreed and divided into two parts. The house of Judah and Benjamin under Rehoboam, Solomon's son, the other ten tribes under Jeroboam.

The nation became very wicked under Ahaz, Manasseh and Amon and others. But God had continually warned the people by his holy prophets through Josiah and others but they would not listen and continue in his services, but forsook his statutes, disobeyed his commands, departed from his ways, broke down his alters, and even slew his prophets and turned to and was finally carried away with idols. So God sent the armies of the Chaldeans, Syreans, Moabites, Ammorites to fight against them, and they conquered the children of Judah and took them in captivity to Babylon more than a thousand miles away which meant months of travel with hardship and foot sores, etc.

On their return to Palestine, they were sadly surprised and disappointed to find the beautiful fields and thriving farms in desolation, the beautiful city of Jerusalem in destruction and the sacred Temple of Solomon in charred ruins and the great walls, long since crumbled in ruins and dust with the appearance of a ridge of mounds covered with grass and shrubbery constituting a great harbor for foxes and other small animals, and the lands deserted of inhabitants of the people of Judah.

It looked as if a great cyclone had swept over the whole country leaving all the land in a state of horror, devastation and ruin, and followed by many years of draught causing the fields of the hill country to become parched and fruitless of rich luxuriant vegetation and giving the appearance of hardship and starvation. This terrible state of affairs was caused by the great sun and destruction of foreign wars that finally won the victory over the people of Judah and carried them as captives in captivity of Nebuchadnezzar to Babylon and there remained for seventy years. It was not an actual

slavery but Colonists destitute of a Temple until the prophetic declaration had been fulfilled in the overthrow of the kingdom of Babylon by the powers of the Medes and Persia under King Cyrus according to the prophecy of Isaiah 200 years before. Isa. 44ch 28, and also Jeremiah 25ch 12, just before entering captivity.

When they arrived at the old seat of government, the once magnificent and sublime Temple, Oh, how sad! But they did not give up in despair, but the whole host of people said: "Let us rise up and build." Neh. 2:18.

They went to work in deep earnestness and contributed their silver, their gold, their wealth, their means, and their labor in clearing away the rubbish and excavating for the laying of the foundation for the rebuilding of the Temple of Zerubbabel, or the second Temple.

And when they had laid the foundation of the building, they came together and with all their glorious array of priestly robes and instruments of praise and service, their aides in the uniform of their office and large representatives of the 42,000 people that remained and returned praising God in the highest and rejoicing in the Lord of their salvation for the deliverance out of the captivity of Babylon as expressed in the text.

See how they are singing songs of joy and adoration and praise, (Psa. 105:1.) No doubt they are singing 105th Psalm of David the sweet singer of Israel "O I give thanks unto the Lord; call upon his name; make known his deeds among the people. Sing unto him, sing Psalms unto him, talk ye of all his wondrous works, glory ye in his holy name; for he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel."

All the people shouted with a great shout as they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the Temple was laid. But many of the Priests, Levites and elders of the people who had seen the first house, when they saw the foundation of the Temple laid, a panoramic scene passed before their minds that they could see the transpiration of their early childhood, and behold the former Temple with all its splendors and glory, they could see their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters and friends serving God in that Temple in the beauty of holiness. Oh the scenes of the past were so vivified to such an extent that they broke down and wept bitterly and cried with loud voice. So that the people could not discern

the noise from the loud shout of joy and praise from the loud weeping of sorrow. This outburst of joy and sorrow could be heard afar off.

Our blessed Lord Jesus said on one occasion: "The hour cometh when you shall not worship the Father in this mountain or at Jerusalem, but the hour cometh and is now that you shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth, but he also said where two or three assembled in His name he would be in their midst and bless them.

We have assembled here today to praise God and to shout for joy for the victory won so far. On this occasion we are to perform the ceremony of laying the corner stone symbolizing the completion of the foundation of the second Temple of the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg, Maryland.

And lo, about eleven months ago we were struck with the sad intelligence that the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg was burned and oh how heavy it made our hearts feel to learn of the distressing news, and our minds ran back more than twenty years ago. We could remember the fact of how our fathers and mothers worshipped here, brothers and sisters praised the Lord here, and friends rejoiced in the God of their salvation here, and many of our sons and daughters were given in marriage, and united in wedlock here, and it was here that many of us took the last sad look on many of our beloved ones.

It may not be amiss for me to mention a few of them on this occasion, who have labored so ardently in the upbuilding of this moral vineyard: Rev. F. G. Hall, Rev. Henry Plummer, Deacon Redd, Sister Miranda Clarke Plummer, the mother and founder of the church, sister Bumbry, Richard Holland, Rev. Wm. M. Alexander, Deacon Jesse Bumbry, Sister Annie Davis, Sister Sarah Alexander-Matthews, Brother and Sister Moses Lucas, Brother and Sister Stephen Bailey, Prof. G. M. P. King, my own father, Mills Beaman, and others.

Paul said Romans 12:1-6 2 Cor. 10:1-17. Many of us were lukewarm, indifferent, selfish and cold when that terrible calamity struck our temple, so that we were stirred to the very depths of our hearts and we were called to a sense of duty. So we began to look around ourselves, and call on

the name of our God to help us and to teach us to perform our duty to him and our fellow men and to our selves, how to pray a heartfelt and sincere prayer.

Some of us had been like the children of Judah, our minds prone to wonder and to follow idolitry and carried away with the little no harm things of life, such as dancing, games and even backbiting our neighbors, saying all kinds of things and doing all kinds of acts unbecoming us as christians. The Savior said that if you find your brother in fault go to him alone and tell him of it—in the midst of his goodness some of us have forgotten God, but:

God works in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea;
And rides upon the storm.
Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill;
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

We who are consistently faithful not only consistently but persistently faithful to the trust reposed in us to perform our Christian duty, thought it hard to have our church edifice burned, indeed the whole community felt the shock and sympathized with us in our awful sorrow; and as evidence of the fact we have been able to secure the means and have laid the foundation and will push it on to completion in the very near future.

We must remember that whatever God does, he does it for the best. Permit me to quote the words of the writer to the Hebrews. "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord." "For whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth." And again God says in his holy word we know that all things work for the good of them that love God.

During this period of our downfall, we have had a visitation of the Holy Spirit with special power. I, for one, can testify to the truth on the first Sunday of last September I had the good fortune and pleasure to be present, the occasion seemed to have been a reunion of several members of the church living at a distance. I can truly say that the Holy Spirit certainly did overshadow that meeting, men and women talked spontaneously as they had not talked for a long

time. It was a warmer meeting than I had ever experienced around Washington. I tell you that it was a great meeting.

But today we are here to rejoice and to praise the Lord as the people of Judah praised God with a great shout. But there are some here as the elders had been, whose minds go back to the old building when it stood in it's grandeur and glory. You are sad to remember the scene of the happiness that appeared there when you were received in church, made your vows to stand up for Christ and his righteousness, the marriages of your families performed, the last sad look upon the persons of your loved ones. The picture of those scenes is brought so vividly to the mind that we are compelled to shed tears in spite of this great demonstration.

Guide me, Oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrims through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thou powerful hand.
Bread of heaven; feed me now, and ever more.

The history of this church is synonymous with the history of our race since emancipation. When the great civil war had closed, the fires of passion of the contending forces of the two sections of our country had quenched, the roar of cannons had ceased, the smoke of battle had died away, victory won and the cause of right triumphed. The slave was liberated, three millions and a half strong, though turned out with nothing, no shelter, raiment or food, standing on nothing but the green carpet of God's given earth, and sheltered with the blue canopy of the starry heavens. And the soldiers returned to their homes and received the happy greetings of dear husband, father and son.

Just about that time, nearly forty-one years ago, the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg was launched on the tempestuous sea of time, to combat with the waves of sin, shame and degradation. Though few in number, with the late sister Sarah Miranda Plummer Howard Clark at the helm. And she has continued to sail over the billows of the sea of time and kept pace with the unequalled progress of the race; and today she stands out equal with the most foremost peers of the whole denomination. She has had and now has in her fold some of the most intelligent and able men and women the race has ever produced and many of them have gone far and wide and thus have spread her influence to the world.

She stands as a great city on an exceedingly high mountain and her light can be seen afar off. Dear Christians, let us emulate the noble deeds of the fathers and mothers of our church, and continue to hold up the high standard of the gospel that was set up by our blessed Lord Jesus and held up by our fathers.

When the builders laid the foundation of the Temple of the Lord, they set the priests in their apparel with trumpets, and Levites the sons of Asaph with symbolles to praise the Lord, after the ordinance of David King of Israel. And may we ever apply the sentiment of the text to our hearts, praise the Lord, he is good, for he endureth forever.

Let me admonish you to ever keep your eyes upon the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world, the root and branch of David, the mighty God, the everlasting father, the rose of Sharon, the fairest among ten thousand, altogether lovely, the king of kings, and the Lord of Lords, the Prince of Peace, and the bright and Morning Star.

There is a star that beams on earth, With gentle and lovely ray; It sheds it's light on the path of generous worth and speaks A brighter day, it is friendship.

There is a tie, a golden chain,
That binds with stronger hand,
Than the iron shackles of the cell,
Or all the arts of man,

It is love

There is a gem, a pearl of worth,
As lasting as the skies,
More dazzling than the gems of earth,
It's splendors never die.

It is truth.

Three angels spirits ever more,
They guard our thorny way,
And those who follow where they lead
Can never go astray.

For God has given them a like
To childhood and to youth;
And age is mellowed by the touch
Of friendship, love and truth.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL WINDOWS
of the
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BLADENSBURG, MD., St. Paul's
By
REV. J. N. BEAMAN

Windows to be dedicated:

1. Sarah Miranda Plummer, Founder.
2. Rev. Henry V. Plummer, Deacon-Pastor.
3. Rev. F. G. Hall, Pastor.
4. Edward Miner, Deacon.
5. Reuben C. Moss, Deacon.
6. Jesse Bumbry and Wife, Deacon.
7. Sharon Baptist Church, Baltimore.
8. Second Baptist Church, Washington—Our Mother.
9. Richard Holland, Deacon.

The Dedication of the Memorial Windows at St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., By Rev. J. N. Beaman.

"Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it in the ears of Joshua." Exodus xvii:14.

It is with profound awe and veneration that I rise before you on this memorial occasion with the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg, Md., to express my sincere and heartfelt feelings, and pay tribute of respect to the honor and memory of the lives and distinguished services of many of its pillars, struggles, and its successes in advancing the Kingdom of God in this moral vineyard.

It was here that I was immersed in the liquid stream in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by one of your most favored sons, in the person of the distinguished, lamented Rev. Dr. F. G. Hall.

You are here to dedicate these windows in memory of the men and women, who have given the best of their lives to the cause of this church, and whose names you have seen fit to engrave upon those panes of glass as a reminder and an honor of their great deeds and noble virtues.

But these are only a few of the long list of names inscribed on the tablets of our hearts and shrouded in loving memory.

These unseen names would be visible on yonder glass, if it were not for want of space.

The Church

I deem it fitting to say a word relative to the history of the church, which was organized in the days of reconstruction, when the smoke of battle had just blown away, and the great Civil strife and conflict between the North and South, which cost this nation hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and millions of dollars in property and worth.

When we, as a race, had just emerged out of slavery with all of the marks of horrors and tortures afflicted upon us, having had the shackles and fetters of the chains of the bondage of slavery broken asunder, and we were set at liberty; we were more than half a million strong; set free with no where to lay our heads in the wide, wide world; no shelter, raiment or food, standing upon the green carpet of God's earth and sheltered with the canopy of the starry heavens.

Today, we number more than ten million souls on the American soil.

Since that time, you have seen a remarkable change. You have seen men of our race occupy every position in the walks of life, from legislatures of the States to the halls of Congress of the United States; in fact every profession and trade known to the science of the civilized and enlightened world, from the wage earner to the financier and banker.

A few persons who had by divine grace embraced the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, united by covenant in the faith and fellowship of the gospel to walk under the banner of the Baptist Church under the influence of the late venerable Sister, Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark, who was a most devout Christian and was full of the fire of the Holy Ghost and who was a mother in the Gospel accomplishing great work in this community.

This church having started from a small beginning has accomplished a great and grand and noble work in advancing our Lord's Kingdom in this community, and has established a flourishing branch, now Sitka Baptist Church.

This church has produced quite a number of distinguished lives and Christian characters of noble men and women, many of whom have gone to their reward; among

whom I might mention some of the worthiest names: Deacon Reuben Moss, Redd, Sister Clark, Sister Bumbry, the late Rev. Henry Plummer, Deacon Holland, Sister Moss, Prof. John Harvey Wigginston, and many others that time will not permit me to mention. And last, but not least, is the life and character of the lamented Rev. Dr. F. G. Hall.

His Deportment

I was very intimately acquainted with him for quite a number of years.

Many pleasant hours of chat have I had with him. He was such a large, full, rounded Christian gentleman, and so full of spirit. In short, he was a very loving man. No one ever knew him but to love him, let it be in the road, in the street, or in the house, he always had a word of cheer and consolation and would always ask the question, How are you getting along spiritually, and is it well with your soul?

Politically, he was a public spirited citizen. One who took an active part in advocating, supporting and maintaining righteous laws and the customs which tend towards the welfare of the community in which he lived.

He was a great lover of his State and was loyal to his country.

Socially, he was a lovely man. He was an admirer of the society of his fellows; congenial and conversant, so that men always loved to be in his company. He was a splendid neighbor, a loving father and an affectionate husband.

Religiously, he was an earnest, clear-headed and consistent and persistent Christian. For him to enter the sick room was sunshine; for he carried its rays wherever he went. His cheering, consoling and sympathetic words lifted up the down-cast and revived the low spirited. He was a lighted lamp carried into a dark room dispelling the blackness and gloom thereof. So it was ever with F. G. Hall. He was a man of great patience, fortitude and faith. He told me on one occasion, when he was very sick, and not expected to live, while standing beside his bed: "Brother Joe, I tell you, if it was not for the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ, I could not stand it." I then could not see through it, but now I can, because God has brought me along the same path. I know what it is to have the spirit of God with me in the hour of illness, and can truthfully say that to have faith in God is the greatest thing on earth.

His Ability

He was an eloquent, able, and impressive preacher. A logical talker and an instructive lecturer. He was a public-spirited man in every sense of the word.

I can not refer to him without feeling very sorry from the depths of my heart that the church and this community have lost such an able and qualified man in every respect. His place can never be filled for decades to come; but his memory shall still remain with us for ages, and the influence of his noble life and character shall stand as a monument as long as the sun moves from the eastern horizon to the western hills. The name of F. G. Hall shall go down in history and be inscribed in the hearts of the people of this community, and shall be an incentive to the incoming and unborn posterity.

Memorials

I do not deem it out of place to mention the names now living, who are engraved upon those panes of glass.

The first name I shall refer to is one who was a foremost and active member in the early history of the Second Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., the mother of this church. He remained there until he was forced for the love of freedom and liberty, and in order to secure such for himself and wife, he went to Canada.

Several years after the Civil War, he returned from Canada with his family and cast his lot with us, and became one of our leading citizens; and an active and aggressive member of this church.

As chorister, he led the choir for many years. He was also elected a deacon in the early history of the church, and has remained in that sublime office ever since. His efforts and personal influence have been a large force toward the uplift and prosperity of the community, as well as his exemplary Christian life, which has raised the life of the church to a high standard. Therefore, for his long and faithful service in the church and for his peaceful and progressive citizenship in the community, we revere and venerate his name as Honorable Jesse Bumbry.

The next to whom I shall refer is one who held the pastorate here about thirty years ago. Under his earnest pleadings, eloquence and supervision, the work largely increased; and under his care the flourishing mission at Sitka, Montgomery County, was established whose great influence still lives, not only here, but throughout the entire country as a great preacher. It is with profound earnestness that we cherish in our affection, and reverence the name of Dr. William Alexander.

The next is one who has faithfully and devoutly come in and out among us weekly, for the last two or three years; whose energetic and untiring efforts have largely contributed to the forces that made it possible for us to stand in the midst of these sacred walls of this edifice, and gaze upon its artistic decorations in the name of the blessed Lord Jesus Christ, our Savior. I refer to our honored pastor, Rev. Charles Cushinberry.

The next is one who has grown up in our midst from her birth. "She has become as a cornerstone polished after the similitude of a palace," Whom you all honor, cherish and love. She has contributed the larger portion to the forces that have made this beautiful edifice a reality, and her strong character has stamped its personality upon this community. One can not stop one of her pupils, whether of the Sunday School or Day School, without seeing the reflection of her noble personality. You know to whom I have referred, as you have failed to engrave her name on yonder glass, modesty forbids me to mention her name—(Miss Nellie A. Plummer).

The last, but not the least, is one whom I will liken to an acorn dropped in the forest. It sprouts and comes up; a small bush is seen, and continues to grow until it becomes a mighty and stalwart oak. Its trunk has developed in broadness, and has reached such a height that its topmost branches towers above all other trees in the forest. So it was with the young man who used to come from Wayland Seminary here to preach in your early history, whom some of you used to call the "boy" preacher. He has become a great man. His massive mind has expanded more than most men's; his elo-

quence has developed to one of the greatest pulpit orators; and his earnestness has been transformed into a mighty preacher until, today, he has a national reputation far above the average public man of note. He is acknowledged by great scholars, and theologians, as a scholar, an orator, and an author; one of the few great preachers of the race, and one of the greatest divines of the world, regardless of race. He has stamped his great personality upon the whole Baptist denomination. This distinguished elder, to whom I refer is none other than the Rev. Dr. William Bishop Johnson, LL. D.

The Struggle of the Church

Dear Christian friends, you have known the struggles of this church, how she came along amid the many trials and tribulations and finally succeeded in lifting up the standard of the community.

The calamity that befell her, God in his divine Providence knows for what cause: "Whom God loveth He chasteneth."

Dear friends, you have known the struggles that our people as a race have undergone amid the manifold oppositions, drawbacks, yet God is with us and will raise up many friends to aid us in all praiseworthy undertakings; such as Justice Brewer and Mr. Carnegie, the multi-millionaire, who have spoken very favorably of us.

As a whole, we have made the greatest progress that has ever marked the history of any people in the world's history, within the same period of time and under such adverse circumstances.

Now in conclusion, I will say a few words to the young people whose faces are marked with ardor and vigor of youth, and whose prospects are as bright as the dawn of a beautiful spring morning with all of its beauty and array.

You should be pleased with the history of our race for the past forty years and should be encouraged to endeavor to continue to advance the conditions of the race to a grander and high plane of civilization, national prosperity, and the preservative of the rights of citizenship; for it requires every man, woman and child to solve the so-called race problem.

Ah! my dear friends, it can only be done by obeying the precious rules of action of the Old Book of Books, the Word of God, "Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth!"

And being true followers of the Son of the living God, the Lion of Judah, the root of David, Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star, the Prince of Peace.

And let every person inscribe these blessed words in their hearts: "Write this for a memorial in a book, and rehearse it, in the ears" of your children.



MISS LORETTA SIMMS,
of Orphans' Home.

THE DEDICATION OF THE MEMORIAL WINDOWS
of
FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, BLADENSBURG, MD.

By Rev. J. N. Beaman

"Rev. William Alexander, D. D., organized the Sitka Baptist Church in Rev. J. N. Beaman's father's home, Montgomery County, Maryland, thirty-three years ago, which became a flourishing church.

Rev. Beaman was baptized the first Sunday in September, 1888, by the late Rev. F. G. Hall, and the baptismal sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Alexander, who was ex-pastor of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md."

Newspaper Clipping, Maryland Voice, May 23, 1914.

THE POWER OF THE CHURCH, OR SOME OF THE
DUTIES OF MINISTERS AND DEACONS

Text. "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood.—Acts XX:28.

Brother Moderator, Associate Pastors, Ministers, Fellow Deacons, Christians, and Friends:

I deem it great honor to have the privilege and pleasure to preach to the Ministers and Deacons' Union of Northern Virginia.

I bring you a message from the Lord, our blessed Savior, "The Power of the Church," calling your attention to some of the duties of the Pastors and Deacons, having its basis in the text found in Acts XX:28, "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which he has purchased with his own blood."

St. Paul, the great evangelist of the gentile world, on the return of his third missionary tour enroute to Jerusalem stopped at Miletus and sent to Ephesus for the Elders of the Church. When the elders had answered to his call, Paul reminded them how he had lived consistent with the gospel of the grace of God and faith in Jesus Christ, which he had preached to them and their flock during the three years he was at Ephesus and had not ceased day or night to warn and exhort them with a heart overflowing with sympathy for their welfare.

Now he hastened in spirit to Jerusalem that he might be there on the Day of Pentecost, he knew not what would befall him, only he knew that the Holy Ghost in every city tells him that bonds and afflictions lie in wait for him, but none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear to himself that he might finish his course with joy. And as St. Paul bids the Elders farewell, he breaks out in the language of the text: "Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God which he has purchased with his own blood."

Therefore, take heed, and the word "therefore" implies that something took place before this, something occurred that led up to these words. What was it? A good, pure, upright and inspiring life, for three years in their midst, the preaching of a pure gospel of Christ, all men that knew this could bear witness that he never wronged any man, and he never failed to declare the counsel of God to the well being of mankind.

Now what is the secret of this life? It was thoroughly equipped for public service—thoroughly qualified for this life's work.

From the life of St. Paul and Moses we are led to realize that a minister must be thoroughly qualified in order to perform the best service and to accomplish the greatest good for the uplift and elevation of humanity.

This age demands a greater preparation than ever, because today Christian civilization and education are not only confined to the classes of the few, the poets, philosophers, scientists, orators, and the professions, but have been disseminated among the masses and thus the school houses have been planted in city and town, on hill top and every vale throughout the length and breadth of this country. And even among our own people 70 per cent are able to read against 5 per cent in 1870.

This is indeed a progressive age, civilization has made greater strides within the last hundred years than it had accomplished in a thousand years before—and thus we behold the prophetic declaration of Daniel: "Even to the time of the end, many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased."

A young man aspiring to the ministry, which is the noblest aspiration and the highest calling of man, should be encouraged and insisted upon to get an English or good preparatory education and if possible a college course, and then take his theological training.

The young preacher must be able to cope with the physical, intellectual, moral, and social planes of education, before he can convince the world that he is master of the spiritual plane, have fellowship and sweet communion with God, have a real message of salvation to the unsaved world.

Some of you preachers, that are already in the pastorage, may combat these facts, by saying that you did not have this preparation or opportunity, and that God prepares his men, that is true, but you must remember that you were prepared by slow degrees, little here and little there, and when many of you entered the ministry, many of our people were very little read, and you grew in knowledge with the people. But today the young minister must be prepared when he enters the ministry, if he ever hopes to succeed. And I believe that the church does a young man an injustice and unpardonable wrong if she licenses him to preach unprepared.

God sends a prepared man to a prepared people, and thus when the Jewish nation, with their developed and perfected church, whose people were thoroughly familiar with the Old Testament scriptures, the Greek nation noted for its great learning and the home of profound scholars, and the Roman nation with her mighty power the proud mistress of the world, had blended together, Rome with her physical power, Greece with her intellectual ability and the Jew with his spiritual capacity, three nations in one, under a single government, then came Jesus Christ, the immaculated Lamb of God with a Great Ideal of Spiritual Glory. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace and good will to men."

Our Lord Jesus demonstrated his great master mind and qualifications by entering the temple at the early age of only 12 years, by asking and answering questions of the doctors, lawyers and scholars, ripe with the knowledge, culture and refinement of the ages. Jesus Convinced the World That He Was Able to Save Souls by Healing the Body and Curing the Mind.

The preacher must, in order to maintain his qualifications and thorough equipment, Study Three Books.

(1) He must study the word of God, the great book of books, whose subject is the salvation of man, the holy scriptures that tell of God's dealing with man and His revelation to man through the past ages of the world. Study it critically, study its laws, its history, its poetical ideals, its prophecies, the miracles, its parables, and above all the life of Christ and His profound teaching: That the Holy Ghost Will Guide You in the Ways of Virtue, Wisdom and Truth.

Our blessed Lord Jesus tells us to search the scriptures. St. Paul, the old herald of the cross, says to Timothy, the young hero of the gospel: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

(2) The preacher must study the great book of nature. He must observe the earth in all of its phases, its towering mountains, its magnificent gorges, its rolling hills, its splendid valleys, its broad plains, the winding silvery rivers, that make their ways to the great deep, the lakes, the seas, and the great oceans. He must observe the coming and going of the seasons, the beautiful spring, the ripening summer, the gathering of the fruits and harvest in autumn, and the winter with all of her wintry blasts.

He must observe the great animal kingdom, the vegetable kingdom, and the mineral kingdom with all of their varieties. Not stopping there, but he must behold the starry heavens with all the innumerable stars shining forth from their dark background, with all of their beauty and grandeur. As David while Watching His Father's Flock upon the Hills of Judea Could Read God in all Nature? and as he sat playing upon his harp he said: "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork, day unto day utter speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge." And our blessed Lord Jesus could say, the lilies of the field, they toil not, etc., the birds of the air have nests, the foxes have holes. He could speak of the sower going forth sowing seed. And thus we must study nature, in order that we may bring live illustrations that will illustrate our subjects; and a help to a young minister he should secure some good book upon nature that will give him an insight into that great subject.

(3) The third book. The preacher must study man. David says: "What Is Man that thou Art Mindful of Him, Thou Visits the Son of Man, Thou Hast Made Him a Little Lower than the Angels, and Hast Crowned Him with Glory and Honor."

And St. Paul says: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you. If any man defiles the temple, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

And Socrates, the great philosopher of Greece, aroused the ancient world in the profound thought, exclaimed: "Know Thyself." So, dear friends, it behooves us each individually to know himself. I Must Know Myself, the Relation that I Hold between Myself and God, if I Would Have the Desired Power that God Would Have Me Have.

We are not only to study man from the psychological viewpoint, but we are to study our relation with other men. We are to see man in all his selfishness and indifferences, and to make the proper comparison, so as to be able to apply the proper remedy for misdeeds for the things that are inconsistent with the teachings of this holy book.

Thus Jesus was familiar with man, and has given us an example how to study man, and may I call your attention to the parable of the rich man Divies and Lazarus, and also the wealthy man, whose crops had produced such an abundance that his old barns were unable to hold his crops, and consequently he had to build new barns in order to secure and preserve his crops.

And when he had completed and stored away his harvest, he said to himself that he had abundance of food and material that would last many years, and he said to his soul "Soul take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry, and God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, and then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?"

(4) Lastly it is the minister's duty to read good books produced by the best authors. If you have not the time to read many books, read a few books and read them well.

For the benefit of those who have not had the advantage of a preparatory course or college or theological training, I would suggest that you would get a catalogue from some noted school as Howard University, and there select the books

named therein, noting certain courses which are in the English, and if you will read them well, they will be of much benefit to you and you will be very much helped thereby.

The text says you are to take heed to all of the flock over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers. After having studied these three books, you are then prepared to take care of the flock. What do we understand by the flock? It is the church. And what is a church? It is a congregation of baptised believers, and as an illustration when the apostles preached on the day of Pentecost and three thousand souls were baptised and added to the church.

The church is a great civilizing force in the world. The influence of the church is that great unseen and unassuming force in the hearts of men working quietly by calling men to the sense of their duty, stirring up their inborn forces, or in other words the religious instinct within them. And every man, woman and child has the germ of religion, or the sense of God within him. Therefore, religion is that force in man that causes him to consider and to realize that there is a supreme being above all things, the omniscient, the omnipresent, the omnipotent, the great first cause. It causes him to have the desire to worship the supreme being, because he realizes that he is dependent for life, health, peace, and happiness from that supreme being.

Since this is the condition man is urged under this impulse as his duty to meet together and to worship this great being. So we find in all ages and among all people, man worshipping God or gods in some form. Whether monotheistic or polytheistic, the object is the same. One writer has said that the great and good moral reformists in all ages, the authors of many false religions of the world represent man reaching up to heaven, trying to bring God down. They are groping in darkness for light. The Christian religion represents God reaching down from heaven and lifting up men, and showing the glorious light of heaven upon men. We are not to talk about the Pagan church, but the Christian church, which is built on the great foundation of the living rock—Christ Jesus, the Son of the living God. The gates of hell cannot prevail against that great personality whose way was prepared by the patriarchs, the prophets and the holy men of old.

The church is lifting men out of the rude state, the terrible conditions of barbarism to the high plane of civilization, out of the mud and mire to success and most glorious illumination. Wherever the Church Has Gone, the Swamps, the Wilderness and Forests Have Given Way to Thriving Farms and Beautiful Cities. Ignorance has been displaced by knowledge, vice has been expelled by virtue, wickedness displaced by righteousness and confusion dispelled by peace, and Christ has said: "If I be lifted up from the Earth, I Will Draw All Men unto Me."

The church is the great educational influence in the world. From time immemorial, the church has been the founder of schools, and the priests and ministers have been the instructors in art, science, philosophy, and all branches of learning down through the ages.

In every locality where a church is situated there we find the highest state of intelligence, industry, culture, and refinement.

In every church, no matter How Insignificant the Pastor's Sermons may be, they always inspire a great portion of his congregation to study, meditation and reflection; and thus the ultimate end is the creation of a thirst for knowledge, sharpening of the intellect and the Cultivation of the High State of Refinement and Religion.

The evidence is found even among our own race. The Greatest Progress Accomplished Is Found among the Church-Going People.

The church is great moralizing light in the world. It teaches man's duty to man, to love thy neighbor as thyself. This is the fundamental basis of civilization of the world. It has caused man to raise his head above the inferior animals, and gaze upon the lofty heights of nature and look upon all the universe and behold the Glory of God. It Is Like the Sun to the Great Solar System which Gives Light and Heat to the Planets thereof. And so it is with the Church. It Gives Moral Light to the Sons of Men.

The church is the great spiritualizing illumination in the universe. By the spiritual eye of faith David could see the declarative glory of God in the whole universe, and he breaks

out in the beautiful language of the Scriptures: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence. If I ascend up to heaven thou art there, If I make my bed in hell behold thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall thy hand hold me."

To feed the church of God which he has purchased with his own blood.

The Issues of the Church Must Be Live. No institution in the world has so much influence to improve and develop the country life as a church when properly conducted. The church may aid in securing better schools, good roads, improved health conditions and the improvement of the community of every sort, without lowering the spiritual standard, which is the greatest purpose of the church. The church can organize the whole community for the general good, and by so doing Strengthens its Influence for Religious Growth. The modern church must be in line with the modern thought and progress of the day.

The Preacher Must be Instructive. Therefore, it becomes the duty of the minister to visit the homes of his members, and observe their needs and the needs of the district or neighborhood in which his church is located, that he may be able to supply their needs through wholesome suggestions.

The preacher must be Thoroughly Impressed with the Importance of the Holy Ghost, notwithstanding all of His Qualifications, he must Go In Prayer to God, to pray for the fulfillment of his Soul's Desires, that the Holy Ghost May Lead Him in the Ways of Truth, Virtue and Wisdom.

Our blessed Lord, just before leaving the earth, promised to send the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in his name, he shall teach you all things and call to your remembrance whatsoever he said unto you.

In conclusion, I have endeavored to call your attention to the Importance of the Qualifications of the Minister that he must study the word of God, study the book of nature and the book of man. The definition of the flock which is the church, and what the church has accomplished in civilization, the educational force, the moral uplift, the spiritual illumination, and to Feed the Church of God which he has purchased with His Own Blood.

Now in the language of St. Paul: "Brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

And may the Lord bless you and keep you, and preserve you until we all shall meet around the great white throne where we shall part no more.

Remember the text.

In 1894, a young man named Broadus A. McDonald came to us from Zion Baptist Church, through dear Brother Howard's influence. He did not keep the church long however, resigning in a little more than a year. He married the eldest daughter of our beloved Deacon, Richard Holland. One son was born to them, Broadus A. McDonald, Jr., who served "over seas," and recently died because of hardships.

Rev. McDonald frequently filled our pulpit, even till now.



MRS. MARCELLINE ARNOLD WINSTON,
of Independence, Texas.

Sister of Emily Saunders Plummer.

She was sold, with her mother and sisters, January, 1857.

Returned on a visit, 1883.

A GRAND CONCERT AND ENTERTAINMENT

Given by the

BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL OF BLADENSBURG

Tuesday Evening, August 14, 1894 Admission 10 Cents

Rev. F. G. Hall, Supt.

A GRAND CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT

At the Bladensburg Baptist Church, Tuesday Evening

December 29, 1896, at 7:30 P. M.

Admission 10 Cents

Miss Lillie Holland, Supt.

Rev. T. J. Houston, Pastor

THE ANNUAL CHRISTMAS GATHERING

of the

First Baptist Sunday School of Bladensburg, will take place on

Tuesday Night, December 28, 1897, at 7 o'clock

Don't fail to witness the two scenes—"In Bethlehem"

Admission Ten Cents

Rev. F. G. Hall, Supt.

Rev. R. L. Simmons, Pastor

The year 1897 brought us Rev. Robert L. Simmons, another Waylandite, who promised to be a good speaker. Ere we could believe our own eyes, he was summoned. The following copy tells the sad truth:

In Loving Remembrance of the Late

REV. ROBERT L. SIMMONS

Pastor of the Bladensburg Baptist Church

Who Departed This Life September 25, 1899

Written at the Request of the Officers of Bladensburg Baptist Church, December, 1899

By

Solomon G. Brown

Rev. George W. Lucas, Pastor in Charge

Mr. Nicholas Saunders Plummer, Senior Deacon

Read at the Memorial Service, held December 31, 1899

Come Home, Worthy Preacher

In his sick chamber all was still except when the prostrate sufferer groaned with effort. This faithful servant of God had been stricken by a fatal disease, had become exceedingly weak from intense fever, cutting pains, and loss of vitality. Lying prostrate on the bed of death, waiting for the final summons, God hearing his groans, dispatched angels to his bedside to relieve and bring his soul to final rest, saying "Behold, my servant groans." Quick as a flash of lightning, the bright angels from heaven are at his side saying to the sufferer:

Come home, weary pilgrim, your labors are done,
The battle is ended, your victory is won;
Close that old Bible and take this bright crown—
Fly to bright mansions where pure love abounds.
He gives up that body and faces his King,
Who relieves him so softly, he feels not death's sting;
But like a true hero, when death did appear,
He smiled at his presence, feeling no fear.
His faith firmly grounded in promises of God,
He knew from death's chamber was a road to reward;
So faithful he'd labored to save all mankind,
Was willing and ready to leave all behind.
His church and his people, he leaves in God's care,
Till God, by His wisdom, will bring some man here;
Who'll feed and encourage and care for this stock,
Be pastor and leader, will shepherd this flock.
We feel almost certain the right man is here,
A good fearing servant, a man of great care;
A kind, gentle brother so, so patient and good,
With proper attention, he'll be soon understood.
By death of your late pastor, you felt much depressed,
This church, friends and members were greatly depressed;
As pastor and people you'd meet, greet and part,
A oneness in faith, in communion and heart.
You gathered around him, a pastor you loved
And while you stood weeping he was happy above,
With all those bright angels he's moving around,
Selecting his robe, and trying his crown.
All join in hosannah, his sufferings are passed,

Safe in God's presence, and with Jesus at last;
In songs of redemption make music above.
With millions and millions all saved through His love.
With him all's now over, he worries no more,
His mission on earth forever is o'er;
God saw it was time, and knew it was best,
To call him from labor, to the heavenly rest.

Our community was overwhelmingly Catholic and Methodist. A baptism by immersion was very rare, and attracted large crowds, reverent and otherwise.

Soon after I was baptized in 1871, it became quite the thing for idlers, on hearing there was to be baptizing, to gather in crowds to jest and make game. On several occasions they would cast a dog in, just as one was immersed. So we thought that would never do. We planned a baptistery in our church.

The following copy explains itself:

Mr. Adam F. Plummer:

Dear Sir and Friend: Your contribution to our church of ten cents, through Miss Nellie Plummer, assisted us greatly in putting a well, pump, and a baptistery in our church yard.

We heartily thank you for your donation, and hope you will, whenever opportunity permits, call and see the much needed improvements, amounting to \$57.60, which you have so generously helped us to make.

By order of the Church,

Rev. R. L. Simmons, Pastor,

Sadie M. Plummer, Clerk.

Bladensburg, Md., February 4, 1898.

Dear father gave me the first dime toward the work. The church presented us a silver cup for completing the work (raising the money).

Miss Courtney Bumbry, daughter of our beloved Senior Deacon, financed the idea, and made the presentation for the church.

Ripe in experience came Rev. Thomas J. Houston. But we were too poor to meet his requirements. So he served us one year. In that short time we gained so much from his dignified bearing as a minister and father. Though he has long since passed, his wife and children survive him. Lawyer Wm. L. Houston and Miss Clotile Houston are known to many, as are the rest of his children. All have remarkable minds. Bladensburg Baptist Church wishes every member of his family well, and wish they would visit us.

Blessed be the memory of Rev. T. J. Houston.

A GRAND CONCERT AND ENTERTAINMENT

Will be Given by the Sunday School of the

BLADENSBURG BAPTIST CHURCH

Wednesday, July 1, 1896

It is our aim to make the program short but highly entertaining. The principal enjoyment of the evening will be music by Washington's Best Violinist

MR. JOSEPH H. DOUGLASS

DON'T FAIL TO HEAR HIM.

If the weather is unfavorable, the Concert will take place Friday Evening, July 3rd.

Rev. F. G. Hall, Superintendent.

Rev. T. J. Houston, Pastor.

PROCEEDS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Admission — 10 Cents

Houston. In loving tribute to the memory of our husband and father, Rev. T. J. HOUSTON, who departed this life in the city of Washington, D. C., on February 19, 1899, at his residence, 1444 Swann Street N. W.

MRS. T. J. HOUSTON AND FAMILY.

CHRISTMAS, 1896

The Scholars of the First Baptist Sunday School of Bladensburg take great pleasure in inviting their many friends to meet them at their

XMAS GATHERING

Which Will Take Place Tuesday Evening, December 29, 1896
at 7 o'clock P. M.

Don't Fail to Witness the Three Scenes in Bethlehem

Admission 10 Cents	Refreshments at Moderate Prices
Miss Lillie Holland, Supt.	Rev. T. J. Houston, Pastor

As was hinted by Mr. Solomon G. Brown at Rev. Simon's Memorial, "The Right Man is Here," we found Rev. Lucas to be that man (1900).

Rev. George Walter Matthew Lucas, our ninth pastor, we did not have to learn. He knew us, we knew him. So rapid strides in the saving of souls were made. So humbled were we by the deaths of Rev. Simmons and Hall, that by March, 1900, he had 32 candidates for baptism. Rev. Lucas' stay with us was glorious, as pastor and people. We knew it would be. We knew how he was reared. Moses and Jane Lucas worshipped with us in the "Rabbit Gum." They saw no way to educate their large family of five boys and five girls, unless they moved to Washington. This they did, giving them the advantage of the public schools. They toiled and suffered, and died that their children might inherit the "The promise." Did it pay? Every Lucas child made good. Some are excellent! Miss Mattie Bowen, one of Washington's greatest teachers once asked: "Have you had any of those Lucas boys? They are such gentlemen!"

But Rev. and Mrs. G. W. M. Lucas, while with us, had a large family of their own. The family was growing larger and larger.

It happened that he received a call from a church in Cumberland, Md., that could pay him much more than we could. So we lost him after five most pleasant years as pastor and people. That Rev. Lucas "walked and talked" with God was shown in his prayer and song power.

Could we have seen the storm that was coming, we never would have consented for him to go, 1903, 1904, and 1905, many of the youth of our church died. Who else but Brother Lucas could have comforted Brother Saunders in his great loss? He was still with us when we lost Miranda and Henry. For it was he who wrote her obituary. We sent for him when we lost father. What a comforter he was! We still hear him saying: "Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend. As such I look to thee. Now in the fullness of thy love, O, Lord, remember me.

Remember thy pure word of grace,
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me."

1905 — 1906

Besides sickness and death, still another storm was rising—such a storm as we had never had!

J. S. L. Burke, a Cuban, was installed pastor. By May of 1906, we were terribly torn apart. It took the utmost pains and patience to get him away by the fall. The old church was then 40 years old, and this was our first serious trouble. We can say without contradiction that we never had but one bad minister. "With charity for all, and malice toward none," let us draw the veil.

1906 — 1915

Rev. Charles Cushingberry was brave enough to take charge of us, although we were terribly divided. As if that was not enough, our dear, old church building was burned July 8, 1907, from a spark from an engine. Some thought it the work of enemies, but Rev. Cushingberry was a good man, taking sides with no one, he preached the Gospel of Peace. Some of us had worshipped on a dirt floor. We had been with the founders, and knew the depths from which we came. We did not intend to go back to Egypt, but on to the "promised land!" So we organized, and in five years an indebtedness of more than five thousand dollars was paid.

Rev. John H. Dailey and family lived across the street from the church. That entire family deserve honorable mention for having done all they could to help restore the building. Even to allowing their organ to be lifted in to the street. The building was originally built in 1718. Hence it was nearly two hundred years old when destroyed.

See statement:

SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH, Bladensburg, Md.

STATEMENT

Recpts. Cost

1907—Church burned		
1908—Rebuilt, Cost		\$5,000
1909—Small Insurance, \$150; B. & O. R. R., \$50	200	
1909—At close, had collected	2,800	
1910—Raised	507.75	
1910—Given, May 28, 1910	500	
1911—Collected	192.25	
1912—Raised	200	
1913—For Electric Lights, \$106; For Loan, Penny Savings Bank, \$110; For Rebuild- ing Fund, \$600	600	
	\$5,000	\$5,000
Paid		\$5,000
Balance Due		0

Gratefully yours,

Nellie A. Plummer, Chairman of Finance; Mrs. S. M. Plummer-Johnson, Church Clerk; Rev. Chas. Cushingberry, D. D., Pastor.
November 30, 1913.

“Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they shall henceforth rest from their labor and their works do follow them.”

Richard Holland was born March 25, 1841, at Belair, Prince George County, Maryland. Died November 5, at 4 a. m., 1907. Aged 66 years, 7 months, and 10 days. He married Jemima Turner, daughter of the late Charles and Amelia Turner. He is survived by three sons, two daughters, six brothers, and one sister.

He was a faithful and loving husband, father, brother and friend.—The Family.

“Servant of God, well done!

Thy glorious warfare is past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crowned at last.

With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim;

And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!”

Deacon Richard Holland was baptized and received into the First Baptist Church of Bladensburg about 1872 by Rev. Augustus Watts.

Every one who knows anything of the terrible struggles of the church while yet in her infancy, knows what substantial support Deacon Holland gave. It was he who sacrificed many a night's rest in order that "Mother" Clark should carry the Gospel from house to house in prayer. He thus helped to lay the foundation.

No matter what trouble ever arose, he was ever known to stand for the right as God had given him power to see it.

Every member of the church blest God at his having been restored to us after his severe illness last February. Ever since then he has lost no opportunity to cry out in prayer to yonder sinner—"Behold, behold the Lamb of God, Who died to take away the sins of the world." When visited by the brethren last Sunday, he asked if he didn't hear sister Clark downstairs. When he was told no, but that her representatives were there, he was anxious to tell us that he would "soon be home!" He sang, as if defying death to chill his love and zeal for the cause he had labored for more than thirty-five years.

When fire destroyed our place of worship on the 8th of July, we met on the 14th amid the ruins. His was the first dollar laid down on the table for the rebuilding. Feeling well assured that the church will be rebuilt, the burden of his prayer was that his family should be loving, kind and true. That they forsake the world and sacrifice for Christ. Lord, grant that his prayer shall be answered.—Citizens—Children.

Your church, the Sunday School, the Endeavor, The Union, and your every good work say:

"Sleep on beloved, sleep and take thy rest! For thou shalt wake no more to toil and weep. We loved thee well, but Jesus loved the best; Good night, good night!"

The Church.

He was the children's friend. A good citizen has passed away from us. Sing—"Asleep in Jesus." November 7, 1907.

It was thus we followed Jesus "by Way of the Cross." We learned we could do all things through Christ, Who strengthens us. Appeals in and for the sake of Jesus are

not lost. Although Rev. and Mrs. Cushingberry did not live among us, they influenced many of their friends to help us. The chairman of finances can testify to many sacrifices they made at their table that our church might live.

About the time the Third Baptist Church lost their pastor, Rev. James Lee, they called their son, Rev. Cushingberry, to take charge of them until they could select. Hence we were called upon again after nine years of peace to give up another Christian gentleman. We still hear him singing: "Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Savior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow."

1915 - 1917

About 1890, Brother Saunders received a letter from Los Angeles, California, stating that he and his wife expected to come east and wanted to join our church. This was very unusual, for Christians often loiter out of the church long after reaching their destination. Months and months passed when one Sunday morning a large, well-built man worshipped with us. After service, he made known his errand, and the writer of the letter was revealed in person. He was George G. Mills, not more than forty or forty-five years old. He had had little educational advantages, but he had a good memory. Once he heard a Bible story, it was his. This made him very powerful in prayer, for he was filled with the Holy Spirit. He was willing to work anywhere and everywhere, being superintendent of the Sunday School. His power in prayer, and having learned "For the Kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," he became a mighty tower of strength for us during our trouble, 1905-1906. It seems to me he was sent to us for just such a time. He had perfect control of himself, and so God used him to help preserve His Church. What a commanding figure he made leading God's Army during the Golden Jubilee of Old St. Paul's Baptist Church, October, 1916. He had such a beautiful spirit, at all times, under all circumstances. He fully realized that he was a servant of God, sent to "Lift up Jesus," and not a domineering boss. So we loved him because we could see Jesus through him.

If ever a church was overshadowed with the Holy Spirit we were during the entire year, six months before and six months after October 19, 1916. We pause to exclaim once more: "Bless the Lord!" And we needed that shower, too, for after standing where Moses stood, viewing the landscape o'er, we were called upon to descend as it were into the very valley of death. We can't yet believe that without his knowing, or our least suspecting, by August, 1917, Brother Mills was fading before our very eyes. Ere the fall had ended, he had gone to "bright mansions above."

His wife died later, and left our church one hundred dollars. I may not have said his wife was considered very well-to-do. Brother Mills helped us financially as well as spiritually. Brother Mills, we still hear the echo of your voice: "Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah, Pilgrim through this barren land; I am weak but thou art mighty, Hold me with thy powerful hand; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more."

1917 - 1926

While Brother Mills was with us, he sometimes brought with him a young man, whom he introduced as his "son, Timothy." During our Fiftieth Anniversary, he made himself especially gracious. So, when Brother Mills became too sick to serve, we did not hesitate to call him as acting pastor, which we did August 2, 1917. We were delighted with his short sermons, and the prompt manner that he went from one part of the service to the other. To me it seemed as if Brother Hall had returned, but this time full of strength and glory. August 1, 1918, he was called as pastor. He was gifted with speech and was well reared. Mrs. Sarah E. Gaskins, his mother, has been long a member of Second Baptist Church, Washington, D. C. If any son ought to have inclined toward spirituality, Rev. Gaskins ought to be that one, because of his good mother. His mother and all of his good sisters, especially Mrs. Bessie Wilson, rallied to help us many times, for which we are deeply grateful, also to their many friends and acquaintances. Rev. Gaskins' wife seemed always glad to be with us whenever possible. If Brother Wilson or his wife left church without shaking hands with me, I felt as if I had lost something.

My sister, Julia Plummer-Ruffin and mother Gaskins were friends before their marriage. So we were all deeply interested in the young preacher.

Several improvements were made, of which seating the church with new and beautiful pews, at a cost of two thousand and sixteen dollars, was probably the most expensive. Thus the old pews, used more than a hundred years, gave way to new and comfortable ones. A splendid furnace plant, at a cost of eleven hundred dollars, did away with stoves. We were then reminded how we enjoyed the electric lights over the oil lamps, in 1913. The roof and many other repairs were made. "The people had a mind to work," and Rev. Gaskins encouraged them. During the last two years of his ministry we grew more spiritually minded, and many from the Sunday School, as well as from the congregation, were added to the church. It was seldom that we did not have a solemn communion, or a spiritual covenant.

Then the usual thing with us happened. Liberty Church, Washington, D. C., called him. He is gone. Gave his farewell discourse, June 13, 1926, 8 p. m.

We think our deacons were far-sighted in recommending Brother Brooks as acting pastor. May God supply all our needs, which He has promised to do, if we "Lift Him up," and not ourselves.

Why so many pastors in sixty years. Reverends Leonard, Alexander, and Houston accepted our call only temporarily—three splendid men of God. They left, loving us, and we loved them.

Reverends Watts, Plummer, Hall, Lucas, Cushingberry, and Gaskins left us for larger fields of work. These six men were honored and respected as servants of the Most High. With scarcely an exception was there ever a ripple between pastor and people.

Reverend McDonald never took another charge after his marriage to Miss Mamie Holland, in 1897.

Reverends Simmons and Mills died in office. These two were loved and lamented.

Joseph S. L. Burke was dismissed.

Rev. J. T. Brooks was elected acting pastor, June 3, 1926, and pastor, November 4, 1926. We are very much pleased with his sincerity, his determination to lift up Jesus, by well prepared and pointed sermons of Jesus of Nazareth, our Rock, the Chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely, wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, and the Prince of Peace!

All the growth taken on by Bladensburg and Hyattsville has been in the last ten to fifteen years. Until the World War, wages were very low. Owing to our proximity to Washington, there are no factories, few stores, in short, our members had to scatter in order to make a livelihood. Deacons R. C. Moss and Saunders Plummer made the sacrifice, and remained for the sake of Zion.

But Brother Moss' children had to leave when grown to get better employment. Mrs. Hattie Moss Fortune is today a staunch member, while Mrs. Lula Moss Welch, a former member, is a staunch friend of our Zion.

But every one of Brother Saunders' children, as well as his wife, is a member and a constant communicant of their father's church. It is hard to tell what we would have done without them.

Thus, I wish to bear witness, that for no other reason, our church has been kept small in numbers, economic reasons only. The visiting of those who were compelled to be absent for months and years has been a perpetual source of joy to us.

Every minister, while pastoring us, has labored elsewhere, for the support of his family. This is another serious reason why our church was not built up numerically. Thus we have gladly and willingly helped to do his work, because of insufficient pay.

And yet! Today, we are not so few in numbers as at the beginning, nor as late as 1892. Then, not more than three of us received \$50 per month or more, many, many much less. I wonder if we are wise to strive to beautify the church first, instead of paying our minister so well that he could afford to live among us and build up the spiritual side of our work. Left to me, I would make the necessary sacrifice to build up the "Spiritual Kingdom," for Jesus said all else shall be added.

I warn the church that we should support a pastor on this field, for God has so materially blessed and prospered us. May we not forget! now that we have "houses that we did not build, and wells that we did not dig." (Deut. 6th, 7th, and 8th chapters).

Though small in number, the Lord has made us great in heart. "For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18:20). Believing that "Not by might nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord," we have done the best we could, knowing that "The Kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost."

The Coming of the Wheelers, February 21, 1887

It was a "Happy Day" for St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., when Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Wheeler decided to leave Georgetown where their children were born, to live on a large farm in Chillum, Md., owned by a banker, B. P. Snyder.

Their children are Messrs. Henry S., Charles Wesley, Thomas Alexander, Daniel S., Jr., Mrs. Caroline V. Wheeler-Broome, Miss Eliza Belle, and Mrs. Winifred Wheeler-Burke.

Mr. and Mrs. Wheeler never removed their membership from the First Baptist Church of Georgetown, where Rev. Sandy Alexander had served so long and well. But their children, though living quite a distance, attended our Sunday School and Church. The three daughters and three sons joined the church quite young. Their eldest son joined recently.

It is hard to tell what the church would have done without that family, especially when the building was burned in 1907.

For twenty years, Brother Charlie supplied the altar with most beautiful flowers. Now "Brother" Henry does.

All have held high positions in the church, and the church is justly proud of them. Mrs. Broome and Miss Eliza still sing in the choir. Mrs. Broome is chairman of the Deaconess board. Miss Eliza has been superintendent of the Sunday School, and president of the Endeavor for years.

One by one, mother, father, youngest sister, "Brother" Charlie, and "Tommie" went away. We shall see them again when "just men are made perfect."

BURKE. In sad but loving remembrance of my dear wife, WINNIE WHEELER BURKE, who departed this life two years ago today, October 15, 1918.

When morning birds are on the wing
My first thought is of thee.
And I think perhaps the evening
Will bring you back to me.
When evening brings the twilight
And spreads o'er land and sea.
I hope the dawn beyond the night
Will bring you back to me.
The days are beads on an endless chain,
And this their only key,
That sometime, somehow, something,
Will bring you back to me.
Then this the thought by angels sent,
I hear on bended knee,
And know at last the judgment
Will bring you back to me.

HER LOVING HUSBAND, WILLIAM BURKE.

WHEELER-BURKE. A tribute of affection to our dear ones, mother, who departed this life March 8, 1904; father, May 14, 1916; brother CHARLES, September 20, 1922; brother THOMAS, June 12, 1924; and sister WINNIE BURKE, who passed away six years ago yesterday, October 15, 1918.

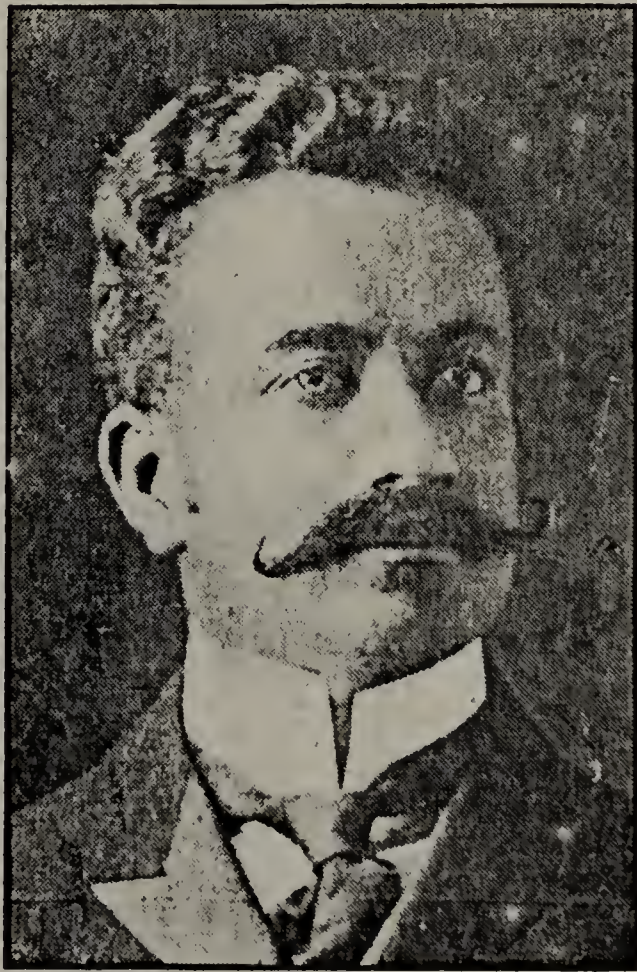
We miss them no less as the time passes on
Than we did on the day of their going;
For absence can never close the door of our hearts,
And the lamp of our love is still glowing.

THE FAMILY.

Miss Eliza has a remarkable gift for memorizing. Hence the selection of her life work.

On May 30, 1919, there was born to Mr. and Mrs. Broome a son, Philip Wheeler Broome. We used to call him our "Church Baby." Such was the friendship that existed between us, we used to love to refer to their home as that of "Mary and Martha."

During these years of service, whether in the Sunday School, the Christian Endeavor, the Choir, the W. C. T. U., or paying off the cost of rebuilding, God gave me a Caleb and a Joshua, who never questioned my word, much less my motive, they are Eliza B. Wheeler and Ida Plummer-Burke. There is no honor that I could consider too great for them, when their faithfulness and loyalty are considered.



PROF. JOHN HARVEY WIGGINTON.

By far the most Intellectual Member of St. Paul's Baptist Church,—
Ministers not excepted.

Can any Good Person come out of Bladensburg?
Read and see!

WASHINGTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

902 Tea Street N. W.

Harriet Gibbs Marshall. President

OPENING OF SUMMER SCHOOL. JULY 2. 1917

LATEST METHODS

Special Course for Little Children — Thorough Instruction
in Every Branch

THE GRADUATING EXERCISES

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Assisted by other Departments of the Conservatory

PROGRAM

Invocation

Sonata No. 2 for Piano and Violin Mozart

Adagio Allegro Minuetto

Miss Beatrice Johnson, Mr. R. D. Carlton Dorsey

To Spring Grieg

Miss Minta Cato

Souvenir Franz Drdla

Mr. Jones

A Childs Dream of a Star Dickens

Miss Eliza Belle Wheeler

(a) Gray Days Johnson

(b) Carmina Lane

Mrs. Martha J. Carter

Butterfly Grieg

Gallirhoe Chaminade

Miss Beatrice Johnson

The Painter of Seville Hayne

Miss Olga Golden Hutchins

Traumerei for Two Violins Schumann

Mr. Chandler Chinn, Mr. Dorsey

Concerto Op. 37, C. Minor Beethoven

1st Piano, Miss Grace Gibbs

2nd Piano, Miss Celestine Lott

Presentation of Diplomas Dr. W. Bruce Evans

Scholarships Mr. Louis Gregory

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Charles W. Morrison, Director of Oberlin Conservatory.

Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Editor of The Crisis

Hon. H. B. McFarland, Ex-Commissioner of the District

Percy Foster, Foster Piano, Co., Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Addie Hunton, National Organizer Y. W. C. A.

INITIAL RECITAL

By Miss Eliza Belle Wheeler

Elocutionist at St. Paul's Baptist Church

Bladensburg, Maryland

Friday, April 12, 1918, at 8 P. M.

PROGRAM

Part I.

1. Invocation Rev. H. T. Gaskins
2. Instrumental Solo Miss M. L. Europe
3. Solo—Selected Mrs. C. W. Murray
4. Solo—Selected Miss V. Williams
5. Solo—Selected Dr. C. Sumner Wormley
6. Reading—(a) Smiting the Rock; (b) How He Saved St.
Michael; (c) The Baptist Church Miss Eliza Belle
Wheeler

Part II.

1. Instrumental Music.
2. Solo—Selected Mrs. C. W. Murray
3. Solo—Selected Miss V. Williams
4. Reading—(a) The Black Regiment; (b) The Polish Boy;
(c) 'Taint No Use. Miss Eliza Belle Wheeler
5. Solo—Selected Dr. C. Sumner Wormley
6. Reading—A Child's Dream of a Star
Miss Eliza Belle Wheeler
7. Benediction Rev. J. W. Porter

Miss N. A. Plummer, Presiding

USHERS:

Mrs. N. P. Moss, Miss Lucille Plummer, Mrs. N. B. Chinn
Miss Helen Brown

\$500

Raised Will Secure

\$500

By Wednesday, June 1st, 1910

TO HELP WIN THIS PRIZE

The Washington Mandolin Club and the Male Chorus of the
ARMSTRONG MANUAL TRAINING SCHOOL

Donating their services, have been invited to give a RARE
ENTERTAINMENT

At the First Baptist Church

Bladensburg, Md., Friday, May 6th, 1910, at 8 P. M. Sharp

Besides the Orchestra and Chorus, we will be entertained
by Miss Julia Brooks, daughter of Rev. Walter H. Brooks, of
19th Street Baptist Church, who will recite. There will be
recitations by our own Miss Eliza B. Wheeler.

Soloists: Miss Simmons, Soprano; Miss Wallace, Con-
tralto; Mr. Goodrich, Tenor; Miss L. J. Moten, Pianist.

It is earnestly hoped that every one will be in his seat
by 8 o'clock, as the literary part of the program will close
at 9:30, at which time the Church Aid will serve refreshments
at moderate prices. It can be readily seen that this 50 Cent
Concert is to be given for 10 Cents for the purpose of allow-
ing every one to contribute. A cordial invitation is extended
to our Washington friends who will take any car leaving the
Treasury on G Street, for Laurel, Berwyn or Riverdale, leav-
ing the car at Melrose, Hyattsville, crossing B. & O. R. R., walk
southeast to the historical town of Bladensburg.

In case of inclement weather, Concert will take place the
following Tuesday, May 10th, 1910.

OBJECT:—To Raise \$500.

PROCEEDS:—To reduce our bonded indebtedness.

Sadie Plummer Johnson, Church Clerk.

Rev. Charles Cushingberry, Pastor.

\$600.00

\$600.00

You are cordially and earnestly invited to contribute to
the balance of \$600.00 indebtedness on the Rebuilding of St.
Paul's Baptist Church of Bladensburg, Md. Total cost of
Rebuilding in 1908, was more than \$5,000, all of which has
been paid (except the \$600.00), in 5 years.

AIM: To raise the entire \$600.00 by Nov. 30, 1913.

Will you help us?

Your contribution of \$ _____ for the Rebuilding
Fund, having been duly authorized, and collected by
_____, is hereby
gratefully acknowledged.

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45TH

ANNIVERSARY

45TH

Of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.

October 1, to November 5, 1911

OBJECT: To Raise \$1,000 with which to pay the balance
Due on Rebuilding

Sunday, October 1.—Communion. Every communicant is urged to be present. 11:30 A. M. and 8 P. M.—Pastor. Great Ethusiasm through Brother Taylor's Prayer.

Friday, October 6—Band Concert. Address by Miss Nannie Burroughs. Disappointed us.

Sunday, October 8—Preaching. 11:30 A. M.—Rev. I. N. Ingraham. 8 P. M.—Rev. J. N. Beaman. Good.

Friday, October 13—Entertainment. Col. B. F. Bingham, Grand! Miscellaneous.

Sunday, October 15—Preaching. 11:30 A. M.—Sunday School, Christian Endeavor and Church Aid. 3 P. M.—Anniversary Sermon, by Rev. Walter H. Brooks, D. D.

Friday, October 20—Grand Concert.

Sunday, October 22—Preaching. 11:30 A. M.—Rev. Banks and Choir. 3:00 P. M.—Ordination of Deacons, Rev. James H. Lee, D. D.; Memorial to Deacon Richard Holland, Prof. John Harvey Wigginton, and Deacon Nicholas Saunders Plummer.

Friday, October 27—Illustrated Lecture.

Sunday, October 29—Preaching. 11:30 A. M.—Rev. Dixon. 3:00 P. M.—Rev. J. L. Jasper.

Friday, November 3—Grand Reception.

Sunday, November 5—Communion. EVERYBODY COME. 11:30 A. M.—Pastor. 7:30 P. M.—Pastor.

Prayer Meeting and preaching every Thursday night.

Trustee Wm. E. Burke, Leader.

Sarah Miranda Plummer Clarke—Founder.

Sarah Miranda Plummer Johnson—Church Clerk.

Rev. Charles Cushingberry—Pastor.

Concerts every Friday Night. Tickets 25 Cents.

NOTE—One ticket will admit holder to Concerts every Friday Night, from October 6th to November 3rd, inclusive.

SPECIAL MUSIC—Dr. R. F. Plummer, Director.

NELLIE A. PLUMMER, Chairman of Finances.

NOTE—By transferring to the 8th Street Line at 15th Street Northeast, one will soon reach the ancient village of Bladensburg, and be within two squares of the church.

IN MEMORIAM

"This Shall Be a Memorial Unto Them."

1866

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1914

As Usual, All Services During the Month of October Shall Be

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES

The special occasion, however, shall be unveiling of a Memorial Tablet to the Glory of God and in loving memory of the work of REV. DR. JOHN BRACKENBRIDGE, a Presbyterian Pastor here—1775 to 1831, and SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER CLARK, who was founder of St. Paul's Baptist Church (October 19th, 1866), which bought the Building from the Presbyterians in 1873.

"Only Remembered by what I Have Done."

PROGRAMME

Presentation Mr. John G. Morrison
 Response Miss Nellie A. Plummer
 Remarks by the Pastor, Rev. Chas. Cushingberry, D. D.

COLLECTION

Having so recently lost our beloved Senior Deacon, the late

HON. JESSE BUMBRY

we do solemnly and reverently dedicate all that may be said or done during this anniversary as a Memorial to his noble life work.

Rev. Charles Cushingberry, D. D., Pastor

Mrs. Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson, Church Clerk.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS, OR
IN MEMORIAM OF THE DEPARTED CHURCH

Tune: Auld Lang Syne.

It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it each and all,
A song of those who answer not,
However we may call;
They throng the silence of the breast,
We see them as of yore.
The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.
'Tis hard to take the burden up,
When these have laid it down;
They brightened all the joy of life,
They softened every frown;
But, Oh, 'tis good to think of them,
When we are troubled sore!
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more!
More home-like seems the vast unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
Wherever they may fare;
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore;
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God, for evermore.

By Prof. G. M. P. King.

Text of Dr. Patton's son at Howard Semi-Centennial.
Heb. 12:1-2—Inspiration from the past! Consecrating for
the Future.

1866

OCTOBER

1916

"The Year of Jubilee is come!

Return, Ye Ransomed Sinners, home!"

Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the Jubilee to sound on
the Nineteenth Day of the Tenth month of the Year 1916

Make the trumpet sound throughout all your land.—Lev. 25:9.

The Pastor, Deacons, Trustees, and Every Member of

St. Paul's Baptist Church of Bladensburg, Md.,

take special delight in extending a cordial invitation to ALL
to join them in celebrating their year of Jubilee during
the entire month of October next, every Sunday,

A. M. and P. M., also every Thursday P. M., as

usual, there will be Religious Services con-

ducted by the various auxiliaries of

the church.

Souvenir Programs Will Be Issued Early

One great desire of the Church is that this Jubilee shall be
A Grand Home Coming for the Remnant of all the families
and their friends who have been blessed by its presence here.

Be it known that not only the Churches of whatever faith
of our Historic Town and Vicinity, but all Churches of Wash-
ington, D. C., and Baltimore, especially those presided over
by ministers of the Baptist Union, are urged to worship with
us at least once. Each call to worship shall be short (one and
a half hours), but interesting.

The old building (1718), nearly 200 years old, was burned
in 1907, rebuilt the next year at a cost of more than \$5,000.
Just five years thereafter, the Lord, through you, enabled us
to pay off that large debt. Won't you come, and help us
render suitable praise for such Wondrous Work? We want
to thank you in person on "The Old Camp Ground."

All members are requested to make their Jubilee offer
NOW, as the officers wish to have all needed repairs done
before the arrival of our Guests in October.

Although our gifts may amount to more than \$100, the
CHIEF AIM of the Church is that we shall have gained 50
members this year (25 of whom are already enrolled), unless
the Lord should say: "There shall be 50 x 50 souls added."

During these 50 years "The Lord has done great things whereof we are glad! O come and see that the Lord is good. His mercy is everlasting, and His truth endureth to all generations!"

REV. G. G. MILLS, Pastor

MRS. SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-JOHNSON,
Church Clerk.

The late SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-CLARK, Founder.

This Church began in a prayer-meeting, October 19th, 1866, in the home of Adam F. Plummer, on Chas. B. Calvert's estate, Riverdale, Md.

(Generals O. O. Howard, Whittlesey, and Balloch conceived of the founding of Howard University,—which was chartered March 2, 1867,—in a prayer-meeting.—Dr. Patton.)

1866

OCTOBER

1916

FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Or The Golden Jubilee of

SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH, Bladensburg, Maryland
OLD CHURCH.—Built 1718. Bought by us 1873.

Seven Original Members. Set apart in 1867 from Second Baptist Church, Washington, D. C., by Rev. Sandy Alexander: Henry V. Plummer, Camilla Morris, Julia Lomax, Emily S. Plummer, Samuel Clark, Elias Q. Plummer, Fannie Mason, Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard, Founder.

NEW CHURCH.—As rebuilt in 1908, by Rev. Charles Cushingberry, D. D.

"Zion stands with hills surrounded—

Happy Zion!

What a favored lot is thine!"

Pastor: Rev. G. G. MILLS.

A few Predecessors: 1st Pastor, Chauncey Leonard; 2nd Pastor, Augustus Watts; 3rd Pastor, H. V. Plummer; 4th Pastor, Wm. M. Alexander; 5th Pastor, F. G. Hall (Friend, Brother, Teacher, and Advisor); T. J. Houston; G. W. M. Lucas; Broadus McDonald; Chas. Cushingberry.

Friends of Zion: Rev. Sandy Alexander, Rev. W. Bishop Johnson, Rev. W. J. Howard, Rev. J. Milton Waldron, Rev. D. F. Rivers, Rev. Walter H. Brooks, Solomon Pollard, and a host of others.

NOTE.—The secret of the success of this Zion God hid in a wonderful power, a personality, a fountain as it were, who so trained and watered and fostered her sons and daughters, and grand-children morally, intellectually, and spiritually, until Zion can never die while Jesus lives. I refer to the great Dr. G. M. P. King, who expects to help us “Crown Him Lord of All!”

A friend and brother.—Col. B. F. Bingham.

“Mother” Eliza Smallwood, of precious memory.

REV. G. G. MILLS, Pastor

“Not for long life, Not for riches, But for Wisdom to lead The people by Thy Spirit.”

PRESENT OFFICERS

Deacons: Phillip Broome, Rudolph Plummer, Clarence Moss, Charles Wheeler, William Burke, Prince Kent.

Our Honored Dead: Jesse Bumbry, Richard Holland, Edward Minor, H. V. Plummer, R. C. Moss, N. S. Plummer.

Trustees: Joseph Dunnington, Prince Stubbs, Daniel Fortune, The late Prof. John Harvey Wigginton, Rev. F. G. Hall.

Sunday School: Miss Eliza B. Wheeler, Superintendent, Sunday School; and President, Christian Endeavor.

Missionary Society: Caroline Wheeler-Broome, President, succeeding our beloved The late Dr. Mattie V. S. Lee.

Temperance Society: Nellie A. Plummer, President; Winnie Wheeler-Burke, Secretary.

Church Clerk: Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson. John H. Moss, of Philadelphia, served faithfully during first half of fifty years.

Church Aid: Ida Plummer-Johnson, President.

Organists: N. A. Plummer, I. S. P. Johnson. First leaders of sacred music, E. Q. Plummer and Jesse Bumbry.

PROGRAM

Sunday, October 1st—11:30 A. M., Communion.

Sunday, October 1st—8:00 P. M., Anniversary Sermon by the Pastor, Rev. G. G. Mills.

Thursday, October 5th—8 P. M., Deacons' Prayer Meeting.

Sunday, October 8th—2:30 P. M., Gathering of the children.

‘ ‘And a little child shall lead them.’—Joel 1:3.

Thursday, October 12th—8:00 P. M., Trustees' Prayer Meeting.

Sunday, October 15th—11:30 A. M., Sermon by Rev. G. W. M. Lucas.

Sunday, October 15th—8:00 P. M., Sermon by Rev. Charles Cushingberry.

Thursday, October 19th—8:00 P. M., Fiftieth Anniversary Hour of Prayer, led by Nellie A. Plummer and Robert F. Plummer, who were present at the first Prayer Meeting.

Sunday, October 22nd—11:30 A. M., Sermon by Dr. G. M. P. King.

Sunday, October 22nd—8:00 P. M., Sermon by Rev. J. W. Porter.

Thursday, October 26th—8:00 P. M., Sunday School called to prayer.

Sunday, October 29th—11:30 A. M., Sermon by Rev. J. L. Jasper.

Sunday, October 29th—8:00 P. M., Sermon by Rev. Chas. W. McCauley.

Thursday, November 2nd—8:00 P. M., Union Prayer Meeting, led by the Pastor.

Sunday, November 5th—11:30 A. M., Communion.

Sunday, November 5th—8:00 P. M., Sermon by Rev. J. N. Beaman.

SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-CLARK

Founder of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md.,

October 19th, 1866

A woman with a mission—"To sing, pray and call dying sinners." "With heavenly weapons I have fought, The battle of the Lord."

H. V. PLUMMER

Pioneer, leader, protector, deacon, pastor and founder of the Bladensburg Union. Chaplain 9th U. S. Cavalry.

(R. C. Moss, first candidate baptized of this field. Jesse Bum-bry and family brought great light and help.)

HEAVENLY WEAPONS

Prayer and Song—

1. Go preach my gospel. 2. Awake, my soul to joyful lays. 3. How firm a foundation. 4. The good old way. 5. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord. 6. Jerusalem, my happy home. 7. There is a fountain filled with blood. 8. Amazing grace, how sweet the sound. 9. Must Jesus bear the cross alone? 10. Am I a soldier of the cross? 11. Blow ye the trumpet, blow. 12. When I can read my title clear.

"And Jesus, when he was Baptized, went up straightway out of the water, and lo a voice from Heaven saying: this is my beloved son in whom I am well pleased."

"Go in peace and sin no more."

1866

OCTOBER

1916

REPORT OF THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF
SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH

Bladensburg, Maryland, May 3, 1917

RECEIPTS

Orchestra Music, Donated by Bro. Robt. F. Plummer,	\$20.00
160 Souvenir Programs	16.00
20 Souvenir Programs, Bro. Charles T. Mitchell	2.00
Church Aid Fund, per Deacon Broome	22.00
Mr. Wm. O. Lee, Donation	3.00
Mr. Wm. Thomas, Donation	.50
Mr. Edward Gasch, Donation	5.00
After-collection, November 5, 1916	.91
20 Programs to Sister Eilen Johnson, due	2.00
Balance of Expenses	6.26

Total, \$77.67

EXPENDITURES

Orchestra Music, October 8, 1916	\$20.00
Hymnals	11.70
Expressage	.47
Banners	6.00
Memorial Names	2.00
200 Souvenir Programs	35.00
500 Circulars	2.50
Total,	\$77.67

To the glory of God, and in loving memory of our Golden Jubilee, Fiftieth Anniversary or Semi-Centennial.

NELLIE A. PLUMMER, Chairman.

The loving kindness with which every one worked and sacrificed to make our Fiftieth Anniversary a success, cannot be estimated in dollars and cents!

The Lord, even our own God, showed His approval and blessing by overshadowing us with showers of the Holy Ghost, even six months before.

Yours, In His Name,

NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER, Chairman.

May 3, 1917.

OUR CHURCH HOME

October 19, 1866—Adam F. Plummer's house (3 years), Riverdale, Md.

1869 to 1870—Log Cabin, Anderson Street, near Railroad, Hyattsville, Md.

1870 to 1873—"The Rabbit Gum" (so small); Bladensburg, Md.

1873—Bought present Church property from white Presbyterians. (Brick building, Baden Street, Bladensburg, Md.

COMMITTEE

GOLDEN (October 19, 1916) JUBILEE

1. REV. G. G. MILLS, Chairman, Ex-Officio. 2. NELLIE A. PLUMMER, Organist, Chairman.

DEACONS

3. Phillip Broome, 4. Rudolph Plummer, 5. Clarence Moss,
6. Charles Wheeler, 7. William Burke, 8. Prince Kent.

TRUSTEES

9. Joseph Dunnington, 10. Prince Stubbs, 11. Daniel Fortune.
12. Eliza B. Wheeler, Superintendent S. S. and President C. E.
13. Caroline Wheeler Broome, President Missionary Society.
14. Winnie Wheeler Burke, Secretary T. S.
15. Ida Plummer Johnson, President C. A. and Asst. Organist.
16. Robert S. Plummer, Member of Orchestra and Trumpeter.
17. Dr. Robert F. Plummer, Soloist, a loving Brother.
18. Chas. T. Mitchell, Financial Supporter, Temperance Lecturer.
19. Fannie Harris Plummer, A Friend Indeed.
20. Lula Moss Welch, Missionary.
21. Nellie Plummer Moss, A Musician.
22. Bessie May Beaman, dutiful, obedient, loving Worker.
23. Maggie Plummer Brown, Willing Worker.
24. Rev. H. T. Gaskins, Inspired Worker.
25. Sarah Miranda Plummer Johnson, Church Clerk.

SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH, Bladensburg. Md.

DEAR CHURCH:

May 3, 1917.

It is our sincere prayer and wish that this committee of twenty-five shall stand, serving each succeeding Anniversary, from now until the Centennial of our beloved Church. That is, as soon as the place of one of these becomes vacant, may it be the duty of the Church at its next business meeting (or as soon as possible), to fill such vacancy.

This is done to the Glory of God, and for the purpose of winning precious souls for His Kingdom.

Yours in Everlasting Fellowship.

NELLIE ARNOLD PLUMMER,

Humble Chairman.

1866

OCTOBER

1918

Oh! Give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good;

for His mercy endureth forever.

FIFTIETH-SECOND ANNIVERSARY

SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH, Bladensburg, Md.

OCTOBER 13TH to NOVEMBER 3RD, INCLUSIVE

The Pastor, Deacons, Deaconesses, Trustees, and Every Member of this our Zion, take special delight in extending a cordial invitation to all, to come and join with us in praising the Master.

IF ON THE LORD'S SIDE TESTIFY!

PROGRAM

Sunday, October 13th

11:00 A. M.—Thirty-minute praise service, led by Deaconess Winnie Burke, assisted by Deaconess N. B. Chinn.

11:30 A. M.—Sermon by Pastor.

7:30 P. M.—Song service, under auspices of the Christian Endeavor Society. Miss E. B. Wheeler, President. Deaconess I. S. Johnson, Organist.

8:00 P. M.—Sermon by Rev. F. J. Oscar.

Thursday, October 17th.—Anniversary Prayer Meeting, led by Deacon William Burke, assisted by every Deacon and Deaconess.

Sunday, October 20th

10:30 A. M. to 12 noon.—Special services by the Sunday School, Miss E. B. Wheeler, Superintendent.

Song Service led by Deaconess I. S. Johnson, assisted by Mrs. Lucille Walker.

Prayer Service for the children led by Deaconess S. M. P. Johnson.

3:00 P. M.—Special Praise Service led by Senior Deacon Phillip Broome, assisted by Deacons: Charles Wheeler, Clarence Moss, Rudolph Plummer, Elijah Gadson, and William E. Burke.

3:30 P. M.—Installation of Pastor.

Master of Ceremonies—Rev. D. E. Wiseman.

Hymn—Rev. G. W. M. Lucas.

Prayer—Rev. George W. Brent.

Scripture—Rev. E. T. Broadus.

Sermon—Rev. J. I. Loving, D. D.

Right Hand of Fellowship—Rev. W. J. Howard, D. D.

Charge to Church—Rev. W. D. Jarvis, D. D.

Charge to Pastor—Rev. J. L. S. Holloman.

Welcome Address—Rev. Jasper.

Hymn—Rev. J. N. Beaman.

Benediction—Rev. Charles Cushingberry.

Thursday, October 24th.—Special Prayer Meeting, led by Deaconess Carrie Broome, President of Missionary Society, assisted by every Deaconess.

Sunday, October 27th

11:00 A. M.—Thirty minutes Praise Service, led by Trustee Joseph Dunnington, assisted by Trustee John T. Wilson.

11:30 A. M.—Sermon, Rev. J. N. Beaman.

7:00 P. M.—Song Service under auspices of Christian Endeavor Society.

8:00 P. M.—Grand Union Temperance Meeting, under the auspices of the Bladensburg W. C. T. U., Miss N. A. Plummer, President.

Thursday, October 31st

8:00 P. M.—Special Prayer Meeting, led by Deacon Charles Wheeler.

Sunday, November 3rd

11:00 A. M.—Thirty minutes Praise Service, led by Deacon Rudolph Plummer, assisted by Deacon Clarence Moss.

11:30 A. M.—Sermon, Pastor, followed by Lord's Supper.

8:00 P. M.—Praise Service, led by Dr. R. F. Plummer.

8:30 P. M.—Sermon, Pastor.

REV. H. T. GASKINS, Pastor.

MRS. SARAH M. P. JOHNSON, Church Clerk.

1866

OCTOBER

1926

Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for Brethren to dwell together in unity.—Psalm 133.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; for His mercy endureth forever.

Let the redeemed of the Lord say so!—Psalm 107.

SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY
of
SAINT PAUL'S BAPTIST CHURCH

Bladensburg, Maryland

Sunday, October 3rd, to Sunday, November 7th, inclusive, 1926

SIXTY YEARS OF PRAYER AND PRAISE

Circumstances, over which we have no control, prevent us from celebrating our SIXTIETH ANNIVERSARY as become "Children of the Light."

However, it is our purpose to let all we do or say so magnify the Lord, that many shall be won in His name, and that His Church shall be ever mindful of His goodness during these Three Score Years!

Our Church began in a Prayer-Meeting Friday night, October 19, 1866, at Riverdale, Maryland, in Adam F. Plummer's house.

On Sunday, October 17, 1926, we hope to "Lift Him Up" as never before, both morning and night, as well as in Sunday School, at 10:00 A. M., and Christian Endeavor, at 7:00 P. M.

EVERY AUXILIARY of the Church is not only urged, but expected to attend every meeting, especially on the Third Sunday.

Besides Sunday Services, you will find the Prayer-Meeting, Thursday nights, at 8:30, sharp, a "Live Wire," indeed! Bible School from 7 to 8:30, Thursday nights.

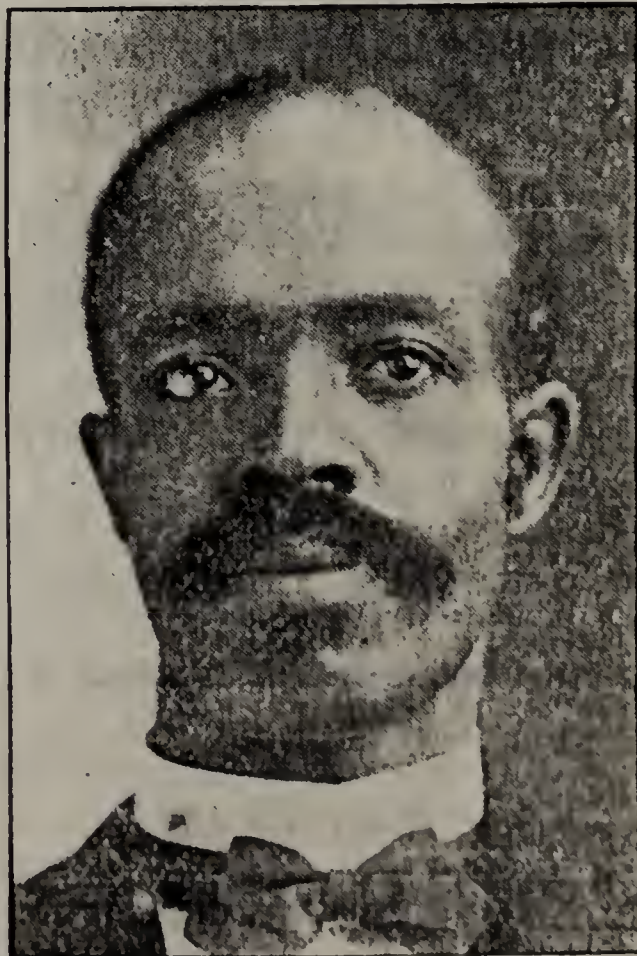
Songs and Anthems will precede every service for a half hour.

Come thou with us, and we will do thee good."—Numbers 10:29.

COMMITTEE

(After Three Score Years, October 19, 1926).

1. The late Sarah Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark, Founder.
2. Rev. John T. Brooks, Chairman Ex-Officio, Acting Pastor.
3. Nellie A. Plummer, Chairman.
4. Phillip M. Broome, Chairman, Deacon Board.
5. Carrie W. Broome, Chairman, Deaconesses.
6. Joseph Dunnington, Chairman, Trustees.
7. William E. Burke, Chairman, Prayer Meeting.
8. N. Beatrice P. Chinn, Director of Choir.
9. Eliza B. Wheeler, Supt., S. S., and President, C. E.
10. Katie C. Plummer, President, Missionary Circle.
11. Ida S. P. Burke, President, Church Aid, and Organist.
12. Ellen Johnson, President, Willing Workers.
13. Hattie Moss-Fortune, Secretary, Willing Workers.
14. Paul Jere Johnson, President, Usher Board.
15. Arthur F. Chinn, President, Young Men's Club.
16. Jesse James, Jr., Vice-President, Young Men's Club.
17. Sarah Miranda Plummer-Johnson, Church Clerk.



REV. G. W. LUCAS—Our Pastor, 1900-1905.

A Friend and Brother,—a Splendid Representative of the Great Lucas Family.

A WOMAN WITH A MISSION

SARAH MIRANDA PLUMMER-HOWARD-CLARK

Founder of St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Maryland,
October 19th, 1866.

"With Heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord."

LAST CHAPTER

Come now, "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

The New Testament Church has always suffered persecution, from the fact that there is hostility between purity and impurity, and faith and unbelief. It is impossible for the people of God to be in harmony with a sin-loving and Christ-hating world. Jesus said: "If ye were of the world, the world would love its own; but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore, the world hateth you."

Our Savior suffered the greatest persecution. We cannot hope to escape, "For the servant is not greater than his Lord." When persecution arises against the saints it always binds them closer together. God turns it into blessing, and uses it to prevent dissensions and divisions. Adversity awakens love. When our Church building burned, while we were so hopelessly divided, as we thought, many said we could not survive. But adversity awakened love.

We saw that to win, each must forgive. By 1912, we were normal. By 1916, the Holy Spirit was poured upon us. We had learned "Greater is He that is in you than he that is in the world." I John 4:4. To fellowship hypocritical professors is to be a partaker of their sins. No one can do so and keep unspotted from the world. We learned from that struggle that the demand is for heroic warriors, for those who will storm the forts of evil and plant the Banner of the Cross on the heights of victory. Praise God, there are yet a few persons on whom He can depend.

A slight acquaintance with the world must convince every man, that actions not words are the true criterion of our attachment as friends of Zion.

We, as co-workers in the Master's vineyard, standing on one platform, recognizing God as our Father, Jesus, our Savior, man, our common brother, working for one common interest, namely, the advancement of the Master's Kingdom, can in no other way give expression to these ideals than through our fellowship one for another. Our lives must say: "This is the way to immortality."

"Arise, ye soldiers of the Cross, The battle we must wage; The hosts of sin are pressing hard, And demons round us rage; Unfurl the Banner of the Cross, And wield the sword of truth, And give to God your time and strength, While in the bloom of youth."

Mother Miranda taught us that ingratitude is a base sin. That we must be grateful to God and to our fellowmen. Though unlearned herself (but mighty in the Spirit), she early saw the influence Dr. G. M. P. King had on her work. That H. V. and E. Q. Plummer, Alexander, Bishop Johnson, Simmons, Hall, and scores of others could have helped us but very little, but for Prof. King's training. Now that we can weigh matters a little, we are forced to say with Sister Miranda, that all of our progress, especially intellectually, is due to that one great man. We have also learned to be grateful not only to Dr. King, but to the least one who brings "a cup of cold water in His name."

God is not dependent upon any individual or class. He proves His word to be true by putting down the mighty from their seats, and exalting those of low degree (Luke 1:52). Thus the women of our Church have ever played a valiant part. It takes heroism to wage a spiritual warfare. In the history of our Church, God has used the weak and foolish things to confound the mighty, and thus He gets the glory, which otherwise man would have taken to himself (I Cor. 1:26-29). We realize that each person is captain of his own fate, is master of his own soul.

John, the Baptist, on the banks of the Jordan, sent his lightning bolts of truth to the hearts of the hypocritical Pharisees, who claimed to be children of Abraham. This rugged

preacher of the desert, the forerunner of Christ, was even then opening the way for woman's missions. John showed them that God was not dependent upon them,—“For God was able of the stones to raise up children unto Abraham.”

John knew when he preached against Herod's wife, he might be killed for it. But he did not hesitate to call white white, black black, right right, and wrong wrong! All this we have been taught by our Mother Church. I hold there is no “uncertain,” light—it is either light or darkness; it is true or false.

His message of Repentance demanded that they should repent in such a thorough way that the results of their changed minds would appear in their transformed conduct. This is the sort of repentance that proves itself genuine. When the new ideal gets into daily practice, we may be sure that we have genuine sorrow for sin. John's rebuke for pretence struck the very center of their trouble. They had hugged to their hearts the fact that they were descendants of Abraham. Now they were brought sharply to face the fact that the Almighty has no favorites of this sort. The problem of righteousness concerned their purity of heart, and honor of motive. These self-righteous men were in the habit of thinking that any one who did not belong to their class, or conform to their custom was an outcast and a sinner. John wished them to know that those whom they despised had in them capacities which God could use for the service to which they themselves were recreant.

What, then, shall we do? The question is inevitable. It is impossible to see a new vision of truth without trying in some way to express it. The importance of the Baptist's counsel lies in its character. The man who was stingy was to share his possessions with those who needed. The grafter must stop stealing. The soldier was not to leave his work, but to put a new spirit in it. The most immoral of all immoralities is hatred. He exalted spiritual ideals, but it was equally imperative that the practical duty should be found to match it. To my mind the Modern Church has no finer expression of the true relation of every follower of Christ to his Master than we find in this statement by John of the purpose of his life. He is the servant who is not worthy to untie the lacings of his Master's sandals; yet he has his own work,

is conscious of its value, is ready to perform it with supreme loyalty to the last. Snap John's picture of Jesus: The winnower of wheat whose fan separates the chaff from the grain! This is what the character of Jesus is constantly doing, as it tests men by the relation that they sustain toward him. Is it too much to say that those who accept Christ as their Master and Lord are the true wheat of modern life; and those who reject him are the chaff? In actual experience, is not this an accurate description? Men and women whose lives are ruled by the purposes of Jesus are the persons in the community who give it food and life.

We cannot preach like Paul for lack of training, but we are each one a modern John the Baptist crying: "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of God is in you." This we may know if we are not mercenary, vengeful nor vindictive. Few of us may escape the jealousy, scorn, hatred, and pride of evil doers. Here let me relate a story from "The Man of Sorrows."—"I would Kiss Thy Lips." Now it came to pass that John the Baptist, the strong, the fearless, the virile, came up out of the wilderness, crying in the streets of Jerusalem: "Repent ye! Repent ye!" She (Salome), pushed through the crowd and placed herself near the man, so the smell of her body would reach his nostrils. His eyes ranged the swelling lines of her body. Their eyes met. She half smiled and gave him that look which has snared the soul of many another.

He turned aside, and forgot her, as he continued his warning cry, and went his way. The next day, she waylaid the youth again; as he came near, she suddenly and softly stepped forth and said in that same, low, purring voice: "I would kiss thy lips." He repulsed her with scorn. She threw her arms about him and sought to draw his head down near hers. He pushed her from him with sinewy hands, sprang as from a pestilence, and was lost in the pressing throng.

That night she danced before Herod Antipas, and when the promise was recalled that she could have anything she wished, she named the head of the only man who had ever turned away from her—"The head of John the Baptist on a charger."

In an hour the wish was gratified. Two eunuchs stood before Salome with a silver tray bearing its fearsome burden. The woman smiled, a smile of triumph, as she stepped forth

with tinkling feet. A look of pride came over her painted face.

Her jeweled fingers reached into the blood-matted hair. She lifted the head aloft, and the bracelets on her brown, bare arms fell to her shapely shoulders, making strange music. Her face pressed the face of the dead. In exultation she exclaimed: "I have kissed thy lips."

Thus the hatred of Salome, and her mother, Herodias, put an end to that noble life, here. But his works do follow him. "The blind receive their sight, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached unto them."

O, Brother John the Baptist, why wouldn't we of this day gladly toil and suffer, if Jesus will let us walk and talk with Him! If He, the Prince of Peace, could say of us as He said of you—"Verily, I say unto you, Among them that are born of women, there has not risen a greater than John the Baptist!"

The Pharasees supposed God could not endorse anything or any movement which they did not approve, but the Baptist uncovered their hypocrisy, as he cried: "O, ye generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" This was savor of life unto life to those who received it. Mother Miranda taught us, as the Baptist did in his day, that Christ must increase and we must decrease. Her great object as was his to keep the people's eyes looking toward Christ, and not toward herself. This is why so many fail today. If they have been blessed with success, sufficient to bring them before the public, or to give them a little notoriety, they become inflated with pride. They seek the approval of men, and a complete failure is the result. "The pride of thine heart hath deceived thee . . . that saith in his heart: Who shall bring me down to the ground." Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down. (Obad. 1:3, 4). I want to prove ours is a New Testament Church. On the day of Pentecost, Peter stood up boldly and said: "This is that which was spoken by the prophet, Joel: 'And it shall come to pass . . . saith God, I will pour out my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophecy . . . and on my handmaidens I will pour out of my Spirit.'" So in our Church women have always found a work to do.

Where her work is suppressed, the Holy Spirit withdraws. The Evangelist, Philip, had four daughters, who preached and prophesied. Thus, through Melchizedec, Christ, or the new covenant, both men and women are invited into the *sanctum sanctorum*. The new covenant says: "Love your neighbor as yourself." Hence it must no longer be asked: "What are these wounds in thine hands?" Then He shall answer: "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends" (Zech. 13:6). But if we do sin, let us agree with Job 34:32: "If I have done iniquity, I will do no more." May we forever hear our Father saying: "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Thus will we confess our sins, and seek forgiveness. No person, either man or woman, can keep salvation after he is converted, if he fails to pray, and testify, and try to get others saved. He must use his tongue for God, or backslide. The Methodists (John Wesley), saw this and started the class meeting. The Baptists saw it and started the covenant meeting.

Neither to man nor woman is there any law against: love, joy, peace, long suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. They are the fruit of the Spirit. Hence the Kingdom of God is within us. Each one must obtain for himself for each has the blessed privilege.

We believe there are those divinely healed in answer to prayer (James 5:14-16), for Christ is a Great Physician, a sympathizing Jesus. How could we doubt Christ's second coming? More than three hundred times it is mentioned in the New Testament. It is the polar star of the Church, and the hope of every believer. Many times I've heard Frederick Douglass sing as he and his grandson, Joseph, played the violin: "Jesus, my Savior shall come from on high. Sweet is the promise as weary years fly, O, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for me!"

We believe marriage is a divine institution, and deplore the divorce and remarriage customs of today. There can't be one law for the rich and another for the poor in this matter, any more than one law for white people and a lack of law for black people that will insure peace. For Christ's is a gospel of peace.

We believe that the divorce and remarriage evil is like a huge monster destroying the vitals of social, civil, and spiritual life. The family and the Church are the two pillars upon which rests the keystone of society and state. Christians should grow more and more like Jesus, for many times are we baptized with the Holy Ghost. We believe in the immortality of the soul, the Judgments, and the Church as Christ's bride, therefore, should be blameless. We believe in water baptism, by immersion, and Spirit baptism of the soul.

We treasure the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. "This do in remembrance of me." When He washed His disciples' feet, He taught us that honor seats in His Kingdom are servants' benches.

Mother Miranda hated falsehood and pretence worse than all other faults. She would not have it said of us: "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips; but their heart is far from me." So the spirit of good will in the heart will conquer all evil. "The Spirit of Good Will," by Rev. Zimmerman, illustrates this thought:

THE SPIRIT OF GOOD WILL

"Good Will" is worth more than a bank account. Man may restore lost health, wealth or knowledge, but he cannot afford to lose "Good Will;" neither the good will of others for himself nor his good will toward others. If this is true of man to man, how much more is it true of man's relationship with God? I am pleading for the spirit of good will and peace on earth, because all of us on this earth are of one family, the human race, and under obligation to Almighty God, the Father of all.

We have been drawn closely together by forces outside of us. The separating oceans have become uniting seas as the geography of distance has been destroyed. Even the most remote nation has become our neighbor. The steamship, the airship, the radio, has made communication between the members of the great family a matter of days, aye, even of minutes. Man takes credit for these achievements, but he should remember the message of the first telegram, between Baltimore and Washington: "What hath God

wrought?" God, our Heavenly Father, is drawing us closer to each other into one great family. Whether we will or not, we must live even with our remotest neighbors, as part of the great family of humanity.

As a nation, America should be a leader and mold of international reconciliation, leading other countries by the paths of peace and good will to a more brotherly interest in world affairs.

Upon just what basis that relationship should consist, many may differ, but all must surely agree that the spirit of good will should rule, whether among nations, organizations or individuals.

Big business in commercial circles conducts its affairs through different departments under one organization. Although each department may be interested in only a certain part of the business, nevertheless all are co-ordinated and co-operation to one end.

When the citizens of our country came to the aid of the Government and by united effort quickly financed our armies and enabled this nation to help the cause of the Allies, the World War was easily won. If that proved true in war, why not in peace? With conferences and the spirit of "get-together" many controversies and conflicts might be averted and, with patience and intelligence, even wars with their horrors and miseries might be avoided.

The public press, properly used, can do much toward the elimination of hatred. Many persons are filled with excitement and prejudice, and are easily keyed up to the proud conviction: "I can lick the other fellow." The less, therefore, that is said about minor differences, the more likely people are inclined to go quietly about their business, with good will toward men.

The words of St. Paul are applicable today as they were when he wrote them. "Whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it." One diseased member of the human body affects all the other members, and the same law holds true in a large measure regarding the many members of the great family of God. To this end no one has a right to criminally trample down, destroy or cheat another. Nor can any one be justified in making money dishonestly this week that he may give part of it next week to the Lord.

Christianity is more than a set of doctrines; it is a life that must be lived up to. All public questions of equity, liberty, justice, purity, intelligence, should be vitalized by the power and teachings of our Lord. You cannot enroll "Dives" as a brother when he is inhuman to Lazarus lying sick and starving at his doorside, even though that "Dives" have an open Bible in his hand. By the same reasoning you cannot call a religious leader a man of God if he devours widow's houses, even if he makes pretense of Godliness by long prayer from pulpit or pew on the Lord's Day.

We hear a great deal these days about the "Golden Rule" but, before there can be a proper observance of that rule, there must in many instances first be a moral house-cleaning in the hearts of the people. Neither laws, nor force nor legislature can of themselves effect a cure for the disease of a selfish or envious heart.

The spirit of good will recognizes the fact that to stand on the same level does not necessarily mean equality. Most of the great men and women of today became so not only because they, like all others, were born for a purpose, but because they brought their tools to God and were willing to be used. Through struggle and working overtime, we attain unto victory. And too, there are always openings for high salaried men who can earn a profit on the salary they receive. The man who is bigger than his job will soon get a better position.

There are those in various organizations, vocations, and callings, who go about complaining they do not get all they are worth. Such of course, rarely have good will for others or are ever satisfied.

The greatest differences lie in the souls of men, and within the soul is a power which, if properly directed, lifts man above the ordinary elements of nature and life's environments. Man, however, must first begin by using the God-given soul power to control his natural appetites and passions. Such persons, making triumphant life struggles, not only bear in their hearts good will towards others, but are themselves happy because their souls are right. Their income

may be modest, their homes humble but, with a conscience void of offense toward God and man, they go to the office, or market, or factory, or about the home, with a song in the heart. And that song is worth more than the wisdom and wealth of the dissatisfied.

When but a boy in a Virginia school house, George Washington wrote in a copy book: "Labor to preserve in your bosom the spark of Heavenly fire we call conscience." And, only as this same spirit is embodied in our corporate life can we hope for economic peace, social purity, political integrity, and lasting greatness.

What people universally need is proper thinking on things that are pure, honest, just and of good report. The thought of many is being centered wholly upon worldly riches and pleasure. God is being crowded out of the home and business. Even many of his professed followers have "no room" for Him in their daily lives. Before there can be real reformation, something ethically creative must first get into men's minds and hearts. Many cry, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. Peace is a gift of God who says: "My peace I give unto you," and when all persons have that Divine Peace within them, they naturally will be disposed to have good will toward others. We may have peace conferences, resolutions, exchange of repeated "notes," until the birds chant them as music, but they will be nothing more than "scraps of paper" until men's hearts and minds are changed and a right spirit renewed within them. God alone is the remedy for the world's ills. The Heavenly Father alone can give peace unto His earthly family. Only when the people become righteous will there be the final establishment of peace and good will toward men. The world is not economic or commercial; it is moral; and "righteousness exalteth the nation."

Since of one blood God made all nations, we are, therefore, not only our brother's keeper, but our brother's brother among whom there should be no contention save that high and noble contention as to who can best serve and best agree. Abraham Lincoln put it aptly, "With malice toward none and charity toward all." Better still, our Blessed Lord said: "Love the Lord, thy God, and love thy neighbor."

That which the world needs today is not a new Theology but a new heart and a right spirit. for, if people are going to live together through eternity, they might as well begin now, magnifying what they have in common. Heaven has no place for hatred, and hell is already overcrowded.

We thank God for the spirit of Brotherhood that is manifested among so many, for it is one of the greatest treasures of our country. It is true there are many things that are not as they should be, but the great current of business in our country is honest and it is conducted by men who not only have confidence in good will, but show that good will toward each other. These are they who are willing to play fair, on the level and squarely. They endeavor to understand, as they look at each other with a fair vision and an unprejudiced mind. Strikes are never popular among such employers and employees. The various clubs, in which Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, mingle as brethren, are doing so much toward eliminating misunderstanding between men, and are uniting their forces more and more as good citizens, both for God and their country.

If the average man would study himself more and slander others less, there would be good will on earth between individuals, corporations and nations. It is much easier to criticise one's superiors than it is to produce and originate the equals. Because a spot may have been shown upon an orange is no reason for concluding the whole fruit is bad.

A man of character will never vilify even those he despises, but weak, despicable partisans and designing "rabble-rousers" will broadcast a poisonous rumor not only of the living but even of the dead, and think they are thereby performing a "public duty." There is particular contempt for one who so debases himself as to "look under a shroud" for a something somewhere" of a slanderous story, an imaginary hidden skeleton or a baseless rumor, then spread it broadcast when the dead are no longer here to defend themselves either by word or law. And yet, poisonous rumors scattered by an evil tongue, dealing falsely with the living is even more disastrous for the victim has often to live under a handicap or die a premature death. A strong man can live down false insinuations and present an honest face to the world, but his finer nature never ceases from his memory the hurt of the veiled accusations.

The three Graces—Faith, Hope, Love—have their opposites in three Disgraces—Ingratitude, Selfishness, Jealousy—and these three are often at the root of differences, quarrels, and hatreds.

Contention, bitterness, intolerance, are not fruits of the “faith once delivered to the saints.” We must remember that we are not made to think and worship alike, but there can be a personal exemplification of brotherly love. A test of discipleship is expressed in the words, “By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love to one another.”

General Jackson was once twitted with the fact that he was no longer going around with “a chip on his shoulder.” Half humorously, he replied: “I rather think I am growing more amiable as I grow older, and the chip you accuse me of has become a burden; I’m glad to get rid of it.” Many others would find great relief if they, too, would get rid of “the chip” on the shoulder. It certainly does not detract from personal dignity or self respect or religious experience where a man is “kindly affectioned, in brotherly love” toward those who may in ways be widely separated from him.

We all need to learn a little more about the real meaning of the “charity” that “suffereth long and is kind—is not easily provoked.” It is so easy to become provoked and, in a thoughtless moment, say or do things that otherwise would not have been said or done. We would despise a machine that “went all to pieces” at the first test, yet some of us are not ashamed to admit that we “go all to pieces” at the slightest provocation. A person of this kind is without mercy, like those who railed at the Son of Man, “Crucify him, Crucify him!”

No matter how noble a man may be, if he make a slight misstep or even if scandal may breathe upon him they are ready to cry it out far and wide. It is as our Blessed Lord would have us act one toward another. What if the Lord gave to man only that which man deserves? What if He were devoid of the spirit of good will and were as censorious and unmerciful to us as we are sometimes to our fellows? Who could stand before Him in judgment?

We have plenty of charity for our own omissions and commissions, but we often allow no excuse for the shortcomings of others, even though they may have done the hundred and ninety-nine good deeds for God and man. It is easy to join the mob in condemnation, but when the Master says: "He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone," then quite a few of the snarling, hooting crowd give pause and, reflecting on their own moral lapses, quietly slink away.

I rather suspect that those who are spiritually-minded heed the command of St. Paul, who said: "If a man be overtaken in fault, ye which are spiritual restore such an one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Is it not true that the best of us come short of the glory of God? Accordingly, it will do us all good if we humbly pray, as did David, "Create in me a new heart, O, God, and renew a right spirit within me," for then shall we the better have good will, good works, good manners, and all combined in a Christ-like character.

I point, therefore, with pardonable pride, to a Gospel ministry of thirty-seven years, during which time I have been an ardent advocate, not only of things fundamental, but also of "Good Will," as preached and taught by the Great Nazarene, Whom I have had the honor and privilege to serve. But even though my humble efforts should prove only prophetic, nevertheless, with tireless industry for the welfare of others, I am happy to subscribe myself an advocate of that for which our Blessed Lord came into the world, and for which He lived and died "On earth peace, good will toward men."

Of all the missionaries I have known, Miranda Plummer-Howard-Clark was the greatest for intent of purpose, zeal, a consciousness of the presence of God at all times, and that service and praise are twin sisters. She told us to stop praising God until we serve him by loving our fellow-man. Then our praise would follow as day follows night. The following article by Rev. Zimmerman, reminds me so of our founder, that I beg leave to copy the same:

THE LOSS IS YOURS

Each wasted chance for good,
Is your own loss.
Each song you fail to sing,
Is your own loss.
You may refuse to serve,
Another will step forth;
And when the work's all done,
The loss is yours.
Each soul you fail to save,
Is your own loss.
Each heart you fail to cheer,
Some one will nobly rise,
And do that which is right;
The joy will then be his,
The loss is yours.
Each worship you neglect,
Is your own loss.
Each off'ring you withhold
Is your own loss.
Loyal souls will the needs
Of God's blest work behold;
They'll give and worship God,—
The loss is yours.
Each unkind word you speak,
Is your own loss.
Each heart you cause to bleed,
Is your own loss.
Others will help and pray;
Others will bless and save,
And at the Judgment Day,
The loss is yours.

By L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.

THE CHURCH AND MISSIONS

Missions are Primary and not Secondary

Our blessed Lord came as the first great Missionary to save us from our sins, and if we are truly saved and are His followers, then we are saved for service. Our orders are plain. We are commanded by the Great Captain of our salvation to "go out in the highways and hedges and compel" the unsaved to be brought within the hearing of the preached word, and a saving knowledge of the truth of God. This does not mean that a few shall do the work, but that the whole church is called upon of God to go forth in search of the lost. Christ says: "As the Father hath sent me, so send I you." The true convert, therefore, has his orders; and the church is the divinely appointed channel through which God by the power of the Holy Ghost sends redeeming grace.

Take our large cities; what are we doing for the saving of many of the outcasts, the neglected, by way of "inner mission work?" The fields are truly ripe unto the harvest. Young men and women are drifting into the whirl-pool of sin and destruction, and the church is called upon of God to help rescue the perishing, not only abroad, but in the neglected sections of our large cities. Many are drifting away from our Sunday Schools and Churches, with little effort to reclaim them, except as the preacher may here and there go after them. We need the united effort of every Christian in our Sunday Schools and Churches to save the lost, otherwise the work will not be done. God help every one to be a true missionary of the cross and go forth to seek and save the wanderer and the lost. First, Christianize thoroughly the home, then help to Christianize the homes of those who know not God. "The fields are truly ripe unto the harvest," and there is need of more consecrated laborers who are willing, like Christ, to go out among the meek and lowly as they take up the labor of love.

We must not depend upon mere specialists and professional men and women. There is danger of over organizing, professionalizing and institutionalizing our Christianity. Every member of the Church should say: "Lord, here am I, what wilt thou have me do?"

The Field is the World and Missions is the Great Theme

The world for Christ and Christ for the world. The more the world learns to know of Christ, the more people will learn to know of God, for, says Christ: "I and the Father are one." The Church must not be selfish, nor is it enough to sing and pray, important as these things may be. Faith without works is dead. We need more workers, not simply the "faithful few," but the whole army of God should be on the "firing line." Visions and dreams are all right in their place, but mere visions and dreams will not evangelize the world. We must give of our money, our influence, and best of all, we must give ourselves as servants of God. Wherever the fields are ripe unto the harvest, we should go forth as laborers, and not look on idly. Work. Work. Work, is an element of success not only in temporal things, but also in spiritual affairs. "Go forth and make disciples." Of whom? "OF ALL NATIONS."

We must send the word of God unto those who are in foreign lands. It is our duty by prayer, money, works, an influence to help Christianize all nations. Unfortunately there are many who are idle. They hear the words: "Come unto Me and find rest," but seem deaf to the command: "Go work in My vineyard." "Go make disciples of all nations."

Only when we seek to obey will God's precious promise be fulfilled to us: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Divine Leadership

In all ages the people of God have enjoyed divine guidance. We must walk and talk with God in prayer, in song, and in testimony, if we would know his voice. Peter declared he would never be offended, and within a few hours went down under temptation. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life. He had the carnal mind, the cause of his overestimating his spiritual strength. Hear Christ saying to him: "When thou art converted, strengthen the brethren."

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God (I John 4:1). God's children should

not accept the testimony of every one. Strangers coming among them may be wolves in sheep's clothing. They should try the spirits and know that they be of God. If they be of God, there will be unity. One wolf among a flock of sheep can do great damage. The New Testament Church has the gift of discernment, and knows how to guard against the invasion of human wolves.

To us this church is the pioneer of civilization, the steadfast friend of progress, and enlightenment, the truest benefactor of the human race. The church of God marshals her mighty forces against all that is vicious and immoral in the individual or in the congregation, or world.

Our highest ideals of manhood, our purest standards of morality, our assured and settled hopes of a blessed immortality have come to us alone, through the doctrines of the Christian Church.

The enfranchisement of the slave, the curbing of royal tyranny, the defense of the poor, the exaltation of woman to her God given sphere, the great moral revolutions that have swept away error and corruption in high places,—all that man now or ever will call blessed is embraced in the history of the Christian Church, of which ours, I trust is no exception.

It is no easy task to lead such mighty influences; to stem unmoved and unmovable the rushing current of atheism and materialism; to drive back into fearful disorder every sacriligious invader from its sacred soil, and to come forth after twenty centuries the hero of every battlefield. This is an irrefutable testimony to the divinity of God's Church.

This record is the result of unswerving loyalty to Truth,—the Truth of which Jesus said,—“And ye shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free.” John 8:32. This is the sword she has always unsheathed in the presence of her enemies, and with which every victory has been achieved. Heb. 4:12, 13, and Eph. 6:10-20.

Our church has been urged to guard against mere formality. “A living dog is better than a dead lion.” We imagine one of the most pleasant and exhilarating sights for his satanic majesty is a Church chasing the butterfly of form and fashion. Now, to hold its own the church must stand and unitedly contend against inward as well as outward foes.

We have yet to learn that Church independence is modified by interdependent relations with other churches. This fact does not destroy individual equality. We are links in the great chain of Christian existence, weaken one, and you affect all in proportion, for "no man liveth unto himself, and no man dieth unto himself,"—no chain is stronger than its weakest link.

Our independence becomes more potential and far-reaching as we recognize how dependent we are on others for mutual counsel and cooperation, and how necessary it is to the protection of all those interests we love so dearly. It is thus made to contribute to the idea of Church Unity. It strengthens because it unites. So the church must present a solid phalanx against every foe, whether internal or external. Always remembering that her mission is to conquer the world by the Spirit of Christ.



MRS. RACHEL PLUMMER-CARTER,
Sister of Adam F. Plummer,—Mother of Mrs. Charlotte Shields.

The Holy Spirit has little regard for what some call propriety. If He is allowed to have the right of way, He will smash up their old forms, set aside the traditions of men, and bring astonishing revelations of truth to the heart. "Then the Spirit said unto Philip, 'Go near, and join thyself unto the chariot.'" Blessed is every one who obeys as Philip did. When the Holy Spirit sends a person on an errand, He prepares the way before him. Young preachers often miss God's plan for their life's work, destroy their health, and lose their souls because of a foolish ambition for intellectual greatness, or still worse, a gigantic pretense.

We cannot have divine leadership without divine communication. Much has been said about ours being a "little Church." I have shown that for economic reasons, and that only, have we remained small in number. Many times have we been made to cry out: "Surely this is none other than the house of God,—the very gates of Heaven to our souls!" Many, O so many have gone through the "Gates," here.

The heavenly weapons of faith, trust, and obedience are more than necessary in wielding the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven." With humility and the above weapons we may be whatever we wish for thoughts are things.

The Word is the seed. Prayer is the warmth (desire). Song is the water and soil. So we cannot do away with the power of sacred song. Our choir was never called the "War Department" of the church. We believe that the church services should so appeal to each and every one that he would feel like singing. So a choir should only be used to lead the church in sacred song. Not to sing FOR others, but to lead every soul to sing for himself. That is why we believe in teaching the congregation to sing by a Spirit-baptized choir.

In a vision, we were warned of the terrible influenza that carried so many to their graves in 1918. We mounted the stairway in our childhood home. Not three feet away sat Dr. Booker T. Washington with his watch in hand, looking earnestly at its face. At his back stood Robert F. Plummer, Ph. D., dressed all in white, waiting we thought, for prescriptions. The two little white iron beds in which we used to

sleep, multiplied, and multiplied until they reached to Baltimore, in our imagination, as we stood, astonished at finding the "doctor" and pharmacist up-stairs. So vividly did it impress me that we still remember the snow white counterpanes on the beautifully made-up beds, many of which were almost entirely covered with leafy vines. Although we did not have the "flu," could we tell you how anxious we were on account of relatives and friends, you would not wonder at the warning being sent to us.

Then, in December, 1922, we were in company with Mrs. Anna Eliza Williams, and were led to look over a banister. We had no idea how high we were up until we looked far, far below. So high were we that the largest objects appeared mere pigmies. Mrs. Williams asked: "Whose funeral is this?" As she spoke, a work-engine came in sight, drawing the longest train of mud cars that can be imagined. They extended until the mud-boxes seemed like tiny thimbles. We replied we did not know there was a funeral. She said: "O, yes, there is, for hatred, jealousy, selfishness, scorn, lies, false pretenses, envy, self-pity, murder, and all kindred wrongs are loaded in those mud-boxes. But if we abide up here in the Church, not one bit of that mud can harm us." The last glimpse we had of the mud-car it was running terribly down grade appearing smaller, and smaller. On awakening, we were glad we could say with the Psalmist: "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth." (Ps. 26:8). In less than two months, the dream was realized. Never was there such an attack on our entire family, father and mother, parents, married May 30, 1841), as was made known February 23, 1923. When asked: "What are these wounds?", we promptly answered: "Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends." But their plot failed. It vanished as the mists. For our surety was in doing right.

Little City, Little Church

"This wisdom have I seen also under the sun, and it seemed great to me: There was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered that

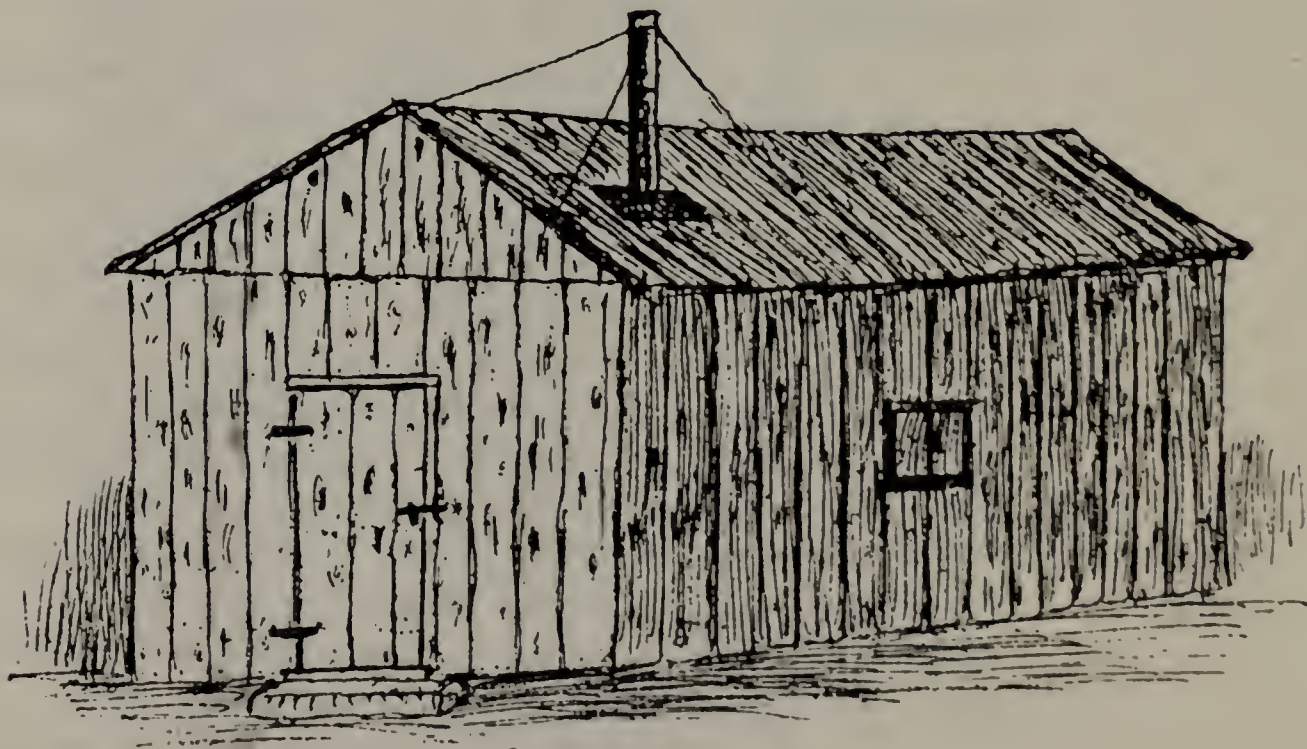
same poor man. Then said I, Wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless the poor man's wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard. The words of wise men are heard in quiet, more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools.

Wisdom is better than weapons of war: but one sinner destroyeth much good." (Eccle. 9:13-18).

My interpretation of this: St. Paul's Baptist Church, Bladensburg, Md., or the "little" Church, is the little city. "Few men within it" means the very few of us capable of teaching and leading to higher things. In "Great king against it," I see all the wrong with which we have had to contend. "A poor wise man" means Sarah Miranda Plummer, and all those who helped her to make this day possible to us. So it is not by might, nor by power (numbers), but by My Spirit, saith the Lord. The Holy Spirit's descending power has touched and thrilled our souls until they have trembled with heavenly light, and broke forth in praise and thanksgiving. So we believe, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." "Where two or three are gathered, there am I to bless," says Jesus. Our New Testament Church is built on Christ, and against her, the gates of hell cannot prevail. It is a regenerated Church, a Spirit-baptized Church of water-baptized believers, a joyful, witnessing Church, going forth with girded loins and burning lamp, carrying the salvation of a lost world upon its heart, and looking forward to that blessed hope, and glorious appearing of the Great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ (Titus 2:13). She is as fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.

Having learned that to be carnally minded is death; but to be spiritually minded is life and peace, we ask: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"Hallelujah! who shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart?
Sever from the Savior's side
Souls for whom the Savior died?
Dash one precious jewel down
From Immanuel's blood-bought crown?
Hallelujah! shall the sword
Part us from our glorious Lord?
Trouble dark or dire disgrace
E'er the Spirit's seal efface?
Famine, nakedness, or hate,
Bride and Bride-groom separate?
Hallelujah! life nor death,
Powers above, nor powers beneath,
Monarch's might, nor tyrant's doom,
Men nor angels, e'er shall part
Christ's own Church from Christ's own heart!"



"THE RABBIT GUM."

Our Church Home, 1870-1873.

Where the Union and Sunday School were Born,
and where I received my First Communion.
(Defense Highway,—Bladensburg, Md.)

THE END,

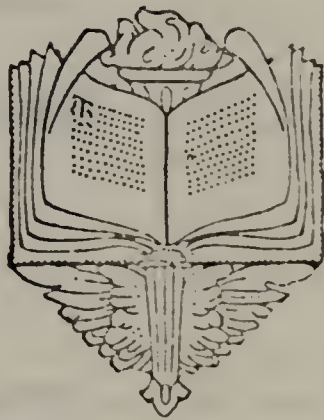
By Way of the Changed Cross:

THE CHANGED CROSS

It was a time of sadness, and my heart,
 Although it knew and loved the better part,
Felt wearied with the conflict and the strife,
 And all the needful discipline of life.
And while I thought on these, as given to me—
 My trial tests of faith and love to be—
It seemed as if I never could be sure
 That faithful to the end I should endure.
And thus, no longer trusting to His might
 Who says, "We walk by faith, and not by sight,"
Doubting, and almost yielding to despair,
 The thought arose—My cross I cannot bear:
Far heavier its weight must surely be
 Than those of others which I daily see.
Oh, if I might another burden choose,
 Methinks I should not fear my crown to lose.
A solemn silence reigned on all around—
 E'en Nature's voices uttered not a sound;
The evening shadows seemed of peace to tell,
 And sleep upon my weary spirit fell.
A moment's pause—and then a heavenly light
 Beamed full upon my wondering, raptured sight;
Angels on silvery wings seemed everywhere,
 And angels' music thrilled the balmy air.
Then One, more fair than all the rest to see—
 One to whom all the others bowed the knee—
Came gently to me as I trembling lay,
 And, "Follow me," He said: "I am the Way."
Then, speaking thus, He led me far above,
 And there, beneath a canopy of love,
Crosses of divers shape and size were seen,
 Larger and smaller than my own had been.
And one there was, most beautiful to behold,
 A little one, with jewels set in gold.

Ah, this, methought, I can with comfort wear,
For it will be an easy one to bear:
And so the little cross I quickly took;
But, all at once, my frame beneath it shook.
The sparkling jewels, fair were they to see,
But far too heavy was their weight for me.
"This may not be," I cried, and looked again,
To see if there was any here could ease my pain:
But, one by one, I passed them slowly by,
Till on a lovely one I cast my eye.
Fair flowers around its sculptured form entwined,
And grace and beauty seemed in it combined.
Wondering, I gazed; and still I wondered more
To think so many should have passed it o'er.
But oh, that form so beautiful to see
Soon made its hidden sorrows known to me;
Thorns lay beneath those flowers and colours fair,
Sorrowing, I said: "This cross I may not bear."
And so it was with each and all around—
Not one to suit my need could there be found;
Weeping, I laid each heavy burden down,
As my Guide gently said: "No cross, no crown!"
At length, to Him I raised my saddened heart:
He knew its sorrows, bid its doubts depart.
"Be not afraid," He said, "but trust in me—
My perfect love shall now be shown to thee."
And then, with lightened eyes and willing feet,
Again I turned, my earthly cross to meet.
With forward footsteps, turning not aside,
For fear some hidden evil might betide;
And there—in the prepared, appointed way,
Listening to hear, and ready to obey—
A cross I quickly found of plainest form,
With only words of love inscribed thereon.
With thankfulness I raised it from the rest,
And joyfully acknowledged it the best—
The only one of all the many there
That I could feel was good for me to bear.

And, while I thus my chosen one confessed,
 I saw a heavenly brightness on it rest;
And, as I bent, my burden to sustain,
 I recognised my own old cross again.
But oh, how different did it seem to be
 Now I learned its preciousness to see,
No longer could I unbelieving say,
 Perhaps another is a better way.
Ah, no, henceforth my own desire shall be,
 That He who knows me best should choose for me;
And so, what'er His love sees good to send.
 I'll trust it's best, because He knows the end.

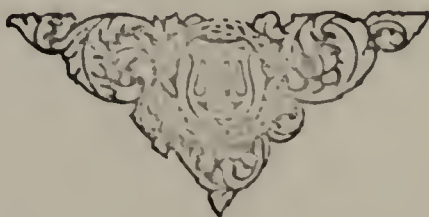


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N. MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

